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A MODERN CYCLOPEDIA OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

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By

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FOREWORD

THERE can never be too many books of fresh, original illustrations for the use of public speakers. The greatest preacher the world has ever known was remarkable for his use of illustrations. Our Master never preached a sermon when He did not liken His truth to some everyday, ordinary object. Some one has well said: "A sermon without illustrations is like a house without windows." Said E. P. Hood: "There can be no doubt that for the purpose of teaching one illustration is worth a thousand abstractions. They are the windows of speech. Through them truth shines; and ordinary minds fail to perceive truth clearly unless it is presented to them through this medium."

The late Theodore L. Cuyler once said: "I have generally found that the most intellectual auditors prefer to hear a simple scriptural and spiritual preaching. The late Judge McLean, of the United States Supreme Court, once said to me: 'I was glad to hear you give that solemn personal incident in your discourse last night. Ministers now-a-days are getting above telling a story in a sermon; but I like it.'"

Charles H. Spurgeon, that prince of preachers, states: "For the mass of people it is well that there should be a goodly number of illustrations in our discourses. We have the example of our Lord for that, and most of the great preachers have abounded in similes, metaphors, allegories and anecdotes. But beware of overdoing this business. Illustrate richly and aptly, but do not so much with parables imported from foreign sources as with apt similes growing out of the subject itself. Do not, however, think the illustration everything; it is the window, but of what use is the light which it admits, if you have nothing for the light to reveal? Garnish your dishes, but remember that the joint is the main part to consider."

I think it was Robertson of Brighton who said something about having some one start his line of thought. Illustrations are of special value in this direction. They may act like priming for a pump, especially when one is fagged out and weary, and yet realizes that he must give his people something suggestive and refreshing on Sunday. As men pour a little water down a pump to help it draw up a stream from below, so does a theme suggested by another, or a sentence, a paragraph, or a good illustration often prove just what is needed to

start one's own mental flow, and the means to large and desirable results.

At the same time it is true, as already suggested, that illustrations are of special utility to the hearers. An apt illustration arrests attention, awakens interest, illumines the intelligence, enlists the memory, stimulates the imagination. "If not dragged in by brute force, but making a natural and graceful entrance," says Rev. Dr. J. H. Bomberger, "a well chosen illustration stimulates interest, fastens the attention, illumines the dreary stretches of abstract utterances and stamps the truth ineffaceably upon the memory."

Ex-President Wilson is reported to have said that after years of teaching he had found that his students usually forgot his lectures, but remembered his stories. Is this not suggestive to all preachers, Sabbath school teachers and parents? Fill your preaching and teaching with good stories and other illustrations, and the truth remains attached to the story when it would not otherwise be held. This was the method adopted by our Saviour in teaching the people.

G. B. F. H.

Rochester, N. Y.

A Modern Cyclopedia *of* Illustrations

I. CHRISTMAS

1. The Growing Christmas.

When Bishop Hurst was in Poona some time ago he went out to the great temple of Parvati, and there watched the worshipers. He asked the ancient Brahman priest who for many years had received the offerings there, "Do as many people come here to pray as formerly?" "No, there are fewer every year." "How long will this worship last?" was the next query. "God knows," he sadly replied. "What will bring it to an end?" "Jesus Christ," the Brahman answered. Yes, our Christ is the Christ of a growing Christmas.—*H.*

2. The Incarnation.

I do not know how to illustrate the incarnation. The only thing I ever thought of is very imperfect. You know how the coast line of the ocean runs from Maine to Cape Cod. Outside is the great ocean. What is inside those little curves? The ocean, of course. You call one the ocean and the other the harbor or the bay, but it is all one ocean. The water is the same: it tastes the same, looks the same. Here is the great eternal God, filling all space, only in one place. He flows into a little curve, Jesus of Nazareth, but it is the same God whether He is there in heaven, or here in Jesus. Oh, I hope you don't understand this. It would be such a little thing if you and I understood it.—*Alexander McKenzie, D.D.*

3. The Day of the Prince of Peace.

Before daylight on the morning of Monday, November 11, 1918, when the whole world had begun to vent its feelings in an explosion of noise because the armistice had been signed and the war was over, a nine-year-old boy, wide awake, asked his mother what it all meant. "Does it mean that Christ has come?" he asked. The answer had to be given that that was not what had happened. The boy evidently was turning the whole matter over in his mind, for some hours later he said to his mother, "When Christ does come, will there be as much excitement as there is now? Will they make as much noise?" "I don't know, Henry," replied the mother. "Well, they ought to," said the little fellow; "that's the most important thing."

The boy had the right of it. The coming of the Prince of Peace is the most important thing. The signing of the armistice was a marvelous blessing, a God-given blessing. Christian people cried out to God, in the name of Jesus the Prince of Peace, that God would bring the war to an end, and would give victory to the forces fighting for ethical righteousness against the monstrous unrighteousness that was threatening to engulf the world. God heard and answered. And tears of joy started in the eyes of uncounted multitudes, in many a nation that Monday morning when hearts were thrilled by the news of peace. Boys were safe now, husbands and fathers would come back to their lonesome home circles. If that armistice could mean so much, then what joy and gladness should come into the hearts of men over the

coming to earth of the Prince of Peace!

4. Christ Joy-Bringer.

"Thou hast increased their joy," was said of Christ. Christ is a joy-bringer. Rev. C. E. Parker, a missionary in Vikarabad, India, says: "A few years ago, throughout this district, a Christian song could not be heard unless sung by a Christian worker, or some little children, here and there, who had been taught. To-day, all along the roads the people are singing praises to God, and the old obscene songs are given up. The men are singing at the well; the women singing at the mill; the farmers singing in the fields. A few years ago, you seldom heard people praying. To-day from thousands of hearts is going up the prayer: 'O Jesus Christ, have favor on me; remember me and save me from sin.' A few years ago, except in the homes of the workers, there was no family prayer. To-day, the family altar is being established all over this field. To-day our common greeting is: 'Are you happy?' And the answer is: 'All happy inside; Jesus is inside my heart.'"

The Christmas Christ makes us happy inside. He is Joy-Bringer.—*H.*

5. God's Christmas Offer.

A man once, on a wager, stood on London Bridge for a whole day trying to give away golden sovereigns, and only two persons would accept them. Equally foolish is the world in refusing the greatest of all gifts—God's Christmas Gift.

6. Un-Christmasy People.

There cannot be a Christmas world made up of un-Christmasy people. It is Christmas in the heart that puts Christmas in the air.—*William T. Ellis.*

7. Don't Forget the Best.

A shepherd boy in the Alps, while minding his sheep, saw a strange flower at his feet. He picked it up and a door opened in the hillside. He entered and found a cove piled up with gems, in the center of which sat a gnome, who said, "Take what you wish but don't forget the best." He dropped his flower and loaded himself with jewels, then went out, hearing again, "Don't forget the best." Once more in the open air he remembered "his key-flower," and turned back to pick it up, but the door was gone, and in a moment all his gems had turned to dust. He had forgotten the best, after all. "Take what you want and can of earth's treasures, but don't forget the best." The best of all is Christ Jesus—the Christmas Christ. Take what you want and can of earth's treasures, so long as you take them lawfully, rightfully, but don't forget the best—Christ Himself.—*H.*

8. His Fulness.

A poor woman who had had a hard struggle to make ends meet, and knew what it meant to be stinted for food, was taken from the East End of London to the seaside. She was delighted with the scene. As she looked over the deep, and watched the inrolling waves, tears filled her eyes and she exclaimed, "Thank God for a sight of something of which there is enough." It is so when the soul gets its first vision of the infinite fulness of God's grace in Jesus Christ. His grace is quite enough for the soul's every need. Seeing Him, we say:

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find."

The Christmas Christ is sufficient for the world's need.—*H.*

9. Be a Reflector of Christ.

In the Hebrides, Scotland, on Arnish Rock, Sotrnaway Bay, is a lighthouse without a lamp, but simply a

mirror reflector, upon which at night a light from another lighthouse five hundred feet away falls and is reflected to an arrangement of prisms, and through them converged to a focus outside the lantern, from which they diverge in the necessary direction. The human soul, in its most perfect state, is a reflecting mirror that takes up and causes to shine abroad and into the darkness of the world the light which comes from Christ. At this Christmas season let us each resolve to take up more of the light from Christ and reflect it out upon the stormy sea of life. In this way we too can be saviours of the world.—*H.*

10. Christmas and Motherhood.

On that first Christmas night God honored motherhood. The angels on their wings might have brought an infant Saviour to Bethlehem without Mary's being there at all. But no; motherhood for all time was to be consecrated, and one of the tenderest relations was to be the maternal relation, and one of the sweetest words, "Mother." In all ages God has honored motherhood. In a great audience, most of whom were Christians, I asked that all those who had been blessed with Christian mothers rise, and almost the entire assembly stood up. Don't you see how important it is that all motherhood be consecrated? Christmas is the festival of motherhood. It consecrates, it sanctifies motherhood.—*T. D. Talmage, D.D.*

11. A Christmas Legend.

An old legend says that Joseph of Arimathea established a church at Glastonbury, England, and that from his staff which he stuck in the ground there sprang up a miraculous hawthorn bush, which ever afterward blossomed on Christmas in memory of his sanctity and labors. Our homes have Christmas trees laden for the pleasure of our children, but should not we, as "trees of righteousness," produce at this season blossoms of praise, thanksgiving, benevolence and love in adoration of our blessed Saviour, who loved us and gave Himself for us? Blossoms which will produce "fruits of righteousness" to His glory.—*John Gordon.*

12. Christ Tones Our Vision

A visitor going into the studio of a great painter found on his easel some very fine gems, brilliant and sparkling. Asked why he kept them there, the painter replied: "I keep them there to tone up my eyes. When I am working in pigments, insensibly the sense of color becomes weakened. By having these pure colors before me to refresh my eyes the sense of color is brought up again, just as the musician by his tuning-fork brings his strings up to the concert pitch." For right living we need clear conceptions of the perfect One. Such conceptions only produce high moral impressions. We need to be toned up. We need the high and holy life of the perfect Man, Christ Jesus.

This is a good thought for us at this Christmas season. Let us look at Christ anew and have our vision toned up to a perfect standard.—*H.*

13. The Light of the World.

We have read that near the North Pole, the night lasting for months, when the people expect the day is about to dawn, some messengers go up to the highest point to watch; and when they see the first streak of day they put on their brightest possible apparel, and embrace each other and say, "Behold the sun!" and the cry goes around all the land "Behold the sun!" The world was in darkness. Long centuries had the people lain in ignorance and in sin. The cry of Zacharias was the joyful one: "Behold the sun!" "Behold the sun of

righteousness is rising with healing in his wings!" "The dayspring from on high hath visited us!"

These words well express the purpose of Christ's coming. It was to give light. What the sun is in the material world that Christ is to us in the spiritual world. He is the author, the source of light. As the face of nature revives or withers according as the influence of the sun is increased or diminished, so the soul of man continues dead or is quickened according as the Son of Righteousness withholds or imparts His invigorating rays. He hath visited our benighted world.

"The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin,
The light of the world is Jesus."—*H.*

14. Beyond the Telling

An Alaskan girl was found by her teacher admiring a beautiful sunset. When it was suggested that she try to put the scene on canvas, she replied: "O, I can't draw glory." So the most expressive words are utterly inadequate when one would describe to another his own personal vision of the Christ. Let us get a new vision of Him at this Advent season.

15. The Top of the Pass.

There is a pass in Scotland called Glencoe, which supplies a beautiful illustration of what heaven will be to the man who comes to Christ. The road through Glencoe carries the traveler up a long, steep ascent, with many a winding and many a little turning in its course. But when the top of the pass is reached, a stone is seen by the wayside, with these simple words engraved on it: "Rest and be thankful."

Christmas Day is at the top of this year's pass. Weary ones, pause a moment here: "Rest and be thankful."

16. Christ of the Andes

For generations the two South American republics of Argentine and Chile quarreled, and at times fought, over the location of a boundary. Now on a peak of the Andes mountains, upon the boundary lines established between the two countries, three miles above the level of the ocean, a colossal statue of Christ has been erected. The figure is twenty-six feet high, and stands upon a granite hemisphere. Upon the pedestal, this inscription (in Spanish), has been cut: "The mountains will crumble to dust ere Argentines and Chilean break the peace which, at the feet of Christ, the Redeemer, they have sworn to keep."

What a beautiful example is this monument of the influence of the Christmas Christ in the world. He is the Peace-Bringer.—*H.*

17. The Day-spring.

A band of fugitives were crossing an eastern desert. The night was dark, but they determined to push on. Soon they lost their way, and had to spend the night in anxiety and fear. It seemed as if the night would never pass. But almost all at once the sun rose, bringing daylight and showing the way to safety. Not one of them ever forgot that sun-rising. So to the people of the world in their wanderings; they were lost—lost in the darkness of sin. But the dayspring from on high hath visited us, hath arisen upon us, making plain the way of eternal safety. Christ is the dawn, Christ is our dayspring, and the purpose of his coming was to give us the light that would lead us to eternal bliss.

But what is the cause of all this blessedness? It is "the tender mercy of our God." The original statement is "the mercy of the heart of our God." This seems to mean not only tenderness, but much more. The mercy of the heart of God is, of course, the mercy of His great tenderness, the mercy of His infiinite gentleness and consideration, the mercy of His very soul of love.

God shows His tender mercy that He deigns to visit us at all. His great visit to us is in the incarnation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.—*H.*

18. The Best Christmas.

There is a great deal of kindly feeling in the world, but too much of it is like cargoes of coal on a frozen stream, or like wood on the top of a mountain in winter, "frozen in," and not available for use. Thaw out your "frozen kindness" this Christmas season. Express yourself—your real self. It will not at all make you watery and undignified, as you fear, but it will bring into your heart and the hearts of many others the rarest gladness, and mark the time as exceedingly sweet in the calendar of your life and of theirs. The material surroundings will not matter. The cost of the presents you can afford matters not. For the best giving of all is the giving of the heart and love's expression. Give that anew to father, mother, wife, children, associates, and by written word, if at a distance or spoken word if near: let them know afresh that you do love them and appreciate all that they have been and are to you.

"Thaw out," my brother, my sister this Christmas—and then stay thawed out! And may you live many years, God willing, to enjoy the blessed sensation.—*H.*

19. The Message in Song.

When Richard the Lion-hearted, one of the famous old-time British kings, lay in prison in a foreign land, his favorite minstrel travelled all over the country looking for his master, and everywhere he sang the king's favorite song, knowing that if the king heard it he would respond. At length the minstrel came to the castle where the king was imprisoned, and sang there. The king heard the song, and took up the melody, and the minstrel knew that his master was there. He carried a message in song. The greatest message that ever came to earth came in song, the angel's song. Men heard it, and they responded in faith, believing that deliverance from above had come to this sin-sick world.

20. Think of Others.

Some one has well said, "The message of Easter is 'Think of heaven,' the message of the Fourth of July is 'Think of our nation,' the message of Thanksgiving is 'Think of your blessings,' the message of New Year's Day is 'Think on the passing time,' but the message of Christmas says, 'Think of others.'" Yes, the spirit of Christmas is the spirit of good will. It is the spirit of joy. It is the spirit of service. This is at least a part of its message. Think of others.

21. A New Name.

A newspaper item from Chicago, published early last autumn, told of business men on a certain street in that city having secured enough signatures to a petition to insure consideration of a proposal to change the name of that street. Formerly it was the haunt of confidence men and gamblers. The character of the street has now entirely changed. But the business men there say that customers were frightened away by stories told in the preceding decade; so they felt it was time that the name should be changed. The headline to the newspaper item read, "Street, Chicago, Wants to Forget Past in New Name." On the first Christmas Day God offered to let the world forget its past in a New Name, —a wonderful name. And to those who accept God's great Christmas offer there is given a new name (Rev. 2:17; 3:12).—*Charles G. Trumbull.*

22. Within My Heart.

There is a lovely thought in Martin Luther's Christmas Carol for Children:

"Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child!
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee."

23. Christmas on Your Face.

Carry the Christmas story in your face. I have read of a poor little street girl who was taken sick one Christmas and carried to the hospital. While there she heard the story of Jesus coming into the world to save us. One day she whispered to the nurse, "I am having real good times here—ever such good times! S'pose I'll have to go 'way from here just as soon as I get well; but I'll take the good time along—some of it, anyhow. Did you know about Jesus bein' born?" "Yes," replied the nurse, "I know. Sh-sh-sh! Don't talk any more." "You did? I thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was going to tell you." "Why, how did I look?" asked the nurse, forgetting her own order in her curiosity. "Oh, just like most o' folks—kind o' glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look glum, if you knew about Jesus bein' born."

Let us carry the Christmas story in our faces. Why should we "look glum" when we know about Jesus being born?

24. Meaning of Christmas.

Two artists were asked each to make a copy of a famous painting. The one made mathematical calculations and produced a technically correct copy. The other studied the painting, entered into the spirit of the artist, and produced not merely an imitation, but a picture which glowed with warmth and life. We are not, as Christians, simply to copy Christ, but rather to become possessed of His spirit and so reproduce His life in our lives. At this Christmas season let us aim to become possessed of the spirit of Christ, and so reproduce His life.

25. A Christmas Rose.

In Zona Gale's captivating stories of Pelleas and Ettarre, an old husband and wife who are young at seventy, and sweethearts still, there is a pretty little passage. The two are sitting together by their fire on Christmas eve, and the room is perfumed with the scent of Christmas roses. They have been talking, exchanging confidences and hopes, for the old have hopes as well as the young, and people who have lived together fifty years have such intimacy as few others know, and then "for that matter," Pelleas said, "every day is a loving cup, only some of us only see one of its handles: our own." And after a time: "Isn't there a legend," he wanted to know, "or if there isn't one, there ought to be one, that the first flowers were Christmas roses and that you can detect their odor in all the other flowers? I'm not sure," he warmed to the subject, "but that they say if you look steadily, with clear eyes, you can see all about every flower many little lines, in the shape of a Christmas rose."

Let us look for Christmas roses, this year. We can find them if we look. We can find beauty and truth and love everywhere if we will look for them. —*H.*

26. The Birth of Christ.

'Tis not enough that Christ was born
Beneath the star that shone,
And earth was set that morn
Within a golden zone.
He must be born within the heart
Before He finds his throne,
And brings the day of love and good—
The reign of Christlike brotherhood.

27. Christmas Wish.

May Christmas bring to you,
Its tripart joy:
True Faith, to free you e'er,
From doubt's alloy;
Strong Hope, to sing your heart
To sweet repose;
And Love, to help you soothe
Another's woes.

—*John Grant Newman, D.D.*

28. Christmas Christ Peace-Bringer.

"Peace on earth." The Christmas Christ is the world's Peace-bringer. A little Babe can bring peace.

A day was dawning on a battle-field in Northern France through a fog so thick that no one could see more than a few yards from the trenches. In the night the Germans had drawn back their lines a little and the French had gone forward, but between the two positions a lonely farmhouse was still standing. As the sun rose, heavy guns began to boom. But suddenly on both sides the firing ceased and there fell a strange, dead stillness. Midway between the trenches, near the shattered farmhouse, there was—no, it must be impossible! But it was not, for there in the green meadow, crawling on its hands and knees was a little baby. It appeared perfectly happy and contented, and the baby's laugh was heard as it clutched a dandelion. Not a shot was fired; scarcely did a soldier on either side dare breathe. This spot which had been an inferno of shot and shell, was now something like a peaceful island or a cool, friendly oasis in a desert. Suddenly a soldier jumped out of a trench and ran to where the child was crawling. He tenderly took it up and carried it back to shelter. No shots came from the trenches, but along both lines there rang out a mighty cheer. The coming of a little babe had brought peace, just as nearly two thousand years ago, when the Prince of Peace was born on that Christmas morning. He brought peace and good will to men.

When all nations know and love Christ there will be no more war.

29. Christmas Increasing Joy.

I have read of a man who had a crusty and unsympathetic friend whom he was anxious to win to a better life and feeling. To this man, whose inner nature had never yet been warmed by the glow and presence of Christ, the world seemed cold and matter-of-fact, with little room for the play of sympathy, and scant reason for sacrifice. When Christmas came, his friend, a man of larger vision, persuaded him to join with him in trying to make others happy with Christmas cheer. When the day was over, the crusty man was like another being. His heart was melted to tenderness, his soul had been touched with sympathy and with the transforming power of sacrifice. "Why," he said jubilantly, "there must have been a real joy for Christ in dying on the Cross!"

Oh to let the Christmas joy break through our selfishness! "Thou hast increased their joy!" It is the work of Christ, of the Christmas Christ, in the hearts and lives of men to greatly increase their joy. The spirit of Christmas is the spirit of service. The spirit of service brings joy. The act of service brings joy.—*H.*

30. The Best Christmas Gift.

A mother who frequently left her home for a few days at a time, used to bring each of the children a little gift. One day she purposely neglected the gifts. The little ones met her in the hall with expectant faces. "I did not bring you any presents this time," said the mother, "because—"

"We don't care, mother dear; you are the best present," said one little one. Can we say to Christ, "Thou art the best gift"?

31. The Gift that Transforms.

"Papa," asked a child who had been trying to catch a sunbeam, "is the big sun at the other end of the sunbeam?" "Yes, dear." "Then I've gotten hold of all the light and heat there are, haven't I?" "Yes, dear." A little later the child climbed to her father's knee and whispered, "Is God at the other end just the same when I pray?" "Yes, dear," "Then,"

mused the child, "I've got hold of all the power, haven't I?" The marvel of this "gift" is that even a child can get hold of its light and power. God's gift of Christ is a gift that transforms the world. If accepted, it will transform your life and mine.—*H.*

32. Peace Not Wasteful.

I saw a picture the other day which was intended to represent the re-enshrinement of peace. A cannon had dropped from its battered carriage, and was lying in the meadow rusting away to ruin. A lamb was feeding at its very mouth, and round it on every side flowers were growing. But really that is not a picture of the Golden Age. The cannon is not to rust: it is to be converted; its strength is to be transfigured. After the Franco-German war many of the cannon-balls were remade into church-bells. One of our manufacturers in Birmingham told me that he was busy turning the empty cases of the shells used in the recent war into dinner-gongs.—*Rev. John H. Jowett, D.D.*

33. Christmas Greetings.

"Some good old-fashioned customs
Go out of style, no doubt;
But sending Christmas greetings
We couldn't do without.
And so the custom lingers—
Let us hope it always will—
For the same old-fashioned friendship
Prompts the same old greetings still."

34. Put Christ Into Christmas.

An American writer says: "We have in our congregation a little deaf and dumb girl. On Sunday she loves to have her father or mother find for her the words we are singing, though she cannot hear the music. She looks at the hymns, glides her little finger over every line; if she does not find the name of 'Jesus' there she closes the book and will have nothing to do with it." So should we test the religions of the day—if we find Jesus the central thought, it is good; if not, turn away and have nothing to do with it. Let us put more of Christ into our Christmas celebration, too.—*H.*

35. A Better Kind of "Indian Giving."

An Indian one day asked Bishop Whipple to give him two one-dollar bills for a two-dollar note. The bishop asked, "Why?" He said, "One dollar for me to give to Jesus, and one dollar for my wife to give." The bishop asked him if it was all the money he had. He said, "Yes." The bishop was about to tell him, "It is too much" when an Indian clergyman, who was standing by, whispered: "It might be too much for a white man to give, but not too much for an Indian who has this year heard for the first time of the love of Jesus."

On that first Christmas morning they offered Him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh. Give Him gifts. Give Him yourself.—*H.*

36. Christmas and Peace.

An old cannon was brought back from a war and set up in a park. After a while grass grew under it and a flowering vine climbed over it, until it was partly covered with green leaves. Some birds were hunting a safe place for a nest. One rested on the cannon, and spied the quiet hole inside. He called his mate, and they decided to build there. They carried straw, string, hair, and feathers, and made the dearest nest. Nobody found it, until one day a man rested on a bench near by and noticed two birds flying in and out of the cannon's mouth. He went near enough to see the nest and hear the chirping of young birds, calling for more food. He said to himself, How much better for the old cannon to be covered with vines and flowers, as a safe home for birds, than to be firing balls to kill people.

The prophet Micah said such things would happen, when there should be no more war. They shall change their swords into plow-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, or knives to trim the vines and trees. Nobody shall be afraid, but the people shall live under their own vines and fig-trees, and they shall walk in the name of the Lord God forever.

37. What's the News?

It is told of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, that one day, as he was out walking he happened on a poor old woman, whom he greeted with the common question: "What's the news to-day?" Her reply was that the only news worth telling was that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. "Ah," returned the great poet, "that is old news and new news and good news."—*East and West.*

38. "The Child of the Maid."

In "The Child of the Maid" John Oxenham tells of that Christmas Day birth and of Mary's pondering and dreaming of the outcome of that new-born life; of the great work her son would accomplish, in accordance with the angel's promise; of the throne upon which He would sit; of the crown of gold He would wear. But

"On Christmas Day the Child was born,
On Christmas Day in the morning;
He trod the long way, lone and lorn,
He wore the bitter crown of thorn,
His hands and feet and heart were torn,
He died at last the Death of Scorn.
But through His coming Death was slain,
That you and I might live again.
For this the Child of the Maid was born,
On Christmas Day in the morning."

39. The World's Saviour.

The Christmas Christ is the world's Saviour. At this blessed season, let us dedicate ourselves anew to the making known a world Saviour. We are told that in the city of Madras, India, there is a chapel on the wall of which there is the upper portion of a cross. On one transverse end of the cross there is a pierced hand, the skin of which is brown, after the color of the skin of the people of the East. On the other side of this section is another pierced hand, white, after the color of the skin of the people of the West. It is a glorious symbol of a world Christ. The inscriptions on the cross were writen in Hebrew and in Latin and in Greek, the languages of the world. The Christmas Christ is a Saviour for the whole world. At this Christmas time let us dedicate ourselves anew to the work of making Christ known to the whole world. He is the only Peace-bringer for men and nations.—*H.*

40. Saves Without and Within.

The Christmas Christ saves without and within.

A little colored boy, having watched his old mammy's success in bleaching clothes, covered his face with soap-suds, and lay down on the lawn in the hot sun with the hope of turning white. It was a very uncomfortable and disappointed boy whom his mother admonished a couple of hours later. "Lan's sake, chile! Don't you know ye can't make white folks of yerse'f by bleaching from the outside?" she asked. And yet that is an experience which the world has never ceased trying. But Christianity is not a change wrought from the outside but from within. This is a truth that needs new emphasis in our day. This Christmas time is a good time to give it new emphasis.—*H.*

41. Birth of a Babe in Bethlehem.

A pistol shot, fired June 28, 1914, in time of peace, started the greatest war in the history of the world: brought twenty-seven nations to arms; cost ten million lives; and destroyed fifty billion dollars' worth of property without counting that used in actual war material, while over two

hundred billion dollars' worth of the productive wealth of the nations that went to war has been mortgaged, much of which now seems unrecoverable. The ten million lives lost include those sacrificed through atrocities and massacres as well as through battle. The pistol shot put an end to the life of the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, at Serajevo, Austria.

Now contrast that event, the pistol shot at Serajevo, and the unspeakably tragic train of events that followed in four years, with another single event the birth of a little baby boy in Bethlehem nineteen centuries ago, and the chain of events that have followed and will yet follow. One was Satan's work, the other, God's.

42. Christ's Visitation.

When royalty enters the city, it puts on its holiday attire, but the most momentous day in the history of any city is the day when Jesus Christ gives it a special visitation of His power and presence. Some of the most painful pages of history are those recording the attitude cities took toward Him when he visited them. From His birth to His death, with the exception of a brief period of publicity, He was received coldly and often in the most hostile manner by the towns which He honored by His presence.

If Christ came to this city, would I be glad to see Him? Not appear to be glad, but really be glad to welcome Him? Whether or not you would be glad to welcome Him is an invariable index to your character. He is always welcome where all is well. There is a line of Scripture which reads: "And when Herod the king heard it, he was troubled." Men who have been living like Herod are always troubled when they hear that Jesus is in the neighborhood. Jesus is in the way of the Herods. Blessed is the man who can say with an eminent statesman of not long ago, who, when asked what he would do if he knew that he were to die the next day, said, "I would just go on and do my duty as on any other day."—*Billy Sunday.*

43. Christ Not Exclusive.

A traveler tells us that one day he climbed a steep path in the neighborhood of Lynmouth, England, to enjoy a view from the top. There, however, he found a board bearing the inscription in large letters, "This Outlook is Private." The Christmas Christ is not private. All the riches of the Gospel are freely given of God. Christ came for "all people."

Christmas is a world festival of a world religion. The advent of Jesus is the guarantee that the world can be redeemed. The message of Christmas, of every Christmas, of this Christmas, is that the world is a redeemable world. This is the tremendous and glorious significance of the birth of Christ, that in Him God has come down to earth with the infinite resources of divine wisdom, love, and power, to redeem the whole world. If the vision of the world's sin and corruption and the experience of the might of evil have dimmed the faith of some of God's people in the salvability of mankind, the remembrance of the Redeemer's birth should serve to remove all doubt and make us again firm believers in the salvableness of the whole world.

44. The Christmas Rose.

On Christmas morning as I go into my garden I see a soft white blanket spreading far and wide. From the long, narrow bed by the old circle of rich green leaves, smiles a wonderful blossom—the Christmas Rose. 'Tis white as the snow lying all about, with a crown of golden stamens. A little bud close by is faintly tinged with pink, and just beyond an older blossom shows a bit of lavender in its

fading petals. How courageous is this last flower of the year! Like the blue jays and the woodpeckers, it loves its home so well, it braves the ice and snow, the cold winds and wild storms.

This flower is not a true rose, but is first cousin to the buttercup, and 'tis only by courtesy that we call it after the Queen of Flowers, perhaps partly because it is a guest from over the water, its home being in Austria.

A beautiful legend tells us that when the Babe Jesus lay in the manger, a little shepherdess of the plains saw the Wise Men bearing their gifts, and wept because she had not even one tiny flower to put in His hand. An angel who was hovering near struck the frozen ground with his silver rod, and instantly there sprang forth a green twig, followed by a bud, which opened into a pure white blossom with a golden crown. Thus was the little shepherdess enabled to place in the Holy Child's hand the first Christmas Rose.—*Margaret W. Leighton.*

45. Christmas God's Visit.

If the President of the United States should come all the way from Washington to Colorado Springs and call upon me, I would have reason to consider myself honored. But God does infinitely more than that for every soul that welcomes him. He says: "If any man hear my voice and open the door I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.—*Rev. J. Y. Ewart, D.D.*

46. Contraband Goods.

A traveler landing in a foreign country was at once asked: "Have you any contraband goods?" "No," he replied. "But I must examine your baggage, nevertheless," said the official. After the examination, the official said, with a smile, "You may pass; you have no forbidden goods." Christ's life here on earth showed us how to get rid of the contraband goods of selfishness, jealousy and all little meannesses, but, better still, his death opened a door from which will sound forth to all those without forbidden goods: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The Christmas Christ helps us to get rid of contraband goods.—*H.*

47. Meaning of Christmas.

One of the poets has an ingenious fancy that the god of love had shot all his golden arrows at him, but could never pierce his heart, till at length the god put himself into the bow and darted himself straight into the poet's breast. This somewhat resembles God's method of dealing with men. When all His other gifts could not prevail, he at last made a gift of Himself to testify His affection and to engage theirs. This is the true meaning of Christmas.—*H.*

48. Blessings of Christmas.

If you could look down upon the vast stretches of Africa, you would see a ribbon of green, perhaps three thousand miles long, threading the wide waste of sand. One of the most fertile valleys on earth is bounded on both sides by appalling barrenness. You can trace the channel of the gospel in the world in the same way. Where it has gone, life and verdure and moral beauty shine.

Tell, tell the Christmas story. It brings blessings wherever it goes.—*H.*

49. He Sent His Son.

What child would love his mother if the mother remained away, and merely sent him food and clothes and toys? Love is inspired by the mother's arms, close about, and the mother's kisses. So it was not enough for God to remain at a distance and send gifts to men. In the fullness of time He sent His Son. That was a

glorious Christmas day when he came. —*H.*

50. Christmas Legacy.

Dr. Guthrie, in his autobiography, describes an old Scotch parishioner at Airbirlot "who died as he lived, a curious mixture of benevolence and folly." The lawyer who drew his will, after writing down several legacies of five hundred pounds to one person, a thousand to another, and so on, at last said: "But, Mr.—, I don't believe you have all that money to leave." "Oh," was the reply, "I ken that as well as you; but I just want to show them my good will." But God's "good will toward men" is no mere pretence of bestowing gifts; and it means more than wealth and pleasure and position and length of days. It means salvation. It means the possession of the riches of his grace. It means that while on earth we may have the "peace of God, which passeth all understanding," and "joy unspeakable and full of glory." If we get this thought we will have in mind the real meaning of Christmas.

51. As Many as Received Him.

After Holman Hunt had finished his great picture of the "Light of the World," he asked a fellow-artist to come and give his opinion on it. As is well known, the picture depicts the Saviour standing with a lantern in one hand, and knocking with the other at an ivy-mantled door. The artist looked at it for some minutes and then exclaimed, "Why, Hunt, you have made a great mistake. There is no handle on the door. How can the Saviour enter without a handle?" "I have made no mistake," replied Hunt; "the handle is inside." The Saviour can never enter until the door is opened by the sinner's own hand.

"As many as received Him." Yes, there is the condition—"received Him." We must receive Him if we are to be blessed by Him. This Christmas will mean very little to us unless we actually receive Christ—welcome him to our homes and our hearts.—*H.*

52. The Lord Has Come.

The Christmas Christ is the world's Ruler, our Lord and King. We are told that once when a Roman Emperor was passing through the streets of Rome in a triumphal procession, surrounded by attendants and soldiers, a child came out of the crowd and ran toward him. The soldiers cried, "Go back, child! go back! he is your Emperor!" But the child replies, "He is your Emperor, but he is my Father!" In the kingdom of God, Christ is not only our Prince of Peace, but also our Everlasting Father. He is our divine Lord and King, Ruler of men and nations. Let us bow to Him. Let us enthrone Him Lord of all. Joy to the world, the Lord has come! Tell it. Sing it. Shout it. Keep on telling and singing and shouting till the whole world hears. For the message of the Christmas Christ makes known the possibilities of the world's redemption.—*H.*

53. Christmas all the Year.

A Salvation Army lassie, a successful worker in the slums, a girl whose only book was the Bible, and who was sadly ignorant of the things that go to make people "cultured," was asked on one occasion what was the secret of her success. Her eyes sparkled as she answered: "O, it's love; it's love in the heart. You let it come out, and they feel it." Christ was continually reborn in her.

To-day, to-morrow, every day, Christ must be born in us; that is to say, His Spirit must inspire us and shed the love of God abroad in our hearts. To have this means to have Christmas in our hearts every day of the year.

54. The Restored Christ.

A man of wealth was a great admirer of Murillo, and longed to possess some painting of that famous artist representing the Christ-child. One day his search was rewarded. He found a painting bearing the mark of Murillo representing the infant Christ as king, surrounded by a company of angels, who did Him reverence. At once the picture was bought. But on examination under a glass it was discovered that the original picture had been tampered with; that while the surrounding host was by Murillo's hand, the Child-king had been cut out and a false Christ inserted. Hanging the picture in his art gallery, the purchaser now commenced a search for the true Christ—a search which lasted many years and covered many lands. At last he found a picture, seemingly a reproduction of his own, and also claiming to be a genuine work of Murillo. This also he bought, and to his great delight, under the glass, it was revealed that he had found the Christ for which he sought. Deftly he removed the false Christ from the first picture, and inserted the true Christ from the second picture. The picture, thus complete, is now said to hang in one of the art galleries of Europe under the title of "The Restored Christ."

From politics, from society, from commerce, the vandal hand of sin has cut out Christ, the true King, and inserted the false matter of self. Are we aware of our loss? Are we looking for Christ? Like the wise men of old, let us make sure that we have the true Christ as King of our lives, and crown Him Lord of all. And let this Christmas be welcomed with its gracious reminder of our need.

55. When God was Defied.

There was an infidel soldier of the Middle Ages who hated the Bible and all sacred things. He grew so fierce and mad in his defiance that he determined to test the power of the Christians' God. So he went out into a field, armed as if for battle. He threw his glove down on the ground as a challenge. Then he looked up into the heavens and angrily cried: "God, if there be a God, I defy Thee here and now to mortal combat. If Thou indeed art, put forth Thy power of which Thy pretended priests make such boast." As he spoke he saw a piece of paper fluttering in the air just above his head. It fell at his feet. He took it up, and on it read these words: "God is love." This was the message that came wafted down on the still air, in the angels' song, that night when Christ was born.—*J. R. Miller, D.D.*

56. Lesson of Christmas.

One of the most engaging of all the catacomb testimonies to the Christian faith, in the kindness, grace, love and faithfulness of the Good Shepherd, is known as the Good Shepherd and the Seasons. In the center stands the strong, stalwart Shepherd with a lamb upon his shoulder; one hand holds a crook, the other the legs of the lamb, as if to secure the recovered creature from fear of being lost again; on either side of the Shepherd are the figures representing the seasons. Spring has roses in bloom, summer has fruits, autumn ripened ears, while "winter as an old man burns the leaves." The meaning is that the Good Shepherd cares for his sheep the year round, is with them "all the day."

The Christmas season has its lessons too. It tells of the coming of the Good Shepherd, of Christ's leaving heaven and coming to earth to be the Saviour of men.—*H.*

57. Christmas After Christmas.

Two or three years ago, in one of our cities, an Oriental was giving his

impression of our American Christmas. He said that for weeks before Christmas, people's faces seemed to have an unusual light in them. They were all bright and shining. Every one seemed unusually kind and courteous. Every one was more thoughtful, more desirous of giving pleasure than had been his wont. Men who at other seasons of the year had been stern, unapproachable, were now genial, hearty, easy to approach. Those who ordinarily were close, not responding to calls for charity, had become for the time generous and charitable. Those who had been in the habit of doing small and mean things, when they entered the warm Christmas zone, seemed like new men, as if a new spirit possessed them. And the Oriental said it would be a good thing if all the charm of the Christmas spirit could be made to project itself into the new year.

This is really the problem to be solved. Christmas ought not to be one day only in the year,—it should be all along, all the days, through all the years. We may as well confess that the problem has not yet been realized. Almost immediately afterward we fall back into a selfish way of living that is far below the high tide to which we rose at Christmas.—*Sunday School Times.*

58. Art and Christmas.

Art has lingered near the Khan of Bethlehem and lovingly transferred to canvas the Madonna and Child. Raphael, Murillo, Correggio, Fra Angelica, Dore and a host of others have taken Matthew's or Luke's inspired narrative and produced paintings well nigh immortal. Our own hearts at Christmas-tide turn to the manger, and like shepherds and Magi we keel and worship the Holy Babe. Humble though the place, the Person made it glorious.

59. If Christ Had Not Been Born!

There is a strange old legend of a world that grew colorless in a single night. The clouds became lifeless, spongy vapors; the waves turned pale and motionless; the fire fled from the diamond and light from every gem; the metal gleaming of the snake and the dyes of the jeweled orbs faded away slowly, as the stars go out at daybreak. The world turned into a sculptor's world, and all was animated stone. Those that dwelt upon it were saddened and bewildered at the change, and never ceased to mourn for the beautiful tint of the flowers and grasses, and the vanished hues of the sunset clouds. All nature was in mourning, and wore a lead-colored robe. Nevermore should diamonds sparkle, or rubies shine, or dewdrops glisten in the morning light. Nevermore should there be a rainbow on the cloud, or silver in the falling raindrops. The expense of lake or ocean should nevermore reflect a blue heaven, or the stars, or the sun. The world had passed into eclipse—into the shadow of death.

This old legend is a parable. It suggests to us a picture of the world without Christ. What a dark, dead, dismal world this would be; what an awful world it would be if in that total eclipse of a Christless condition! What if there had been no Saviour?—*H.*

60. Origin of Gifts.

When the Three Wise Men rode from the East they bore on their saddle-bows three caskets filled with gold and frankincense and myrrh, to be laid at the feet of the manger-cradled babe of Bethlehem. Beginning with this old, old journey, the spirit of giving crept into the world's heart. As the Magi came bearing gifts, so do we also; gifts that relieve want, gifts that are sweet and fragrant with friendship, gifts that

breathe love, gifts that mean service, gifts inspired still by the star that shone over the City of David.—*K. D. Wiggin.*

61. Welcome Christmas.

There is a true story of a Frenchman named Lepaux, who, with much thought and study, invented a new religion, which he called "Theophilanthropy," but was disappointed that it made no headway, and complained to Talleyrand, the great statesman and wit, of the difficulty he found in introducing it.

"I am not surprised," said Talleyrand, "at the difficulty you find in your effort. It is no easy matter to introduce a new religion. Let me advise you what to do, and then perhaps you might succeed."

"What is it? What is it," asked the other with eagerness.

"It is this," said Talleyrand; "go and be crucified and then be buried and rise again on the third day, and then go on working miracles, raising the dead and healing all manner of diseases and casting out devils, and then it is possible that you might accomplish your end!" and Lepaux, crestfallen and confounded, went away silent.

Our religion is based upon such indestructible foundations, and has given the world such convincing proofs that it came from God, that our Christ alone is worthy of being trusted, loved, served with all our ransomed powers.

Therefore, welcome Christmas, welcome Christ, and the riches of His pardon, the sweetness of His peace, so much needed to-day in this storm-tossed world.—*Rev. John Y. Ewart, D.D.*

62. Christmas Consecration.

Raphael's "Transfiguration" is perhaps the greatest painting in all the world. I have read somewhere that this mighty masterpiece was only half finished when Raphael died. He had finished the upper part with marvellous skill, but had barely outlined the lower part when he was stricken and died. The transfiguration scene was perfect. But the lower half, which gives the scene at the foot of the mountain, was only in rough outline. After the death of the master his friends asked, "Who shall finish the 'Transfiguration'?"

Now, there was a pupil of Raphael whose name was Romano. He had been associated with the master for a great many years. He had lived with him, talked with him, worked with him, caught his spirit, and understood his working plans. So it came to pass that Romano was asked to finish the "Transfiguration." He consented, and gave himself up to the task. He studied the original drawings and sketches. He lived in the atmosphere of the masterpiece. He put all his powers of brain and heart into the supreme effort. And he won a signal triumph. So well did his work blend with that of Raphael that even with the closest scrutiny it is difficult to discover that the entire painting has not been produced by one master hand. And during all the years since Romano has shared in the glory of Raphael, for did he not carry to masterful completion the world's greatest painting?

The Master Painter completed His part of the world's transfiguration scene. He did all he could do. But the task was not yet finished when He went away. To His disciples He committed the completion of His world work. "As my Father hath sent me" to deliver a great message, to live a great life, to make a supreme sacrifice, to bring men into harmony with the highest spiritual ideals, "so send I you."

May the Christmas season find a vast multitude of disciples eager to

consecrate themselves to the supreme and inspiring task of transfiguring the whole world into the likeness of the living Christ. — *Bishop Joseph F. Berry, D.D.*

63. By the Roadside of Duty.

"Jesus was born by the roadside of duty. Joseph and Mary were on their way to the Holy City. There they were to enroll themselves as the Chosen of God. How often the same fact found illustration in His after life! More than once as the disciples journeyed Jesus Himself drew near. He would suggest companionship, association, presence. No one ever turned his face toward duty and went alone."

64. A Beautiful Custom.

"At Lyons, in France, it has long been the rule for the first infant received at the Foundling hospital on Christmas day to be welcomed with special honor. A handsome cradle is in readiness, softest clothing is provided and the kindest solicitude is evinced. The object of the ceremony is to mark the contrast between the lot of the Saviour and one of the most helpless and forlorn of his creatures. It is a lesson in charity that is not lightly forgotten."

65. Jesus, Saviour.

His name Jesus, means Saviour. Jesus has come. What for? To save you. You have a Saviour if you are only willing to be saved.

A woman of brilliant intellect, refined and beautiful and richly dressed, in a fit of insanity, threw herself into the lake at Chicago a few months ago and was drowned. A rope was thrown to her, but she refused to grasp it. This woman, so much respected, was insane, and she could not be saved, because she would not be saved. But, do we not know it, that in the matter of eternal salvation there are many who act just as insanely? They refuse to allow themselves to be saved. They reject the Saviour when He would save them. But glad and happy fact, to every willing one now, when Jesus was born He came as a Saviour. Have you let Him save you? —*H.*

66. Christmas Makes Kind.

Some one tells of seeing a little lame dog trying to climb up the curbstone from the street to the pavement. But the poor creature could not quite reach the top—he would always fall back. A hundred people passed by and watched the dog, laughed at his efforts and failures, and went on. No one offered to help him. Then a working man came along, a rather rough looking man. He saw the dog and pitied him, and getting down on his knees beside the curb, he lifted the little creature up to the sidewalk and then went quietly on. That man possessed the true spirit of love. That is what Jesus would have done. Love is shown quite as unmistakable in the way a man treats a dog as in the spirit he shows toward his own fellows. Christmas in our own hearts will make us kind.—*J. R. Miller, D.D.*

67. Christmas in the Heart.

Tradition tells us that a century after the first Christmas a missionary stood on the banks of the Arno, telling the story of the Christ Child. That night a Roman prince returned to his stone mansion, to feast. Suddenly in the dark he heard a tap on the window, and beheld a child's face, a face beautiful enough to have been a model for Raphael's cherubs, and lo, a voice like music in the air whispered "The Christ Child is hungry." Irritated, the prince sent his soldiers to drive the child away, but from that moment his rich viands became tasteless and as ashes and sand. Once more he looked up, startled by a tap

upon the window, and beheld the radiant child, standing at the window, in the darkness and the storm. Then came the voice saying, "The Christ Child is cold." In his selfishness again he bade the soldiers drive the child away, and told his servants to draw the curtains close. In that moment the very fire grew cold, and the blazing embers threw off darkness, and a chill crept to the heart of the selfish prince. And then the ice began to melt. Springing up, he flung wide the door and plunged into the darkness, calling for the child. Faster and faster fled the vision, until it came to a house, where a widow was dead, and a group of little orphan children were sobbing in the night. Obedient to the Child's command, the prince and his servants took them to his stately house, and brought other hungry children in, and feasted them, and henceforth his table was their table, his house their home, his sword their shield, his feet their wings. Some had thought that happiness was not for him, but in giving happiness to Christ's children, his heart became the very citadel of joy and gladness.—*Hillis.*

68. A Christmas Legend.

Do you know why the holly has red berries? A long time ago, so the story goes, the trees heard a rumor that if a king should walk in their shade the first tree that should recognize him would become more beautiful than all the others. Now it happened that outside the little town of Nazareth there grew a forest of big cedars, firs, and oaks, and among them one little holly tree. One day a boy came out of the town and walked through the forest. Each of the big trees thought, "He is looking at me" but the little holly tree as it watched him forgot about itself. Many times the boy walked in the forest until the big trees became so accustomed to him that they gave him no attention. But the holly tree still watched him and said to itself, "Surely if a king were to come he would not be so beautiful as this boy. He is always kind; the birds and the animals are not afraid of him. I wish he were my king; I should like to obey him."

After a time the little boy no longer went to the forest. The holly tree missed him very much; but it thought about him and tried to be like him and to do the things it believed he would want it to do. It was kind to the birds and the animals. It spread its branches so that the birds could build their nests in them. It made little houses down among its roots for the small animals. The other trees thought it was not worth noticing, but it kept sweet-tempered and did not quarrel with them.

The little boy grew to be a man and traveled about the country, telling people about God and how men might please God by loving one another. But one day wicked men took him and put a robe on him such as kings wear, and made a crown of thorny twigs and placed it on his head. Then they nailed him to a cross and over his head was placed a sign which read, "The King."

A wonderful change now came to the little holly tree growing just outside of Nazareth. Between its dark green leaves little red berries began to grow until it was arrayed in a royal robe of scarlet, because, you see, it was the first of the trees to recognize the King.

Yes, it was Jesus, King of heaven and earth. To recognize Him as King, to desire to obey Him and be like Him is to become beautiful—beautiful in character. It means to be arrayed like Him in a robe of righteousness. Amid the hurry and the excitement, the gift-making and the gift-receiving, the good-will and the joy of the

Christmas season, shall we not take time to think that it is the birthday of our King?

But one day's loyalty to the King cannot keep the heart warm and the life true for the remaining three hundred and sixty-four days. The loyalty of Christmas, its love and good-will, must overflow into the rest of the year. The first Christmas carol, sung by the angels that night outside of Bethlehem must reëcho throughout the year.

69. The Christmas Chimes in the Belfry.

An old legend tells us that there was once an old church in whose belfry were the most beautiful chimes in the world. No man or woman living had ever heard them ring, but each one had heard his father or grandfather tell of their wonderful beauty.

There was a belief among the people that the chimes would ring on Christmas Day if they brought their most precious gifts and laid them on the altar of the church. The king appointed the next Christmas for every man, woman and child in the city to bring his gift.

First came the king and laid his crown upon the altar. The people gazed in wonder and sat waiting expectantly; for surely no gift could be more precious than the king's crown. But the chimes did not ring. Then a soldier came and laid his sword upon the altar, but still the chimes did not ring.

A woman brought a beautiful dress, of her own weaving, and laid it by the soldier's sword, but there was no sound from the old belfry. A maiden brought flowers, planted and watered by her own hand, but still the chimes did not ring.

Now there was in a distant part of the city a little boy named Peter, who for weeks had been saving a few small coins for his gift. It had been very hard to save them. But at last he was on his way with these, his most precious gift, to lay on the altar. He had nearly reached the steps of the church when a whine made him look down on the sidewalk.

There in a narrow doorway crouched a little dog with a broken leg. What should Peter do? It was getting late. If he waited to take the dog home and bind his leg, the church would be closed and he would lose his chance to make the beautiful chimes ring. But another whine came from the dog. Peter took his hand from the pocket where the hard-earned money lay, picked up the dog in his arms and ran home as swiftly as he could. As he came to the door he called to his brother Hans. "Hans, come, take the money and run back to the church. Quickly, Hans! it may be closed and the beautiful chimes have not yet been rung."

Then he set to work binding up the dog's leg. His little brother ran to the church. The western sunlight was throwing long shadows down the aisles as the people sat waiting, discouraged, hoping against hope as one gift after another was laid upon the altar and still the chimes were silent. Just as a few left their places to pass out, giving up hope, a tiny boy came panting, breathless, up the steps, down the long aisle, straight to the altar where he laid a few small coins.

Suddenly from out the long silent belfry broke the most wonderful music—filling the church, the air, the city, with glorious harmony. People fell upon their knees in joy and thankfulness, men who had not prayed in years praised God, mothers held their little children more closely to their hearts. The whole city seemed caught up in heavenly melody and held close to the heart of God.

And from a window in a distant part of the city little Peter's face

looked out, its great longing changed into great peace. His own small gift had made the chimes ring out at last.

70. Prolonging the Christmas Joy.

The time to clinch a nail is when you drive it. And very often the best time to fix a good thing in our hearts is while it is still fresh and new and we are experiencing the new-found joy of it. So just while we are in the midst of the Christmas spirit and the Christmas joy, it may be well for us to covenant to continue for ourselves this joy and satisfaction throughout the year. For once that that purpose is firmly fixed in our hearts, it will be easy for us to find the way to do so.—*Herald of Gospel Liberty.*

71. The Royal Descent.

The Gospel opens with Christ's genealogy, thereby connecting Him with the past in Jewish history. Beginning with Abraham, Matthew traces Christ to David, and then on to Joseph, the husband of Mary. It is well known that there are differences between Matthew's and Luke's genealogy, for Luke, beginning with Jesus, traces the descent through David's son, Nathan, up to Adam. The best explanation is that Matthew gives the genealogy of Joseph, while Luke gives the genealogy of Mary, for Joseph as the husband of Mary would be quite sufficient to make Jesus of the line of David. Thus one is the royal, the other the natural line. Matthew shows Jesus as the King of the Jews, and Luke depicts Him as the Saviour of the world, and both of these are true. —*W. H. G. Thomas, D.D.*

72. The Christmas Christ as Promiser.

Among the curiosities of the Bank of England may be seen some ashes the remains of some banknotes that were burned in the great fire of Chicago. After the fire they were found and carefully put between boards and brought to the bank. After applying chemical tests, the numbers and value were ascertained, and the Bank of England paid the money to the owners. If a human promise can be worth so much, how much more is the promise of God!

All the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ—the Christmas Christ.—*H.*

73. Gates and Doors.

There was a gentle hostler
(And blessed be his name!)
He opened up the stable
The night Our Lady came.
Our Lady and Saint Joseph,
He gave them food and bed,
And Jesus Christ has given him
A glory round his head.
So let the gate swing open
However poor the yard,
Lest weary people visit you
And find their passage barred;
Unlatch the door at midnight
And let your lantern's glow
Shine out to guide the traveller's feet
To you across the snow.
There was a courteous hostler
(He is in Heaven to-night)
He held Our Lady's bridle
And helped her to alight;
He spread clean straw before her
Whereon she might lie down,
And Jesus Christ has given him
An everlasting crown.
Unlock the door this evening
And let your gate swing wide,
Let all who ask for shelter
Come speedily inside.
What if your yard be narrow?
What if your house be small?
There is a Guest is coming
Will glorify it all.

—*Joyce Kilmer.*

74. Having and Getting.

The most obvious lesson in Christ's teaching is that there is no happiness in having and getting anything, but only in giving I repeat; there is no happiness in having or in getting, but only in giving. And half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting, and in being served by others. It consists in giving, and in serving others. He that would be great among you, said Christ, let him serve. He that would

be happy, let him remember that there is but one way; it is more blessed, it is more happy, to give than to receive.—*Professor Drummond.*

75. The Universal Christ.

Italy celebrates Garibaldi, but Italy alone; Germany recalls Bismarck and the old Emperor, but not France; France remembers Napoleon, but England despises him; no foreign nation keeps Washington's Birthday. What a tribute to greatness would be found if some one hero could command the admiration of a foreign people. But Jesus belongs unto all the nations of the earth. He reigns supreme as the universal Master.

76. Christmas Means Christ.

A gentleman once gave his children a dissected map of the United States to put together. They puzzled over it for quite a while, and then were about to give it up, discouraged, because they could not make everything fit. Accidentally, one of them turned a piece of the map over and discovered on the back of the picture a part of a man's hand. Turning another piece, they found a part of a man's face. After they had examined other pieces, with similar results, it dawned upon them that it would be easier to put the picture together by the back than by the front, and the result was a picture of Washington on the one side and the map of the United States on the other.

There is a lesson here for us, the learning of which will solve many of life's problems.

So the Word of God is a picture of Jesus. There may be that which is called doctrine, and that which we call biography, and that which we call parable, and that which we call poetry, and that which is chronological, and questions that concern authorship; but the purpose of it all, from Genesis to the Revelation, is to reveal Jesus the Son of God, that we may live on Him by faith; feed on Him, the living Bread from heaven.

77. The Christmas Christ a Pattern.

Of old, a young apprentice picked up the chips of glass dropped by the master who was completing an oriel window for the cathedral. Bringing those chips together so as to repeat the face of a lustrous angel that had appeared to him in a vision of the night, the boy constructs from the fragments one of the priceless gems of art. And if thy duties seem humble, thy hours fragments, thy tasks broken and obscure, behold, the Christ is a pattern who can transform these fragments into a dream of spiritual beauty. All inspirations toward knowledge, all stimulants toward supremacy of mind have their supreme excellence in that divine One, who is higher than earth's noblest spirits, wiser than earth's most gifted teachers, purer than earth's whitest martyrs.

78. A Christmas Legend.

Perhaps the children of to-day who are wistfully awaiting a view of the tree may like to hear the legend of the first Christmas tree, and yet it may not be legend merely, but history beaming through the mists of tradition. It is an old German story that Saint Wilfred transformed the heathen Teuton worship in the forest into the Christmas ceremony. About 732, with a band of priests, he sought to convert the worship of Thor. On Christmas Eve, fighting their way through the snow in the dense forest, they found a savage tribe assembled under a thunder oak symbolic of the god of thunder, Thor. The white-haired priest of the cult was about to offer as a sacrifice the son of the tribe's chief. Wilfred rushed forward and warded off the arm about to slay the child. The tribesmen were delighted at the saving

of their favorite, and became converts to Christianity. The saint took his axe and started to cut down the oak. As it was about to fall lightning rended it into many parts, and in its place there sprang up a slender fir tree, green and sparkling. They bore it to the chieftain's hall, and 'round it made merry. It was about this first Christmas tree the old, old story was told, and the Teuton tribes became in time all Christians.

Oh that we all may become Christians, Christ's ones, as we gather about the Christ Himself at this blessed Christmas season!

79. When the Wise Men Returned Home.

We are told nothing on the sacred page about their homeward journey, but we may think, if we choose, of the caravan's stately progress, of its marches by day and its rests by night until the Wise Men with their wonderful story again sat in their own tent doors and talked with the folk they had left behind. They would never again be the same that they had been before their pilgrimage. The blessing that came to them when they knelt before the Babe in the Manger would abide with them the remainder of their lives, for none can see the Christ and worship Him in childlike humility and after that be satisfied with the mere pomps and vanities of this transitory world.

Old friends and neighbors and the dear ones around them would find them gentler, stronger, more sympathetic, more courteous than ever they had been, and would sometimes say "there must have been something very beautiful that came to pass for Caspar, Melchior and Balthasar when they were gone from us that long and weary time, when the Star led them to the Land of Judea."

May this Christmas so result in our lives.—*H.*

80. The True Christmas Spirit.

In "Little Women" there is a story told by Louisa Alcott out of the experience of her own early days. The four children who are her heroines, knowing of a neighbor in need, go in a little procession and carry her their breakfast. Another incident may be recalled. It may not have been precisely Christmas-tide, but it was winter and the weather was bitterly cold. The stock of wood was low, and night had fallen when there came a knock at the door. A shivering child stood there, saying that her mother had no wood, that the baby was sick and the father gone on a spree. She begged for a little wood. "Divide our stock with her," said Mr. Alcott, "and we will trust in Providence. The weather will moderate or wood will come." No wonder that the children trained in the Alcott household grew up heedless of privation and generous to those whose need was great. This is the true Christmas spirit. If our Christmas-tide is pervaded by real unselfishness we shall manifest to every one the love that Christ brought to the world.

81. A Christless World.

What would be the effect of blotting Christmas out of the calendar of the world? No story of the wondrous birth to tell! No salvation from sin! No comfort in trouble! No hope in looking out into the beyond! A Christless world, reeking and staggering under its burdens of suffering and sin into absolutely black, starless night! A Christless world! That would mean a heathenish world. Read pagan history, or the history of the times when the people had either forgotten or had wandered far away from God—from knowledge of Him or service to Him—times such as the world saw just previous to Christ's birth into it, and what a heathenish world it was, what an awful condition it was in! We get at least some sug-

gestion as to what it would mean if there had been no Saviour.

It would mean a hopeless world. Christ is the hope of the world. Christ put life into the world. Christmas Day has been well called, "The Birthday of Hope."

It would mean a paralyzed word, for where there is no hope there is no action. When the swimmer saw that the would-be rescurers could not reach him he ceased to make effort. He gave up in despair and sank at once to the bottom. Men will not try for better things where there is no hope. Christ energizes the world because He is the hope of the world.

It would mean a lost world. Lost! A lost world! If there had been no Saviour.

"It may be possible to think of an ocean without a harbor, of a sky without a sun, of a garden without a living flower, of a face without a smile; but we are confronted by the unthinkable in this—a world with holiness and happiness left in it and the Christ gone out of it."—*H.*

82. A Legend of the Wise Men.

When the three wise men were traveling on their long journey from the far East, talking by day of the King whom they sought and gazing by night upon His star it chanced that one of them —it was the one who carried the gift of costly, but bitter myrrh, and loved greatly the creations of God from the greatest to the least—saw near the road a little plant which bore many delicate blossoms, some as blue as the eastern sky and some as white as the foam of the western sea. The wise man had never seen the plant before, for none of its kind grew in his country, and he hastened to alight from his camel and knelt before the tiny flowers and thanked God for their beauty, and set up a mark, that, on his return, he might find the rare, strange plant and carry it home with him. And he plucked two of the fair flowers, and preserving them with great care carried them safely all the way until he came into the "house where the young Child was with Mary, his mother."

When he knelt before the Heavenly Babe, and laid at His feet his offering of costly myrrh, suddenly he thought of the strange blossoms so precious to him, and these also he offered to the Child, who, smiling divinely on the giver, took into His tiny hand the two flowerets, blue as the eastern sky and white as the foam of the western sea.

Then the wise men, "warned of God," departed to their own country by another way, and he who had plucked the flowers was for a moment sad, saying, "Since we go by this other way I shall never again see the strange plant with its lovely blossoms; and even the two flowerets I have no longer. Yet the way we take is the will of God, and the flowers—oh, what joy it was to give them into the hand of the Holy Child! The memory of His smile is beyond all thought dearer than the flowers of the whole wide world. Truly, all is well!"

So, with joy and thanksgiving the three went on, until, after many days, early in the first flush of the dawn, they came to their own country. And when the wise man who had plucked the flowers and given them to the Holy Child stood at his own house, lo! there, beside the door, fair in the morning light and glittering with crystal dewdrops, grew the strange plant, all abloom with lovely blossoms as blue as the eastern sky and as white as the foam of the western sea.

So had his lovely giving been blessed; and so is it that, in all times as well as in that time of old, gifts freely and gladly given to Him who was the Child of Bethlehem are given back with great gain, even though sometimes the giving back is not known till after a long journey into a country very far away.

Don't be selfish. Don't be afraid to give to the Christ. He that watereth shall himself be watered. He that giveth shall receive. Is not this a blessed fact and a good lesson for us all at this blessed Christmas season?

83. Christmas Says, "God is Love."

An evangelist preaching in the outskirts of London saw a ruffian stealing up to him with a club. He repeated the little gospel, "God so loved the world." The ruffian stopped. Again the verse was repeated, and the ruffian slunk away through the crowd. The next day he found the evangelist in his home and in his room found Christ. "I have two boys, and I love them. If God gave the Son He loved, I can hold out no longer." These were his words. The Christmas story is truly the story of God's unspeakable love." —*H.*

84. Givers of Themselves and Their Own.

Rev. Dr. John Kelman says: "If we may so far follow tradition, it is worth while to remember that these men, opening their bales of treasure, brought gifts each from his own land. The gold was from India, the frankincense from Persia, and the myrrh from Arabia. They did not say that these, the products of their own lands, were common and everyday things, and set about procuring statues from Greece or tin from Britain. They brought what they had. So, for us all, the gift that Christ will value most will never be that which grows in somebody else's country. It will not be some better or nobler thing than what you have, but just that.

"Of course, in the fullest sense of the words, this means that strange and precious gift—yourself. 'Your own redeemed personality' is the one gift which Christ desires and will value. Nay, your own personality, very incompletely redeemed as yet. We are not what we might have been, we are not what we ought to be, we are not what we hope to be; but such as we are, we may give ourselves to Him, and the gift will not be rejected."

85. Silent at Christmas.

"We managed to find time for church and for three celebrations of the holy communion," wrote Admiral Sir John Jellicoe after the Christmas Day of 1914 had passed. The guns were manned, and all was ready for action if necessary, but the observance of the Christmas season was not overlooked.

An officer of the Queen's Westminster Rifles wrote to a London paper after the Christmas of 1914 had passed: "Our section was on fatigue duty. On Christmas eve we carried wood up to the firing line from dark until one o'clock in the morning. All the time there were singing, cheering and trumpet calls along both lines, and the Germans had lights all along their front. We were walking with our wood in bright moonlight, but not a shot was fired at us. Next day would have made a good chapter in Dickens' 'Christmas Carol.' Many of our chaps walked out and met the Germans between the lines. I was photographed in a group of English and Germans ....I had quite a talk with three or four, and have two names and addresses in my notebook."—*Rev. W. J. Hart, D.D.*

86. Christmas in the Trenches.

It is said of a returned English soldier that, when he was being commiserated on the loss of his arm in the trenches, he replied, proudly: "I didn't lose it, I gave it." Glorious reply. What a transformation of our stewardship if we could think of our tithe not as the payment of a debt, but as the offering of a gift! What a transfiguration of our service if we

could list it as a heart impulse instead of a conscience pull! What an ennoblement of life if we could live it as a gift to the world! When a man gives his health or his time or his money—or his life—you cannot talk to him about being robbed. He has forestalled the comment. Jesus said, "No man taketh my life from me; I lay it down." Such ought to be the spirit of His disciples. This is a good spirit for us to seek at this Christmas season.

87. The Word Was Made Flesh.

"The word was made flesh and dwelt among us." John 1:14. It is a law of our republic that no man may be elevated to the presidency unless he be born within our national boundaries. No matter his blood and breeding, his diplomatic skill and mastery of men, to become the supreme leader and commander of our people he must begin life with us. So the Son of God had to be born even as we, had to live among us, had to beautify the commonest circumstances of life by His own touch, had to redeem life first by living it.—*Robert Freeman, D.D.*

88. The New Power.

In a wood-yard stood a circular saw. Fifteen men operated it. Then a gas-engine was purchased, which made the saw do as much work in one and a half hours as the fifteen men did in a whole day. The machinery was right, but it needed to be attached to a new power. So do we need to be attached to a new driving force—the living Christ. This Christmas Day let Christ into your life. You will have new power.—*H.*

89. She Was Fully Satisfied.

One of Dr. Campbell Morgan's recent stories related to a poverty-stricken fish-wife who was found on Christmas Day eating a Christmas dinner which consisted of a piece of bread and a toasted herring. Her visitor said something to her of the poverty of the fare, and the old woman, with face aglow, replied: "Poor fare? Dear heart, don't you see the Lord has laid tribute on sea and land to feed me this blessed Christmas Day?"

90. "Good Will Toward Men."

There is a beautiful piece called "Eagerheart." Eagerheart had heard that the King was coming to the city, and she prepared her house to receive Him. She was so happy at the honor that was to be done her that she could hardly wait until the time came when the King was to arrive.

When all was ready and everything was shining brightly, a knock came to the door of Eagerheart's house, and when she opened it she saw there a poor man, a common tramp, it seemed, and his wife and little child. He begged for a night's lodging. But Eagerheart, expecting the King every moment, cried, "Not to-night; any night except to-night." The tramp sadly made answer, "They all say that—any night but to-night." And he turned to go away. But Eagerheart's heart was touched. She could not see the forlorn family turn away into the cold night. "Come back," she cried, "and good-by to all my dreams." So she took them in and gave up the thought of entertaining the King. But a little later a knock came to the door, and Eagerheart found some people inquiring for the King. "He is not here," said she, but they replied, "O, yes, he is." And then she found that the child that she had sheltered was the King. Eagerheart showed good will toward men, and in doing so she showed good will to Christ, the King.

91. Christ a Transforming Gift.

The life dream of Dr. Lorenz was to become a famous surgeon, but at the age of thirty, when fast rising to

the top, he contracted eczema which unfitted him for his work. In despair he threatened to blow out his brains. Said some one to him, "If you cannot get along with wet surgery, try dry surgery." We all know the result, how he became the greatest operator in bloodless surgery that the world has ever known. The circumstances that opposed him forced him into better and larger things. "Amplius" is indelibly stamped upon this "gift," for transformations are wrought by the "gift" within us, or circumstances without, forcing us ever onward and upward to the best and highest.

Christ enters the life as the sunlight enters the ice, completely changing its nature.

When a king confers a patent of nobility the notification does not occupy much space, but it transforms a life. It is thus with the slight action of accepting Christ.

Gifts for which we must beg are not gifts at all, and the Christmas gift is urged upon us by the Giver.

92. God's Great Christmas Gift.

The greatest power in this "gift" is love. Just as "the sun kisses the earth and it blossoms with flowers," so this "gift" kisses the human heart, and it blossoms with "the fruit of the Spirit," the greatest of these being love.

93. Christmas Created Again.

The coming of Christ made Christmas. Every day and hour He is coming anew to some saved soul and Christmas is created again. Christmas says that Christ has come and is still coming.—*William T. Ellis.*

94. No Room for Christ.

When they are all counted, it is a surprisingly small group that gathered around the cradle of Him whose coming meant for all the world a day gladder than any that had gone before it. To-day also it is cause for surprise that the truth now so well known is so largely neglected. In much of the world to-day there is still no more room for Christ than in the inn of old.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

95. Child and Saviour.

Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, the great English school, used always to salute his schoolboys by taking off his hat when he passed them on the street. "You can never tell," he said, "whether or not you may be passing a future prime minister of Great Britain." There is little in a child or a boy to indicate what he will become. There certainly was nothing about Jesus as He lay in the cradle at Bethlehem to show that he would become the Saviour of the world. There was nothing to indicate that God had come into our lives and was not only to share our sorrows, but give himself up on the cross to redeem us. Let us bring our worship to Jesus, and our gifts, and our love, and our obedience. Let us make Him our Friend and Companion.—*Rev. R. P. Anderson.*

96. The Greatest Gift.

Every year we make gifts to our friends at Christmas time. Every year thousands of dollars are spent for this purpose. Every year many costly gifts, representing in some cases much love, are given. But the most costly gift ever given and the one showing the most love was given on the night when the angels sang. It was God's great gift to the world, and is still being given to each one who desires it. "For unto you," unto me, unto each of us, is born a Saviour. This is one priceless gift that you may be sure to have.

97. Willing Men and a Leading Star.

Mere knowledge of truth is not enough to bring one to Christ. The Jewish religious leaders were ready

enough with an answer to the question where He should be born, but there is no hint that one of them was enough interested to go one step toward Bethlehem. The strangers from the east with less knowledge were favored with the leading of the star because they were eager to follow it through the long journey.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

98. No Christmas Grouch.

No man should ever carry a grouch through the Christmastide, nor resume it after the festival is over. Indeed, the very atmosphere of the season, long before the gala day arrives, should fertilize and render fruitful every friendly impulse of the soul, so that personal appreciation shall ripen into practical friendliness toward all with whom we meet or mingle, including the millions of whom we have only heard, and thus invoke and cultivate the spirit of Jesus whose love for publicans and sinners led Him to die for an unfriendly world.

99. A Christmas Etching.

The Boy Who Looked Wistfully in at a Store Window.

He was just a little lad and I found him on Market Street a week before Christmas. He had just one paper left and it was nearly midnight. The boy could hardly have been more than eight. He should have been at home with his mother. Yet that one paper must be sold even if it was an early afternoon edition. But he was not on duty now. He was looking in at a window where a big ten-dollar coaster in all its aristocratic pride stood waiting for some rich man's son. I saw a look in that lad's eyes that made me want to slip up close to him and watch him. I noticed, as I casually stepped closer, a big doll near the coaster, but I did not connect that with the boy's wistful look. Poor blind me! I only thought of the coaster that would surely go to the rich man's son. My vision was so tiny that night! And all the time, as I watched that ragged boy's face with its wistfulness, I thought he was hungering for that big coaster.

"What is it, my boy?" I could stand the look of his yearning face no longer.

"It's that big doll, sir! Say, but my baby sister would go daft over that. Ain't it the beaut, sir? And it makes me hungry inside to think she can't have it. It kind'a makes me want to cry, fer I git to feelin' funny inside every time I pass this window and see that doll."

And the wistful face of the lad etched its way into my heart.—*Rev. W. L. Stidger.*

100. The Universal Saviour.

The Christ of Christmastide suggests the universal Saviour. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for he shall save His people from their sins." Not only the Jew, but the Gentile; not only the rich and cultured, but also the poor and uneducated; not only the moral, but the immoral. The best and the worst of humanity alike need this Saviour. "There is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." No amount of polish or veneer can rid the soul of sin. Only the power of the Christ that was born on Christmas Day can purge the soul of its vileness. Those who live in marble and brownstone fronts need this Saviour just as much as Jerry McAuley, Sam Hadly, or Mel Trotter. The redemption provided is for the whole world, but only those who believe on him can share the joy of the gift of this Saviour.—*B. F. D.*

101. Need of the Christmas Christ.

Courtland Meyers tells of a visit to India, where he saw a great monument upon an elevation, on which stood a Mohammedan soldier who shouted something about God and Mohammed,

his prophet. Doctor Meyers begged permission to stand on that elevation, and when the request was reluctantly granted, he shouted with all his might, "Jesus, highest over all," and that voice echoed and reëchoed to the highest peaks of the Himalayas. The sound of that dear name is yet to encircle the world, until the whole race of man has heard of the Saviour that was born on Christmas Day.

"Sweetest note in seraph's song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus."

This world is just as much in need of Christ to-day as when He came on that first Christmas night. The sin and darkness of the world is as great now as it was then. We had four awful, terrible, unexampled years of war and bloodshed. We have entered upon a period of peace, and yet there is no peace. The whole world seems out of joint. There is conflict in many quarters of the globe. The social unrest, political agitation, industrial antagonism, race riots, murders, and suicides are evidences of a world out of harmony with itself and its God. Not education, legislation, or reformation can remake the world. The power of regeneration coming from the Christ of Bethlehem's manger and Calvary's cross alone is sufficient. This is the only hope for a sin ruined world; and, thank God, He can perform the miracle of transformation.—*B. F. Daugherty, D.D.*

102. Christmas Presents a Saviour.

Far over in Africa one day a missionary passed through a village. He stayed only a few hours, but while he was there he gathered the people together and told them about Bethlehem and the wonderful Child who was born there. You know the story well, but to these poor black people it was all new. Among the crowd was a little black boy, who during the talk did not take his eyes off the minister's face. The minister smiled at him when he said good-bye, and asked him if he liked the story. He nodded his head and smiled back. "Then," said the minister, "tell it to someone who needs Christ's help very much."

After the missionary had gone the boy thought right away of a poor little fellow who had a cruel master. When he found him he told him as best he could about the Christ. "I am going to find Him," the second boy said. "Is He at the station at Kuruman?"

"I think He must be there," said the other little black boy, "because they sing songs about Him there."

So the boy started on his search. He found the station. They told him there more of the wonderful story. He did not see the Babe of Bethlehem, but he found the Saviour in just the same way that anyone can find Him —by going to Him in prayer with a loving, trusting heart.

103. Love Came Down At Christmas.

The sainted B. F. Jacobs used to tell of a Sunday-school convention in which a heated discussion on a certain subject occurred. Among the delegates present was a German. He listened patiently until it seemed to him that patience had ceased to be a virtue, and then jumped to his feet and said emphatically, "Bredren, vot ve need is more of dot leedle vord spelt mid dree letters, l-u-v, luv."

When the laughter had subsided, Mr. Jacobs arose and said, "If l-u-v does not spell 'love,' what does it spell?"

Love is the note of Christmas. Love is the key to the problem of the brotherhood of man. Love is to prevail more and more in the world as Christ becomes known.

Love came down at Christmas, love all lovely, Love Divine.

104. Keeping Watch Over Their Flocks. Luke 2:8.

Tolstoi tells a lovely little story of two pilgrims who set out for Jerusalem. Yelesei stopped to help a starving family. He bought food, fetched water, split wood, started the great oven fire, nursed and fed the sick, redeemed the mortgage on the home, and bought back the cow, horse, and scythe with which the living was earned. His money was all gone, and he could not hope to overtake his companion on the road, so he returned home and devoted himself again to daily duty. Yefim would not pause to help any one. He reached Jerusalem, visited the sacred places, obtained earth from Calvary, water from the Jordan, and blessed amulets of every kind, but because of the throng he could not reach the Holy Sepulcher. Yet, "under the lamps themselves where the blessed fire burns before all," he saw a vision of Yelesei, wearing a halo of shining glory about his head. For Yefim had brought his body to the Holy Land, but Christ Himself had come to the soul of Yelesei. "And he learned that in this world God bids every one do his duty till death,—in love and good deeds."

The shepherds were keeping watch over their flocks—doing ordinary duty —when the Christmas vision came to them.—*H.*

105. Christianity's Valuation of a Child.

"When Herod the king heard it he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him." Matt. 2:3. What a tremendous change in the world's thought concerning children and childhood the following incident narrated in *The London Mail* indicates: "The ten-year-old daughter of a bricklayer in Liverpool was assaulted and left for dead. Traffic in front of the house where she lay was stopped on the day of the funeral. Fifty constables kept the way clear, and twenty thousand people attended the burial." Bethlehem had no such standards of child valuation. Herod could assault and leave for dead Bethlehem's first-born, and a sad wail was the only protest, but with the advent of Christ there came a better day for children.—*The Rev. William T. Dorward.*

106. Offered Unto Him Gifts.

"They offered unto him gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." Matt. 2:11. An Oklahoma missionary, the Rev. Walter Roe, of Colony, tells this story. In our little church in the West our Indian elders were taking up the offering, when a little group near the door detained them. A tall Indian stood and addressed the missionary. "We have no money to give, but will you take our child? May we give him to Jesus?" It was a touching scene. We told the parents, whose hearts were made so tender, that God was grateful for their gift to him; that in a few years we could take and use the boy, but that just now, by remaining with them in their faithful home life, he would be made ready for usefulness for God. We, the missionaries, would help him as he came to school each day. With what beaming joy the parents returned home with their child, because they had been ready to sacrifice, but God was willing for them to keep! Some one adds, "There seems to be an Abraham and Isaac in Oklahoma."

107. The World and Jesus.

"The world knew him not." John 1:10. Christ was unrecognized by His own world. Mary E. Coleridge, the great-great-niece of the famous Samuel Taylor Coleridge, reminds us of the loneliness of Jesus in the very hour of His birth:

"I saw a stable, low and very bare,
A little child in a manger,
The oxen knew him, and had him in their care,
To men He was a stranger.
The safety of the world was lying there,
And the world's danger."

108. The Message of Christmas to You.

What is the message of Christmas to you? Is it that Christ was born in a manger of far-away Bethlehem, or that He has been born in your heart?

Is it that angels sang, while shepherds watched their flocks by night, a song of peace and good-will toward men, or that in your heart and life that song is being sung?

Is it that the wise men of old brought gifts to the infant Jesus, of gold and frankincense and myrrh, or that you have brought to the glorified Christ the gifts of your substance, your talents, your life?—*Thomas Curtis Clark.*

109. Our Christmas Groups.

We cannot but miss some loved faces in the Christmas groups, for there are in most homes vacant chairs. As Dr. Chadwick has said:

"It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more."

But there is no jar in our Christmas jubilation because of the absent who have gone home.—*M. E. S.*

110. Christ Came to Stay.

There is not one good thing in the universe that the coming of Christ has not developed or introduced. How could we have known the love of God without him? How much would God's promises have meant to us? What could we have done with all our sins without the Christ to prove and bear? Would universal brotherhood have meant anything to us, without His brotherhood to us? Where would there have been an ideal human enough to draw us without the perfect Man Jesus? Oh, let us thank God, with our foreheads touching the dust of the earth, that Christ came, and that He came to stay.

111. Christmas Lullaby.

Sleep, Holy Babe,
Upon Thy mother's breast;
Great Lord of earth and sea and sky,
How sweet it is to see Thee lie
In such a place of rest.

Sleep, holy Babe,
O take Thy brief repose—
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake
That death alone can close.

—*Edward Caswell.*

112. Christ the Jewel.

An artistic setting is intended to "show off" a jewel; so the design of your life and mine should be to glorify Him. But the jewel does far more for the setting than the setting can do for the jewel; and while your life may glorify Him, it is He who really glorifies your life, when He becomes its center. He is the attraction, as John the Baptist recognized when he said: "He must increase, but I must decrease."

113. Christ Welcomed.

You are laughing in my human breast,
O, little Heart of God,
Sweet intruding stranger,
A Christ-Child in a manger,
Heart, dear Heart of God.

—*Nicholas Vachel Lindsay.*

114. Her Christmas Visit.

On Christmas eve a call was heard on the verandah. It came from one of the Zenana pupils from a village where the Bible women work, and they supposed that she had come for her annual present of material. One of the missionaries told her that her gift was not ready yet, but that it would be sent later. She interrupted, saying with glistening eyes and a beaming smile: "I haven't come for that; I have brought a present myself for the Lord

Jesus. It will be His birthday to-morrow, and I want Him to have this because I love Him." And from the fold of her sari she produced a four anna piece.—*Jane B. James.*

115. At the Manger.

The little congregation that surrounded the Christ on that Christmas morning was but a type of the universal Church. Each came drawn by an influence peculiar to himself. The Wise Men from the distant East knew the stars by their faces. But there was a stranger among the constellations. It beckoned them on to the Christ. Not so with the shepherd. The stillness of the country made them acute to every sound. They heard voices. The frosty night broke forth in praise. It was the song of the Advent sifting through the stars. So we find Christ to-day, not in others, but ourselves.

116. Keep It True.

Florists praise a flower if it is "true to type"; that is, if it may be cultivated indefinitely without returning from the loveliness that careful nurture has impressed upon it to its wild state. When it was small and homely Christmas—the first Christmas—was the act of self-giving raised to the highest degree of beauty. Let us keep it "true to type."—*Amos R. Wells.*

117. Honor the Christmas Christ.

A little Sunday-school girl objected strenuously to being taught a Christmas hymn in which the religious thought was prominent, on the ground that Christmas "isn't Sunday-time, but just fun." She "liked songs about jingle-bells and such things on Santa Claus Day!"

The child phrased exactly the modern childish appreciation of Christmas, and her mental attitude is not to be wondered at. Haven't we brought the children up to think so? Haven't we made it a gift-day and a day of jollity, almost to the exclusion of any tenderer or more sacred sentiment? Have we not, in a word, been chiefly honoring Santa Claus instead of the Christ?

118. The Magnificat a Song of Democracy.

Mary's song is the song of a real democracy. Christ did not come in the midst of royal purple. Whatever distinctions there are among men the gospel story levels them all. As we stand at the manger all differences disappear, for we are one—there! What a world it would be if we maintained the relationship established by the Bethlehem manger. Well did Mary sing that God had regarded her low estate. God taught us that all human estates were equal in His Son. There is only one aristocracy; it is the aristocracy of heaven; and those who are admitted into the charmed circle enter, not by reason of royal earthly birth, but by reason of their faith in the Son of God.—*Rev. W. H. Geistweit, D.D.*

119. Christmas Shoppers.

A little Jewish girl from the East Side of New York, who secured work in a store during the holiday season, met with an accident, and was ministered to in her sufferings by a trained nurse. She looked appealingly into the face of the nurse, and asked incredulously, "Is it true that you are a Christian?" Upon being answered in the affirmative, she replied, "You are so polite and gentle, I didn't think you could be; but then the only Christians I've seen are Christmas shoppers."—*C. E. World.*

120. The Journey of the Wise Men.

"The first Christmas, as Matthew tells its story, witnessed a beautiful search for the world's Saviour. There

is nothing finer or more pathetic in all history than the journey of the Wise Men. The Greeks who came to the last Passover Jesus attended, to inquire after him, and the Oregon Indians who came all the way to Washington to ask of General Clark that a teacher of the Christian religion be sent them, are parallel instances."

121. Seeking the White Man's God.

"Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" Matt. 2:2. Earnest seekers after truth always make an impression. In the year 1832 several Indians of the Flathead tribe, living on the Pacific Coast, crossed the Rocky Mountains, and, traversing the thousand miles of intervening wilderness, appeared at St. Louis. They had been sent by their chief to inquire about the white man's God and the book that revealed Him, of both of which they had heard from a hunter, who told them they were all wrong in their worship, and that far to the east the white man had a book that revealed the true God. The story of these earnest seekers aroused such interest in the Indians of the northwest coast that a missionary was soon after sent to them.—*The Sunday School Journal.*

122. Christmas Vision.

It is related of Michael Angelo that when he came down from the scaffolding from which he had for some weeks been painting the frescoes of a high ceiling, he had become so accustomed to looking upward that it was with real pain he forced himself to turn his eyes to the ground. Oh, blessed engagement possible to these spiritual orbs of ours! Would that they might evermore be so arrested, habituated, held by the countenance of divine love, that we could never be satisfied to turn them from His face! Would that we could say with the Psalmist, "O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise. My heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord." Such engagement with God and fixing of faith upon Him is the way to peace, joy, triumph over temptation, and best preparation for the delights of the life to come—one chief element of whose felicity is expressed in the words, "They shall see His face." At this Christmas season let us engage the vision of our souls afresh with God and Christ and the beauty of holiness. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." —*H.*

123. The Much-Needed Message.

There is a famous painting by the artist, Mr. P. R. Morris, which shows Jsoeph in a tent watching Mary and the Christ Child as they play together just outside the tent door. The mother holds out her hands, the infant Christ is running with both hands extended into her arms. But the sun at His back throws a shadow between the mother and her boy. This shadow, formed by the body and extended arms of the child, is exactly the shape of a cross. The title of the picture is, "The Shadow of the Cross." But this shadow had not yet fallen across her path, and Mary felt at first only the great joy that expressed itself in a song of praise—that song which has justly been called the Magnificat. Sorsow might come, but for the present she was content with the blessing which had come to her, and her happiness overshadowed everything else that might befall her. The song the angels sang to the shepherds was a message of peace and good will to all the earth. It was a much-needed message. In all the broad earth there was no peace. Men strove and contended for mastery, and there was no good will between man and man. It was good tidings indeed when promises came that men

were yet to beat their swords into plow-shares and their spears into pruning-hooks and learn war no more. The song of the angels was indeed a much-needed message.—*H.*

124. Christmas and Our Ideals.

In the gallery at Bergamo there is a fascinating picture of the Virgin Mother and the Holy Child, by Raphael. That picture has a history. When Napoleon the Great was conquering Italy, Milan fell before him, and with it Bergamo. Napoleon was taking all the rare and precious pictures and sending them to adorn Paris. Lest this picture should be seized and lost to Italy, some one painted on its face a coarse and ugly picture, which, of course, Napoleon not knowing of the treasure underneath, did not desire. When he was dethroned the rifled pictures were sent back to Bergamo. Among them hung this treasure of Raphael; but, in the painter's hurry, there had been no mark left upon it and so it could not be identified, and where it hung among the other great and beautiful pictures no one could tell. At last, in the year 1868, the daub began to scale away, and then reverent hands set about to clean the picture, and at last the long lost treasure shone forth again.

Yes, and it is a glad and happy fact that a lost vision can be restored again. If over your fair life-ideal crude disfigurements have come, then, and especially at this Advent season, let me urge that you set about at once to restore the original. It can be done. Carefully remove the scales with which your worldliness has encrusted it; freshen up the spots time has defaced; catch as much as you can of the lost hidden beauty while you work, and, thus honoring it, it will come out clear and clean and shine forth anew. —*H.*

125. The Magic of Christ's Birth.

"The light shineth in the darkness." John 1:5. An artist once drew a picture of a wintry twilight, the trees heavily laden with snow, and a dreary dark house, lonely and desolate, in the midst of the storm. It was a sad picture indeed. Then, with a quick stroke of yellow crayon, he put a light in one window. The effect was magical. The entire scene was transformed into a vision of comfort and good cheer. The birth of Christ was just such a light in a dark world.

126. A Holiday Incident.

Sometimes there will come to our notice in the busiest moments of the day some sincere sentiment which will stir the tenderest chords of our being. A pleasant-faced woman boarded a trolley car with her two small sons during the busy noon hour of the holiday season. The smaller boy sat with his mother upon one side of the car, while the older, who was about four years old, took a seat opposite. It interested him to look out of the window, but frequently he glanced across at his mother. At length he called softly: "Mother!" No answer. Again he spoke: "Mother!" This time it was said a bit louder, and the mother looked over and smiled. The boy's eyes lighted, and he whispered: "Mother! I love you." The mother turned a glorified face upon her small son, and men and women in the car looked tenderly from one to the other. The trolley car had suddenly become a place of blessing because a little boy had voiced this ever-beautiful sentiment: "Mother, I love you."—*Zion's Herald.*

127. Real Giving.

"For there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Luke 2:11.

An acquaintance of the late Mrs. A——, whose charities were as secret

as they were wide—spoke once of her habit of sending her carriage out with friends who were ill, or not able to afford the luxury of a drive. "She did not send the carriage," quickly remarked a friend. "She went in it. The drive was not an alms. It was a pleasure to herself, which the invalid made pleasanter by sharing." Jesus did not send His love; he brought it.

128. Influence of Christmas.

When the Boers advanced on Ladysmith in the Transvaal War some newspaper correspondents threw in their lot with the English army, instead of making a hurried retreat. One of these published a book containing many interesting incidents of the siege. "The enemy," said he, "succeeded in placing 32 guns on the heights above the town, and kept up such an incessant fire that the troops and civilians were soon engaged in digging bomb-proof shelters. In a short time they learned to distinguish the different Boer guns by their sound, and gave them amusing names. Three of these large ones they called 'Long Tom,' 'Puffin Billy,' and 'Weary Willie.' Then there was 'Silent Susan,' so named because the bursting of a shell was the first warning we got that it had been fired. 'Bloody Mary, as you may suppose, was looked upon as a beast of a gun. . . . On Christmas Day the enemy saluted the happy morn by salvos of shells. The first two that fell into the camps of Carbineers and the Imperial Light Horse did not burst. When the shells were picked up it was found that wooden plugs had been inserted in the place of fuses, and inside the shells were plum puddings. On the outside were the words, 'With the compliments of the season.' "

The associations of Christmas thus influence men on the battlefield, as is seen, until guns either lessen their destructive work or halt entirely for a time, or even send plum puddings and the compliments of the season to those whom they are supposed to destroy. When the deepest meaning of Christmas is understood by humanity, and its great message is allowed full power in the hearts of men, then destructive guns shall be forever silent, and army shall no more meet army bent on slaughter. The truce shall be not merely for an hour or a day, but for all time.—*W. J. H.*

129. He Dwelt Among Us.

The most wonderful event in all the world's history was the Son of God becoming man. This happened when he was born as a babe in Bethlehem. He came into the world that He might get nearer to the people, and tell them of God's love. A story is told of a Moravian missionary who went to the West Indies to preach to the slaves. But they were toiling all the day in the fields, and he could not get near to them. So he had himself sold as a slave and went among the other slaves, toiling with them in the fields, that he might tell them the story of God's love. This illustrates in a way what Christ did.—*J. R. Miller, D.D.*

130. The Christmas Christ.

Christ, the child of humanity, covers the sin of humanity. That is the great Christmas message.

A charming story brightens the dark annals of the career of Alexander the Great. Antipater wrote Alexander a long letter, setting forth many faults in the conduct of Alexander's mother. The great conqueror replied: "Antipater does not know that one tear of a mother effaces a thousand such letters as these." It is because Christ is God and the Son of humanity, that he has ordained that one genuine tear of contrition shall blot out all the tell-tale record that the great adversary and accuser of souls can make against us.

131. Christmas and Peace.

From Greece and Persia and Egypt, says the legend, the three Wise Men came who followed the Star of Bethlehem. One was fair, another swarthy, and the third was black, and they were enemies by reason of race and immemorial wars. Yet the spirit of that Holy Night fell upon them and they journeyed together and laid their gifts at the feet of Him who was to give a new commandment—that men love one another. Must we confess that we are 2,000 years behind the times? Are we content that the world shall remain forever an armed camp, as in the days of the Cæsars? Let us, too, gather wisdom, and, following the Star's perfect light, bring, each one of us some gift of service to help in establishing the reign of Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men.—*Youth's Companion.*

132. The Great Birthday.

"Unto us a child is born." Isa. 9:9. A gentleman visiting a friend for the first time had not long been seated when the little daughter brought out her birthday textbook. Turning over the leaves from January 1, he read the names of many of her friends. When he came to December 25 he found one line carefully written, "Dear Jesus Christ." "But, Mary," said the gentleman, "this is only for names of your friends." Looking up into his face, her face flushing with joy, "Why, Jesus," she quietly replied, "is my very best and dearest Friend, and that is the nicest birthday of all the year."

133. The Life was the Light.

"The life was the light of men." John 1:4. It is said that some years ago an institution for the blind was erected in a large town. The committee decided that as the building was for the blind there was only a waste of money and no reason in going to the expense of windows. Scientific ventilation and heating were provided, but no windows. Accordingly, the new blind asylum was opened, and the poor sightless patients were settled in the house. They began to sicken one after another. After one or two had died and many were ill, the committee resolved to put in windows. Then the sun poured in, and the white faces of the pupils recovered color, their flagging energies revived, their depressed spirits recovered, and health returned.

Jesus Christ is the Sun, the Light of the world. It is He who gives health and rest to the heart, and fills the soul with that peace which passes man's understanding. — *S. Baring-Gould.*

134. Christmas Worship.

"And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." The wise men came to worship the new born King. What did they do? Did they pray? We call praying an act of worship, and so it is. Did they sing? We call holy song an act of worship, and so it is. Yet not by prayer nor by song did they first worship Christ. "When they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." Giving was the first act of worship paid by mortal man to the Son of the Most High. Some people think the contribution box almost out of place in the house of God. They look upon it as an interruption of worship. But instead it is a part, and a most important part of the worship. Those who object to the contribution box in church would have felt strangely out of place with the Magi in their house of the Lord—a scene over which the holy angels hovered.—*H.*

135. God Brought Near by Christmas.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." A few years ago we had the privilege of studying, in the Rospigliosi Palace in Rome, Guido Reni's great picture of "The Aurora." It is on the ceiling and can be studied only with the greatest difficulty from the floor. But a mirror is so placed on a table that it reflects the picture and one can study it there with ease and pleasure. God is a Spirit; and he is in the heaven, "dwelling in light unapproachable." It was not easy to know Him there. But the Incarnation, the Word becoming flesh and dwelling among us, was the bringing of the reflection of the glorious person of God down to earth in human form and life. Men looked at Jesus and saw the likeness of God, "the express image of his person." He was Christ, the Lord.—*H.*

II. NEW YEAR'S DAY

136. Janus-Faced January.

The Romans had a god known as Janus. He was a powerful divinity and ranked among the first. Like many an one since, this god had two faces. The past and the future were alike to him. The past and the future were alike before him. His emblem was the key. The gates opened and closed at his command. Janus became our January. He sits at the gate and opens the year. Mythology was never a science and yet it made science possible. It was the shadow of better things to come. At this season we all become retrospective and prophetic. But most of us have more reliable memories than imaginations. We can see further into the past than into the future. The old year was new once. It was but yesterday, or so it seems, that Janus saw it through his front eyes.—*J. L. S.*

137. Will and Try.

On the keystone of a ruined Saxon castle may be seen an upstretched hand with this legend, "Will, God and I can!" It is at once a confession of faith and challenge to the world; as if the owner shouted from his battlements, "I am resolved to maintain mine own; and, God helping me, I can!"

At the threshold of the year we want a watchword. Here it is; a watchword with the ring of Christian courage in it. No one knows who the lord of that castle was:

> "His sword is rust,
> His good steed dust,
> His soul is with his God, we trust,"

But the flash of his eye and the strength of his soul live in that legend, "Will, God and I can!"—*D. J. Burrell, D.D.*

138. Broken Resolutions.

At our house, when the water-pitcher gets broken, we don't give up drinking water; we get a new water-pitcher and pitch right in again. That is the thing to do with broken resolutions. They do not represent luxuries, they represent necessities. Go to the shop and get fresh ones.—*Russel Sewall.*

139. Can You Do It?

"That is beautiful!" exclaimed the heathen, when the missionary had finished telling what the Christian life meant; "can you do it?" Over many a set of New Year's resolutions the same exclamation would fit and the same question might be asked.—*Sunday School Times.*

140. New Year a New Start.

Moses got his new start at the burning bush. He caught a new vision of God and went forth. That is what we need in starting out on this new year.

141. The Weaver's Design.

Life is a flying shuttle. But the pattern grows, the web is wrought. It takes both dark threads and golden to work out God's design. You cannot judge the purpose of the Weaver by the thrust of one shuttle or the weave of one thread, whether it be dark or bright. "All things work together for good to them that love God." We are yet on the loom. The shuttles are not yet empty. Give God time to put this and that, dark threads and bright, together, and complete the purpose of His providence.

As we enter the new year let us think less of our present desire and more concerning the divine Weaver's design.

142. Our Father's Plans.

There is a story of a boy who left his home and went to the city alone for the first time. He set out with forebodings, but everything turned out better than his fears. The conductor was kind. A stranger sat beside him and described the places they passed. A driver who knew exactly where he wanted to go was at the city station. When it was all over, he learned that his father had been with him all the day, in another car, planning things for his comfort and sending helpful persons to him. Is not that the way God has been with us all the year?

143. Following the Blue Print.

What shall we do to make this New Year a really happy one?

I answer by asking: "How shall the man who has undertaken the building of a new house do his work, so that he will be happy in the doing of it; happier still when it is done; and more than that, so that the owner of the house will be happy to come in and make it his home?"

The secret of the builder's success is that big roll of paper which he carries about with him, and which we see him often unrolling and making a close study of.

The roll is a "Blue Print." It is the architect's skillfully drawn "Plans and Specifications"; and the contractor's object in consulting it so often and so carefully is to make sure that he follow the architect's directions with the utmost fidelity and precision; yes, even down to the very smallest and finest details; and the finer the work, the greater his anxiety to do it well.—*Rev. Addison Ballard.*

144. New Year's Here; Be Glad.

The Christian philosopher may be poor, but he is not sad. His thoughts are not on the mishaps of the past. To the contrary, he always faces, hopefully, to the future. At New Year's time he sings:

Forget those things that gave distress,
For New Year's here! Be glad, be glad;
Take up your task and joyful press
The battle hard. Do not be sad.
A brighter day awaits us all,
If true to duty and to God;
And if we're smitten, still we'll call
On Him, and, trusting, kiss the rod.

140. Making Beautiful Years.

I have read of a young girl who in tacking up a new wall calendar, bearing the unfamiliar figures of the New Year upon it, said, with a prophetic tone of assurance in her voice, "It is going to be a beautiful year." A friend standing by heard the girl's prediction concerning the nature of the coming year, and, being curious to know what was in her mind, she asked, "How do you know it is going to be a beautiful year? A year is a long time." "Well," she said, "a day

isn't a long time, and I know it is going to be beautiful because I am going to take a day at a time to make it so. Years are only days, when you come right down to it, and I am going to see that every single one of these three hundred and sixty-five days gets at least one beautiful thing into it."

Of course, the girl prophesied out of the plan and purpose of her heart, which constitute the source and philosophy of each good day and year, and, likewise the secret of every beautiful life. Moreover, the incident serves to suggest the fact that each human life can be made beautiful, no matter what its environment may be. It also includes the very essence of David's prayer for means and methods by which to achieve the goal; "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

146. The New Year Resolution.

"Mr. Moderator, I move the acceptance of the report and the adoption of the resolutions." "I second the motion." "You have heard the motion. Any remarks? All in favor, say, Ay." "Ay." "The motion is carried. Next."—*Rev. John Kennedy.*

147. New Year in Happy Valley.

Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, lived in "The Happy Valley." The king, his father, abundantly provided for his maintenance and comfort. But the prince was lonesome and sad most of the time. The beauty of the mountain scenery had no charms for him. The royal munificence with which his every material want was supplied failed to make him happy. But God gives songs even in the night of adversity and gloom. He puts it into our hearts to thank Him even for slender supplies. He makes us contented with such things as we have, and happy even when visible support is lacking. (Phil. 4:11.) Let us live in Happy Valley this coming year. Let us trust God. Let us do the right. Let us be happy in His love.—*H.*

148. Put Good Material in the Years.

I have read of a wealthy philanthropist who decided to help a contractor who had been unfortunate enough to lose all his money. He engaged him to build a house, allowing him to choose the material and to have entire control of every part of its construction. At last the house was finished, but the contractor had felt that this was an opportunity to recover some of his lost fortune, and had put into it the poorest material and the faultiest workmanship, never dreaming that it was to be his own house. But it was, for the owner said: "This house is for you and your family. It is my gift to you. You can live in it all the remainder of your lives." Then the contractor was sorry that he had put such poor material and such faulty workmanship into the building.

How clear the lesson! If we put shoddy material into our life-structure, the loss will be ours, for we are building for eternity.—*J. Y. Ewart, D.D.*

149. Way to a Happy New Year.

To leave the old with a burst of song,
To recall the right and forgive the wrong;
To forget the thing that binds you fast
To the vain regrets of the year that's past;
To have the strength to let go your hold,
On the not worth while of the days grown old.

To dare go forth with a purpose true,
To the unknown task of the year that's new;
To help your brother along the road
To do his work, and lift his load:
To add your gift to the world's good cheer,
Is to have and to give a glad New Year.

—*Robert Brewster Beatty.*

150. Making the Year a Step in the Stair.

The years ought to be ascending steps in the ladder of life. We should

always be going upward. Heaven is high—a place of perfect beauty and holiness. When we begin to live truly, we begin to climb toward heaven. It looks far away, so far that it seems to us we never can reach it. But we are sure that we can. We are not left to struggle up unhelped. There are always angels on the ladder, going up and coming down—going up on our behalf to tell of our faith and our struggles, and then coming down to bring us help out of heaven. We need not doubt, therefore, that heaven is really within our reach and that through the help of God we shall some day enter its doors if only we are faithful.—*American Messenger.*

151. Begin Again.

"Waste no tears
Upon the blotted record of the first years,
But turn the leaf, and smile, oh smile to see
The fair white pages that remain for thee."

Thank God it is always possible to begin again.

152. Broken Ends.

"I am an accumulation of broken ends," said Queen Catherine of Russia, as she contemplated projects she must leave unaccomplished. Job said: "My purposes are broken off." That is the way life seems to most of us, and we usually realize it all the more keenly as we are closing up the old year and entering upon the new.

But let us not allow ourselves to become discouraged. The great cable that holds the ship is made up only of a mass of tiny hempen threads. Each one is little more than a beginning and an end. The rope-maker has, however, twisted them together, so that each one gives its contribution of strength to the whole.

We should not estimate the cable by the myriad ends that, protruding everywhere, cover it. Nor need we estimate life by the purposes that are broken off. Little and great may be brought into one grand result, if all are spun together in one consistent purpose of consecration.

It is not our purpose to encourage any one to satisfaction with a life that is made up of "fits and starts," of or mental promises of good to be done. A cable is made of real threads, not threads of imagination. A useful life can not be lived in dreams. But when one is really working, and according to some intelligent purpose and plan, he is not to be discouraged because the stretches of usefulness seem short, and the "broken ends" of life seem to be so very many. Say "Whose I am and whom I serve." Be Christ's and serve Christ in all that you do. With such a motive weaving the threads of life together, even though each thread in itself seems a short and valueless thing, yet the result will be a strong cable, a useful life the Master will be glad to own.

Let us weave the threads together more closely during the coming year. —*H.*

153. New Year Thoughts.

Let us walk softly, friend;
For strange paths lie before us, all untrod;
The New Year, spotless from the hand of God,
Is thine and mine, O friend.

Let us walk straightly, friend:
Forget the crooked paths behind us now,
Press on with steadier purpose on our brow,
To better deeds, O friend!

Let us walk kindly, friend:
We can not tell how long this life shall last,
How soon these precious years be overpast;
Let Love walk with us, friend.

Let us walk quickly, friend:
Work with our might while lasts our little stay,
And help some halting comrade on the way;
And may God guide us, friend!

—*Lillian Gray.*

154. To-day is King.

The poet Horace, though a pagan, had a relization of the pressing importance of To-day when he wrote: "Carpe diem," seize, snatch to-day.

Emerson says: "Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday. To-day is a king in disguise. To-day always looks mean to the thoughtless in the face of a uniform experience that all good and great and happy actions are made up precisely of these blank days. Let us not be deceived. Let us unmask the king as he passes."—*J. Y. Ewart, D.D.*

155. The Little New Year.

Oh, I am the little New Year, oh, oh!
Here I come tripping over the snow,
Shaking my bells with a merry din;
So open your doors and let me in!

156. Flying Machines and Soaring Souls.

At last we have come to the flying machine age. In our congratulation over this stupendous achievement, we may not forget, however, that the need for soaring is still more important than the need for flying bodies. It takes more than flying machines to cure man of his tendency to plod, and to be satisfied with himself in a humdrum life. Only a frequently refreshed resolution to keep his spirit untrammeled and free can enable man to maintain his inheritance which is superearthly.—*W. T. Ellis.*

157. A New Year Celebration.

In the island of Bali, one of the Dutch East Indies, near Java, the native New Year's festival, the most important fete of the year, is signalized by a race between the sacred cows. These beasts are decked out for the occasion with ornamental devices attached to their horns, but their most striking decorations are huge bells, more than a yard in diameter, made of ornamental bronze and hung from their necks. The noise of these bells, as the cows are driven from post to post, arouses great glee among the natives. Let us celebrate the incoming of the New Year, but in a way more thoughtful and worthy.—*H.*

158. Sealed Orders.

Before me lies an unknown sea,
The port is left behind;
Strong waves are foaming at the prow,
The sails bend to the wind.

What is my quest? Why fare I forth?
Not mine it is to say,
He whom I serve has given command,
I have but to obey.

So to the everguiding Will
My own I gladly yield,
And while my little craft outstands,
I sail with orders sealed.

I may not read them if I would,
I would not if I might;
Not hold the duty less, but more,
Whose chart is faith, not sight.

Sometime, I know not when or how,
All things will be revealed;
And until then content am I
To sail with orders sealed.

—*Adele F. Thompson.*

159. New Year Wisdom.

A young artist who longed to travel and see wonderful scenes was forced to stay at home because of the necessity of supporting her parents. Instead of gazing at Italian skies and Swiss mountains she could only look out from her basement studio upon three stone steps leading to a neighboring house. One day she looked and exclaimed, "Here is something I do not have to travel abroad to see!" and rapidly she sketched what she saw, the stone wall, the three rough stone steps, and there in a cranny a sturdy dandelion with its green leaves and three vigorous flowers seemingly growing out of the stone itself. She called her picture "Making the Best of it," and into many homes it brought the lesson it had brought to her.

160. "The Road to Hell."

A foolish proverb says that "the road to hell is paved with good resolutions." It would be far nearer the truth to say, "The devil trembles before a good resolution," or "The highway to heaven is made of good reso-

lutions." Of course bad men make occasional good resolutions, and weak men make many of them, and, of course, many good resolutions are broken; but, just the same, if good resolutions were not made and kept there would be no progress and wise men and strong men make most of the good resolutions that are made, and they keep them, too. Never let me hear you use that proverb again!—*Amos R. Wells, D.D.*

161. Forward in the New Year.

A veteran of the Civil War tells us that when Pickett's line made that charge at Gettysburg, which is destined to be long remembered, Brigadier-General Armisted had actually broken and passed the Federal line, and thought the battle won, when he fell in the conflict.

The color-bearer saw him fall, and forgot for the moment his own high commission as he stopped to raise his fallen chief. But the dying soldier, with his thought still on the cause and not on himself, waved the color-bearer off, and sternly said: "Carry the colors forward! Carry the colors forward!"

The New Year calls us; and we must leave the dead past, and press forward to those things which yet await us. Yet the call is attractive, and the vision allures.

The New Year is a golden gate of opportunity for us to enter.

162. The Swift Current: Drifting.

It is said that an eagle once swooped down upon a frozen lamb on a piece of ice in the Niagra River. The eagle would proudly lift its head every now and then as if to say, "I am drifting on toward danger, but I know what I am doing. I will fly away in time, for I know the strength of my wings." When the eagle neared the falls, he tried to spread his wings and soar aloft, but, alas! while he had feasted, his feet had frozen fast to the dead carcass. He leaped and shrieked like a human being, beating the ice with his wings, but all in vain—with that frozen carcass the eagle went over the falls.

Are not multitudes at the opening of this New Year drifting down the swift current of Time toward the abyss of doom, feasting upon corruption and reveling in intoxication? They will be unable to shake off these entanglements of which they have become a part, when the roar of the cataract sounds in their ears.—*Rev. E. W. Caswell.*

163. The New Year Comes.

"The New Year comes with silent tread,
New hope, new joy, new light to spread,
It bringeth something new to each,
And lessons old 'twill newly teach.
It cometh, too, to take away
Old griefs and woes which fain would stay!
Oh, speed them, speed them, glad New Year!
Come, cast out bitter doubt and fear.
Speed in with silent, loving tread,
New hope, new joy, new light to spread."

164. Saved "From Under."

A man went swimming with some friends, after whom he plunged in without measuring the current. They got across, while he exhausted his strength in trying to stem the current; and when they came to his rescue he was about to sink. They each put a hand under him, and thus carried him safely ashore. Many people must be saved spiritually in that way—"from under." Jesus gets under souls utterly lost and saves from under. As we sometimes sing, "He lifted me." By the lever of this New Year he will lift into newness of life any struggling soul that will let go of sin, including the last rag of self-righteousness, and thus allow himself to be saved from under, which means the last desperate chance.

The call of this New Year will be the last appeal to many, while for others it will offer the last desperate chance for a new life.

165. Make it Better.

An old painter of Sienna, after standing for a long time in silent meditation before his canvas, turned away, saying, "May God forgive me that I do not do it better!" May this prayer also be upon our lips, as with a glance backward we step out upon the threshold of this new year.

166. A Transparent Slate.

I once read a beautiful meaning to the text, "Leaving us an example that we should follow His steps" (1 Peter 2:21). "Let us," said the author, *"write our lives over the life of Jesus."* That gives the idea of a transparent slate, which even a wee child can trace over. So the great Master comes to us and says, "Write your life over mine carefully and faithfully." Let us do it more carefully and more faithfully during this new year.

167. Last Year's Weak Points.

A general, who had led his army a long and tedious journey through a wilderness, was about to encamp them for the night, when he received word that the enemy was planning to attack him at a certain point. "Double guard that point to-night," was his order. If you want this year to be the best of your life, double guard all last year's weak points.

168. A New Year Presence.

But let us not fail to recall that one great source of joy and peace and assurance is Christ's promise to be with us all the way. There is to be a New Year Presence—"Lo, I am with you alway."

I am reminded of an incident which is said to have happened on one of the battle fronts of the Great War. This incident shows the courage and sympathy of King Victor Emmanuel III of Italy. In the midst of shell fire a lieutenant who had fallen, mortally wounded, called a soldier, gave him a few keepsakes to convey to his family, and then ordered him to fly. But the soldier tried to carry the lieutenant to a place of safety. Some gunners called to him through the infernal fire, "Save yourself. Save yourself!" But still he remained. In the distance a motor horn could be heard, and the whisper went round that the King had left the field. The soldier still struggled with the officer's body, but the lieutenant died in his arms. Flinging himself on the corpse, the young fellow exclaimed with tears: "Even the King has gone away!" Then a hand touched his shoulder. He shook himself, rose and stood at attention. "My dear boy," said the King, "the car has gone, but the King is still with you." And there they remained till the end of the day. The King is still with us! He promises to continue with us through this year and all the years.

I have read of a little boy who was sent on an errand. He was not a big boy, but a really little boy. About to start, he paused uncertainly in the doorway, "Mother," he said in troubled tones, "it's so far, and it's a new road to me; I—I I'm not 'zactly afraid, but—couldn't you go a little way with me?" She caught the anxiousness of the childish appeal, and said quietly, "Mother'll go all the way with you, son." And so, his little brown hand in mother's, he walked the new way unafraid. As we stand at the beginning of the new, the unknown way, there is One who stands at our side, and He says, "Lo. I am with you alway, even unto the end."—*H.*

169. "Cornering" New Year Time.

Men have cornered the stock market. They have cornered the wheat market. They probably have done wrong in doing so. But it is a good thing for each man to do, to decide in these opening days of the year to corner the time

market. An apostle once commanded, "Redeem the time." That means purchase it, buy it up. But we are to buy it up in order to set it free for service and in service.

We may redeem the time, for one thing, in gaining useful knowledge.

Elihu Burritt attributed his first success in self-improvement, not to genius, which he disclaimed, but simply to the careful employment of those invaluable fragments of time called "odd moments." While working and earning his living as a blacksmith, he mastered some eighteen ancient and modern languages, and twenty-two European dialects. Is not this suggestive of a valuable New Year lesson? Corner your new year time. Chilo, one of the seven sages, was asked to say what is the hardest thing for a man to do. He replied: "To use and employ a man's time well."

Upon the pulpit of the Metropolitan Church at Washington lies the Bible from which John Wesley read his text to crowds and mobs, and in later years to more orderly congregations. It was printed in 1655, and is still in a good state of preservation. Upon the fly-leaf, in Mr. Wesley's handwriting, are the words, "Live to-day." Suggestive words; good New Year motto. —*H.*

170. Don't Forget the Compass.

A ship was wrecked. As the sailors were making their escape in small boats, suddenly two of them sprang overboard swam back and entered the ship. They soon reappeared with something in their hands and swam at great risk back to their boats. They had forgotten to take their compass. As you set sail, Christian, into the great, unknown sea of the New Year, forget not to take with you God's compass, which contains sure and explicit directions, for it is His compass alone that will guide you to the safest harbors and the strongest fortified ports.

171. New Year Teaches Value of Time.

A London financier lost a fortune through missing a train by a fraction of a minute.

A Nebraska man lost a bride from the same cause. The young woman declared that she would rather remain single than be worried all her life by a man so slow as to be late at his own wedding.

Many another, through slight carelessness in keeping an appointment, has seen the opportunity of a lifetime slip away.

As cents are to dollars, so are minutes to hours, and the saving of both is a necessity for the attainment of success.

Let the New Year Day remind us and teach us the value of time.—*H.*

172. Keeping On Year After Year.

Workmen in bronze factories, as they labor upon the panels of massive doors, clean the surfaces, trim the edges, fill in the cavities, touch and retouch the outlines, shape and smooth and polish one part after another, and then go back and do the same thing over again. A visitor once said to one of the men, "I shouldn't think you would know when you were through with this work." "We are never through," was the workman's reply, "so long as they will let us keep at it. We stop when they take the panels away. That's all the finishing there is to it." One of the hardest lessons to learn, is that we must go over our character year after year, cleaning, trimming, shaping, smoothing, polishing, touching and retouching. But what a holy joy it will be if when He comes to take these characters away, they are "complete in Him!"—*I. Q. M.*

173. New Year Duty.

Tolstoy asked a Russian peasant what he would do if he were told that to-morrow would be the Day of Judgment.

"I would plow," said the peasant—and it was the best answer in the world.

In Colonial times there was a "Dark Day." It seemed as if the sun had forgotten to rise. People rushed to the churches to pray, for they believed the Last Day had come.

The Connecticut Legislature was in session. One trembling legislator moved an adjournment so that the members might prepare for the final smash.

"I move," said one whose name I forget, "that candles be brought so that we may go on with our work. If it is not the Day of Judgment, we have no reason to adjourn. If it is the Day of Judgment, let it find us doing our duty.

Let the New Year find us doing duty.—*H.*

174. New Year a Fresh Start.

China is a country where they do not like to make fresh starts. Mr. Parsons found there a bridge with steep sides that had once crossed a canal. The canal had become filled up, yet every day hundreds of Chinese toiled up the bridge and down on the other side, when they might have walked dry-shod beside it. Let us not be like the Chinese and afraid of taking a fresh start.

175. Having Christ in the New Year.

While spending the day with a company of friends in the country, rambling through the woods and among the hills, a young woman picked up a bit of sweetbrier and stuck it in her bosom. She soon forgot that it was there, but all day long, wherever she went, she smelled the spicy fragrance, wondering whence it came. On every woodland path she found the same odor, though no sweetbrier was growing there. On bare fields and rocky knolls and in deep gorges, as the party strolled about, the air seemed laden with the sweet smell. As the party went home on the boat the odor was still present and she thought some one must have a bouquet of sweetbrier never dreaming that it was she who had it. When she went to her room that night, there was the sweetbrier tucked away in her dress, where she had carried it unconsciously all day. "How good it would be," she said to herself, as she closed her eyes, "if I could carry such a sweet spirit in my breast, that every one I meet should seem lovely!"

Every beautiful life, because of its nature and essence, as in the case of the sweetbrier, possesses the inherent quality of sweetness, which is not sensed by the olfactory nerve, but by the discerning instinct of the soul, saved or unsaved. We may not be conscious of any beauty of life or fragrance of spirit in ourselves, but an experience of fellowship with Christ, to the effect that our life is hid with Him in God, will keep us in conscious possession of the fruit of the Spirit, which is love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, and all the other good things promised in the gospel.

Let us take Christ with us into the New Year.

176. Grow Some New Wood.

When Longfellow was well along in years he was asked how it was that he was able to keep so vigorous and write so beautifully. His reply was to point to a blooming apple tree nearby and say: "That apple tree is very old, but I never saw prettier blossoms upon it than those which it now bears. The tree grows a little new wood every year, and I suppose it is out of

that new wood that those blossoms come. Like the apple tree I try to grow a little new wood each year." Try it yourself as the New Year begins.

177. Grow this Year.

A secret for New Year happiness may be found in cultivating the ambition to grow larger this year. In an old fable there was a magic skin, the wearing of which would get a person everything he wished. But each wish that was granted shrank the skin; and by and by, when the wearer got what he wished, the skin squeezed his breath out. The fable is true. The magic skin is a false ambition. Every time the false ambition is attained, the person shrinks. On the other hand, every time we promote a true ambition there is an expanding of the whole nature and an enriching of the whole being. There is happiness in it. Let us grow larger this year. Let us plan and resolve to do so.—*H.*

178. Happy New Year.

I do not know, I cannot see,
What God's kind hand prepares for me,
Nor can my glance pierce through the haze
Which covers all my future ways;
But yet I know that o'er it all
Rules he who notes the sparrow's fall.

Farewell, Old Year, with goodness crowned,
A hand divine hath set thy bound.
Welcome the New Year, which shall bring
Fresh blessings from my God and King.
The Old we leave without a tear,
The New we hail without a fear.

—*Anonymous.*

179. Happiness in Self-Forgetfulness.

Courtship is probably the time of young people's greatest happiness, and the reason is because each forgets "self" and thinks of "the other." The duet is perfect. It is harder, however, to be self-forgetful when one is singing a solo, and all others are cold and indifferent. Yet happiness is found even there. Thought for self is a canker that ruins joy. If you want to pile up trouble for yourself, get into the habit of thinking always about Number One. Here's a hint on how to have a happy New Year. —*H.*

180. New Year Harp Strings.

A strange instrument hung on an old castle wall, so the legend runs. No one knew its use. Its strings were broken and covered with dust. Those who saw it wondered what it was and how it had been used. Then one day a stranger came to the castle gate and entered the hall. His eyes saw the dark object on the wall, and taking it down, he reverently brushed the dust from its sides, and tenderly reset its broken strings. Then chords long silent woke beneath his touch, and all hearts were strangely thrilled as he played. It was the master, long absent, who had returned to his own.

It is but a legend, yet the meaning is plain. In every human soul there hangs a marvelous harp, dust-covered, with strings broken, while yet the Master's hand has not found it. Is your soul harp hanging silent on the wall? Have you learned the secret of glad happy days?

"Oh, could the tender Christ but brush
away,
And o'er the slumbering tones his fingers
sweep,
A world would pause to catch the echoing
chord
Of music, wakened 'neath the touch of
God."

At the beginning of this new year open your heart to Christ. Let Him enter and repair the strings which sin has broken, and sweep them with His skillful fingers, and you will go out to sing through all the year. Only when the song of God's love is singing in our hearts are we ready for the day.—*J. R. Miller, D.D.*

181. Steadied for the Year.

One time Carlyle and Bishop Wilberforce were walking together and speaking of the death of a mutual friend. "Bishop," said Carlyle suddenly, "have you a creed?" "Yes," was the answer to the other, "and the older I grow the firmer that creed becomes under my feet. There is only one thing that staggers me." "What is that?" said Carlyle. "The slow progress that creed seems to make in the world." Carlyle remained silent for a moment and then said, slowly and seriously, "Ah, but if you have a creed, you can afford to wait."

182. The Shadow of Past Years.

A youth greatly desiring a position goes into an office in answer to an advertisement. The proprietor of the business explains to him that the nature of the work is such that he can employ only a good penman, and handing him two pieces of paper says: "Copy those sentences on this sheet of paper and then we will talk business." The youth takes his place at the table, he is anxious to write well; but while at school he had been careless and indolent with writing, and now, when the test comes, the record of the past expresses itself in every movement of the pen, in the formation of each letter, and in humiliation he lays the result of his effort before the employer and passes out of the office defeated.

It is this peculiar feature of days gone by, this power of former years to cast their influence over our prospects and either mar or help them, that we call the Shadow of the Past Years. Perhaps we should more fittingly call it the substance of the past. The past years throw their shadow over our physical life. The past years throw their shadow over our mental life. The past years throw their shadow over our moral life.—*Rev. Ralph C. Morris.*

183. A Golden Gate of Opportunity.

We are standing at the beautiful gate of the New Year. It is a door of opportunity. The shortness of life is to many a spur to intelligent and enthusiastic effort. It calls for conservation of strength. To others it is the excuse for dilatoriness and procrastination. During the war a soldier was tendered by the librarian of the camp a book and urged to learn to read it. He replied that he expected to be killed anyhow and "didn't want nothin' on his mind." This was an exceptional fellow, for most all of the men wanted to be at their best even when making a sacrifice for liberty. "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." The divine tutorship is needed. Christ conserved His hours and finished His work. He is our example.

184. Let Go. Let God.

The story is told of a sculptor who worked on a piece of beautiful marble but only marred and spoiled it. He became discouraged and abandoned his work. Finally, the mutilated block of marble was rolled into the back yard, where it remained unnoticed for a long time, exposed to the weather and half hidden by weeds and rubbish. But one day the famous Michael Angelo observed the marble and saw its possibilities. The result was the justly-admired statue of Young David, the Shepherd-lad, with sling in hand and stone in sling in the act of hurling the missile which laid Goliath low. But this beautiful statue was carved out of a block of marble that had been marred and thrown aside as useless. Who will say that the great Master Artist of the Universe, the Divine Sculptor of human character, can not take our broken and imperfect selves and fashion them into something noble and beautiful if we will let Him?

Now the practical question for each one of us is: Will we let Him? Will you permit God to use you this coming year as He thinks best? Will you put yourself completely at the service of the King, to do the King's business? Will you abandon worldliness and half-heartedness and be out-and-out loyal to Him who has bought you with the price of His own blood?

185. The Mounting Spiral.

It is marvelous to see an aeroplane mount the sky in one of the field trials, when the prize is offered to the aviator who can mount highest in the shortest time.

The aeroplanes start like birds, running along the ground and rushing upward into the sky, in long spiral sweeps, around and up. They are never far away or out of sight—just circling and rising above the field all the while, until they are mere specks, immeasurably aloft. The one that wins will probably be the one that rises highest without making too wide a sweep.

The mounting spiral is the ideal way of reaching the heights in other things as well as in aviation. One who insists that it "keeps one down" to travel in a small routine circle forgets that this circular movement can be linked with rising steadily. A round of cares can become a round of winged thoughts too. Greatness has always mounted by doing its daily tasks well and going upward at the same time.

So the thing to do is to get the mounting spiral into one's daily living. At first, of course, it isn't easy. Every aviator has to learn patiently, they say. But it can be mastered, and then comes the freedom of the sky.

Here is a thought for the New Year. Do your daily tasks well and mount upward at the same time. Get the mounting spiral into the daily living.—*H.*

186. Necessity of Good Resolutions.

Good resolutions are absolutely necessary to moral and spiritual advancement. No bad habit can be broken unless we first resolve to break it. And no advancement can be made in the spiritual life without our determining that we shall advance. When Thorwaldsen was asked, "Which is your greatest statue?" he replied, "The next one." "If I cease to become better," Cromwell is said to have written in his Bible, "I shall cease to be good." Even the best may be bettered. Indeed, it must be bettered if it is not to grow worse. We are meant to advance always upon our past. All that we gain each year is meant to be, not a level on which we will stop, but a plane from which we will ascend. This means that we must plan and purpose to go on to better things,—that good resolutions are necessary to moral and spiritual advancement. For this reason, if for no other, good resolutions are a duty.

But good resolutions are a duty also because God requires them of us. God believes in good resolutions, even if some men do make light of them. The Bible is full of instances where God calls upon men to make good resolutions and sets it before them as duty; as, for instance, when through Joshua He called upon Israel to resolve to give up idolatry; or when through Barnabas He exhorted the Christians at Antioch to purpose, or resolve in their hearts, to cleave unto the Lord; or when He calls upon us to choose Christ, to decide for Him, to resolve in our hearts to love and serve Him. This is a duty that should be pressed home upon us especially at this time of the year. Let us make a resolution in favor of Christ.—*H.*

187. Saved by a Previously Made Resolution.

When a man wishes to build a home he does not go out into the yard and

plunge his spade into the first sod he happens to light upon. No, before he builds he draws a plan and estimates the cost and signs his contracts, in which, as far as possible, even every nail and screw is provided for. And neither does man or woman build a character hap-hazard. That too must first have its period of plan-making and cost-estimate and contract. One thing you may be sure, you will never get good accidentally. There is no danger that you will waken up some fine morning and hardly know yourself because you have suddenly become so good. We must resolve and resolve and resolve again. And we must also try and try and try again. We must resolve on the mountain top and try in the valley. Good resolutions are often made in moments of exaltation that are forgotten when the feelings and impressions that gave rise to them have subsided. It is just at such a time that resolutions are needed. They are not needed at the moment we make them. The fact is that good resolutions are made for weak hours. Good resolutions are for the moment of trial, or the hour of service, or the time when some overwhelming temptation comes upon us suddenly. Then we need some fixed principle to fall back on. Then we are saved by the previously made resolution, which serves as an armor of defense when the enemy springs upon us.

I remember reading that the late Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull made it a rule of his life never to walk between the rails on a railway track. Once he was walking where there were a great many tracks, when suddenly he saw two trains rushing upon him from opposite directions. There was not a moment to think. He fell back on his previous resolution and stood still. His life was saved. The trains whizzed by him on either side. He was, according to his formerly-made resolution, between the tracks and not between the rails. The earlier resolution it was that saved him, when caught in a sudden peril. Just so, many a soul has been saved in the midst of a sudden and terrible onslaught of temptation, just by some fixed resolution that was formed in an hour of calm or of spiritual exaltation. People do talk jestingly of making new resolutions of good at the beginning of the year. But they jest with a sacred thing—a great pledged privilege which is in the very constitution of the year God has vouchsafed his children. For the very New Year Day is a token and covenant of the right of the foolish man, the mistake-making man, the sinning man to cast the past behind his back and take the future for all that he may be without prejudice from what he has been. Surely it is a poor cheap soul who can see in that privilege nothing to prize—nothing to accept with solemn joy.—*H.*

188. My Scrap-Heap of Broken New Year Resolutions.

My scrap-heap of broken resolutions—what can I do with it? Can I do anything with it? Not long since I had occasion to look at an old scrap-heap and I'll tell you some of the things I saw. I have no idea where under the sun all the stuff came from, but there were pieces of old stoves and old wagon tires. I saw the beam of a plow, some farmer had used, one or two old iron window sills, barrel hoops galore, parts of a cider mill, and quite a lot of material that looked suspiciously like old railroad iron, I supposed it illegal for others to have in possession. I saw the hopper of a coffee-mill some woman had used in the kitchen, and old flat-irons without handles quite a lot. Sad-irons is the proper name for them, and some of them, handleless and rusty, looked sad enough I assure you. I suppose

they are called sad-irons because they make the women so sad when they have to use them. I saw quantities of old lawn-mowers, that from their looks I doubt not had made many boys and girls and men and women too sweat good and hard to push them. There were parts of sewing machines, especially the legs, and old locks and hinges. I saw half a pair of skates, that no doubt some boy once got in his Christmas stocking. Of course, he had the other half at that time. There were several old mowing-machines, and parts of an old stone-crusher. I looked for some automobiles, but did not see any. I suppose they are too recent. But this I did see, crowning the top of the pile, a degenerate specimen of that recent king of roadsters, a bicycle. Though it looked it, it was impossible for it to have that pneumatic tired feeling, for the reason that it had no tires. But there were tons and tons of material, heaps upon heaps.

And how useless it all looked. Yet it is not useless. That great scrap-heap is quite a fortune to the man or company that owns it. What can be done with it? You know. That great scrap-heap has been carefully gathered piece by piece. Some of the finest grades of iron and steels are to be found in it. Together with some limestone and some coke or charcoal that heap is to be thrown into a furnace, and under tremendous heat it is to be melted. It is to become new iron. If the materials are properly chosen some of it will become iron of the very highest grade that can be worked into even more valuable implements than any that were thrown into it. Thought, selection, heat—these will make that scrap-heap over, giving possibly better results than even at first.

My scrap-heap of broken resolutions—what can I do with it? Throw it away? Leave it where it is? Never! Thought, selection, heat—remembrance, choice, resolve, prayerful, determined, will-enforced resolve, and that scrap-heap can be turned yet into best things possible in character and life and destiny.—*H.*

189. New Year Opportunity.

One was rummaging along the seashore gathering treasures of stone and shell. High on the beach lay a shell more beautiful than any yet discovered. He was searching in a dreamy, listless way, looking here and there. "That shell is safe enough," he said. "I can pick that up at my leisure." But, as he waited, a higher wave swept up along the beach, recaptured the shell and bore it back to the bosom of the ocean. How like the experiences of our lives is this! When the wave of another year has flowed back and off the shore of time, how many shells of plans, of opportunities of purposes toward noble and better life, lying there, you thought within your easy grasp a year ago, has it not swept into the irreparable past!—*Wayland Hoyt, D.D.*

190. New Year Now.

That was a wise thing that Doctor Johnson said in his old age: "I have been resolving these fifty-five years; now I take hold on God."

191. The Upward Look.

There is a tradition that Michael Angelo, by his prolonged and unremitting toil upon the frescoed domes which he wrought, acquired such a habitual upturn of countenance that, as he walked the streets, strangers would observe his bearing, and set him down as some visionary or eccentric.

192. Move Your Tent.

A Dutch scientist has completed five years' study in South America. He took some insects from Holland

into the rich tropic atmosphere, changed their environment, put them in a friendly environment, and gave them the best food. He expected to modify their coloring, having exchanged the damp, foggy sky of Holland for the brilliant hues of the tropics. And lo! these insects doubled their size; the dim subdued tints became gay and brilliant. At last he discovered that insects that in Holland crawled, in the South spread their wings to fly and meet God's sun. More marvelous still is the way the soul can grow. Last year you lived in the damp, foggy miasmatic levels of selfishness; sordidness, like a cloud, wrapped you about. Suppose you take down your tent and move into the tropic realm of love and trust and hope. Open the soul's wings to the light, the sun and dew of God's Spirit.

193. New Year Discontent.

There is a passage in Virgil that made a deep impression upon my college days. Evander, the soldier, has come to the end of his career. Looking backward with bitter tears and regrets, he recalls the past. The present moment was big with opportunity, but he was unequal to its overture. Responsibilities were there, but his shoulders could not bear them up. An unexpected crisis had come, and he could not meet it. It was an hour for a leader who had a giant's strength, and lo, Evander finds the grasshopper a burden. In his grief he exclaims: "Oh, that I was as in the day when I led my army out in the Valley of Praeneste." How pathetic the hero's cry, piercing the heart like a sword. Gone forever the physical energy that in his youth never tired. Gone the zest of living—life had run to its dregs. Gone the passionate ambitions, burning out like candles; gone all desire for the applause of men. For that applause now seemed empty as crackling thorns. And the things Evander had lost were lost forever. We can revisit old scenes, reopen old books, seek out familiar friends—we never can recover our lost years, and the opportunities that have fled. All man's days lie on the bosom of eternity as snowflakes lie upon the river's current. A moment there, then gone forever. There is one task to which even omnipotence is not equal—the task of recovering a wasted youth, and a lost year.—*N. D. Hillis, D.D.*

194. So Much to Do.

Cecil Rhodes arrived at the termination of his career with the lamentation on his lips, "So much to do, and so little done"—which was, in effect, a confession of failure. A life spent in eager, feverish quest of things material is certain to come to its close with regret, if not despair. It lacks the glad glow and uplift that come from the constant performance of noble deeds in the name of the Master of men. It is dark because it has been selfish; it is disappointing because it has never risen to the royal levels of self-sacrifice. So much to do! Let us up and at it as never before in this New Year before us.

195. Our Years Our Prayers.

A great Southern statesman said to those who asked if some one should pray for him, as his pulse was failing: "No; my life must be my prayer. This solemn moment is not so significant as the solemn years that are gone. Let them stand."

196. How the Years Tell.

I am not simply what I am, but what I was, as well. As a tree gathers up all the growths of former years, and contains them in itself, so my life is the summary and substance of all my past. All that I was, I am. What a solemnity this fact

gives to our daily living? Every to-day will soon become a yesterday, and then it will be fixed and stereotyped forever; but it will still be a part of myself. O man! O woman! look out for your to-days, if you would have your yesterdays look backward with a smile.—*The Watchword.*

197. Friends for the New Year.

One morning, many years ago, a young reporter on a daily paper had occasion to call with a message at the office of one of the foremost editors and publishers in the country. He saw signs of dissipation in the youth, and as they were parting, said: "Let me wish you a merry Christmas." He took from a shelf a book, containing sketches of the lives of the greatest English, French and German authors, with extracts from their works. "Here," said he, "are some friends for the new year. When you spend an hour with them, you will have noble company."

The surprise of the gift and the unexpected kindness from the man whom he regarded with awe had a powerful effect upon the lad. The book kindled his latent scholarly tastes. He saved his money to buy books. He numbered some of the foremost scholars and thinkers of the country among his friends. His life widened and deepened into a strong current, from which many drew comfort and help. He died not long ago. During his illness the newspapers spoke of him with a keen appreciation of his worth. "A profound scholar, with the heart of a child." "A journalist who never wrote a word to subserve a base end," they said. He read these eulogies with a quiet smile. One day he put into the hands of a friend an old, dingy volume. "When I am gone," he said, "take this to Mr.——, and tell him that whatever of good or usefulness there has been in my life I owe to him, and this gift of his thirty years ago."

198. Lamp of Experience.

Life holds many lamps that shine in the night, but the brightest is the lamp of experience. Would you know how to get the most possible out of this New Year? Consider well the mistakes of the old year.

199. Living Helpful Lives.

An old lady from a New England village had been taken by the niece whom she was visiting in the city to consult a young oculist. After a long life of steady use in the behalf of relatives, friends, and neighbors and poor people, her eyes had, as she expressed it, "gin out jest a mite," so that she had decided to get a pair of spectacles. "My dear madam," said the young oculist, after a careful examination, "there is no danger to be apprehended if you take proper precautions, although your eyes at present are not in as good condition as I could wish. The glasses will be of great assistance, of course. Besides that, however, I should advise entire relaxation of the nerves for some time to come. You should be free from annoyance and excitement, and even from care for the next six months. And above all, my dear madam," he added, impressively, "you should avoid all trouble and worry. Do not associate with sickness and distress. The effect of such things is to increase the difficulty which you at present experience."

"Why child," said the old lady, looking at the doctor with an expression of gentle reproof in the eyes of which he spoke so glibly, "I guess you mistook my meanin'. I came to get fitted to a pair of specs. I wasn't calculatin' to wear 'em to heaven, but right here in this world o' sin and trouble. I'm afraid maybe you'll have to fit me all over again!" Live the

new year right here. Make it a year of help to others.

200. Now!

The New Year bell rings out its solemn call alike to those who are Christians and those who are not. To this latter class it will be a "happy New Year" if they will secure Jesus Christ as their Friend at once. If you say, "I will do this as soon as my business is in better shape," you are bargaining with Satan who is sure to cheat you. If you say "I will decide for Christ by-and-by," you are deciding against him. Take the first step at once, and put the hand of your faith into that loving Hand that was pierced for your sins. Do this promptly and perhaps a bell of joy may be rung for you in heaven. Brother Christian, determine to make this the best year of your life the richest, ripest, strongest, happiest. But you cannot grow in grace by "wholesale." Begin the year by putting the knife into some bad habit or besetting sin. Begin by laying stiff hold on some neglected duty. Consecration means letting Jesus Christ own the whole of you. Holiness means serving Christ in little things; and remember that in all the year you will see only one day and that will be called "to-day." The ladder to heaven is climbed, not by a leap, but round by round.—*Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.*

201. The Restored Altar.

The testimony of John Randolph was, "I should have been an atheist had it not been for the recollection and memory of the time when my mother used to take my little hand in hers and cause me on my knees to say, "Our Father who art in Heaven." The New Year, with all its joyous, gladsome messages, calls us to a recognition of the claims of God upon our family life. Why not begin the New Year with a resolve to restore the family altar if it has fallen into decay, or to establish it if it has never had a place in the home life?

202. The Path that Leads to Yesterday.

I once saw advertised a play with the above title. If a man is growing worse day by day, the path that leads to yesterday, if he could but travel it would take him back to the purity of life that he once possessed; but, if he is becoming better continually, the path to yesterday would lead him back into the ways of sin. But yesterday's path is trodden its last time. We may look back upon it with pride or with regret, still, the past is past. With regard to the opportunities of life, they are all "yesterdays" after they have past, and there is no road leading back to them.

203. A Year's Walk with God.

Like Enoch, walk with God this new year. But remember that to walk with God you must walk in the direction in which God goes. You must not thwart his plans nor attempt to cross his purposes. Two cannot walk together unless they be agreed. Remember that God will not change. You can safely follow him.

God will not change: the restless years may bring,
Sunlight and shade—the glories of the spring,
And silent gloom of sunless winter hours,
Joy mixed with grief—sharp thorns with fragrant flowers;
Earth-lights may shine awhile, and then grow dim,
But God is true: there is no change in Him.—*The Christian Observer.*

204. A New Year Hope.

Long years ago, on a day of thick fog and pouring rain, I ascended a mountain by an old bridle-path over the slippery rocks. A weary, disappointed company we were when we reached the cabin on the summit. But toward evening a mighty wind swept away the bank of mist, the body of the

blue heavens stood out in its clearness, and before us was revealed the magnificent landscape stretching away to the sea. That scene was at the time, and has often been since, a sermon to my soul. It taught me that faith's stairways are over steep and slippery rocks, often through blinding storms; but God never loses His hold on us, and if we can endure to the end He will yet bring us out into the clear shining after rain.

"So it's better to hope though the clouds run low,
And to keep the eye still lifted;
For the clear blue sky will soon peep through
When the thunder cloud is rifted."
—*Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.*

205. The New Year.

A flower unknown: a book unread:
A tree with fruit unharvested:
A path untrod: a house whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes:
A landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade 'neath silent skies:
A wondrous fountain yet unsealed:
A casket with its gifts concealed:
This is the year that for you waits
Beyond to-morrow's mystic gates.
—*Horatio Nelson Powers.*

206. A Stone of Remembrance.

The story of Hezekiah, whose "good reign" is one of the marked biographical records of the Old Testament, tells us that "they began on the first day of the first month to sanctify (to set themselves apart) and on the eighth day of the month came they to the porch of the Lord: so they sanctified the house of the Lord in eight days, and in the sixteenth day of the first month they made an end." Then they went to worship with zeal, regularity and a new consecration. They called to remembrance the sins of Ahaz, and determined upon a new start in faithfulness to duty and to God. It was a time of reformation and consecration. They undertook a great work, and fixed the period for beginning on the first day of the year. God was to be sanctified in their thoughts, affections, plans, purposes, and in all their ways. They would sanctify His name, His day, His house and His ordinances. With Samuel they could say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," when he set up a stone between Mizpah and Shen and called the place Ebenezer.

The new year offers us opportunity to set up a stone of remembrance and of consecration.—*H.*

207. New Year Experiment.

Yesterday morning I made a little experiment with the sunshine which astonished me with its results. The thermometer out of doors stood at twenty-six degrees. At the back of my room it stood at sixty-eight degrees. I took the thermometer from the back of the room and stood it in the window where the sun shone full upon it through the glass. When I returned from my work to look at it after a few minutes, I was astonished to find that the thermometer registered an even hundred degrees, and after it had stood in the window an hour it registered a hundred and five degrees . I had no idea that there was so much heat, even in the full blaze of the sunshine, on a mid-winter day. When I took the thermometer away from the window and hung it in its old place, it took a long time to drop to its former level.

Who can doubt that there are similar surprises for those who will place themselves in the full glow and glory of God's love? Who can question that we should be astonished at the warmth of our own hearts if we should put them into the full radiance of Christ's spirit? There may be winter's cold outside. There may be only the average temperature within the home or in the church. But you may take your life out of the common light of day and place it where the glory of God's love shines full upon it. You may put your heart where, by the power of

Christ's spirit, it may rise to surprising levels of joy and hope and love.

Will you try in this new year this experiment with the sunshine?—*H. G. H.*

208. Finis.

I held the Book of the Year in my hands,
  All ready to clasp the cover:
But I was loth to put it aside,
  And sorry to lose my lover;
For, oh, the Year and I had been friends!
  Such blessings he had brought me;
Such blossomy ways I had walked with
    him;
  Wise lessons he had taught me.

New friends at his call had come to me;
  Old friends had grown the dearer;
Rare hopes had ripened to perfectness,
  And Faith's light shone the clearer.
Here in the Book I had written all—
  I was grieved to lock the cover,
For never again could I hope to find
  So true and tender a lover!

—*Emma A. Leute.*

209. New Year Inspiration.

Two young men come into a church together, and they hear a great preacher, a Phillips Brooks or a Henry Ward Beecher, and one says, "There is no use in my trying to go into the ministry, I never could preach like that"; and the other says, "I am determined I will go into the ministry, for what an ideal is that to work toward"! Two men go into a portrait gallery. One man looks at the pictures and says, "There is no use; try ever so hard, I cannot paint such pictures." The other man says, "That is art; I am going to try to be an artist; though I shall not succeed in accomplishing that, there is something worth working for." Whether the ideal is an inspiration or a discouragement depends upon the hope that is mixed with the ideal. Paul's ideal was Christ, and Paul's hope was Christ.—*Lyman Abbott, D.D.*

210. "More Love to Thee."

God will not love you any more this year than the past year; he cannot. But the vast difference that this year may hold over the last is that we may come to love God more and understand better his great love for us.

211. New Year Resolves.

"I will make it a year of faith and prayer,
  A year of high endeavor;
I will crowd it with deeds both brave and
    fair,
I will act the hero ever.
I will travel God's path at God's own
    rate;
  I will welcome both gain and loss;
Nor will I rebel when heaven's gate
  Looks tragically like a cross."

212. New Year Allegory.

As I looked through the windows of the Abode of Thought, behold, all the world was a-building. Men of hoary heads and dimming eyes, men of sturdy form and frame, men of puny strength and weakly, each gathered to himself bricks, and builded. So also, did the women, toiling unceasingly, resting not day nor night. The children in like manner, observing their elders, did gather bricks, and build. So that around me there grew apace strange and wondrous forms. For each builder builded to himself, even as it seemed to him good.

And I saw how that many cast their bricks confusedly about them, so that what they built had neither comeliness nor strength. And some, and they were many, did take the bricks and set them out in straight or shapeless lines, nor could I discover how or what they wrought. There were some, moreover, who took each brick, and, looking closely upon it, set it as in an appointed place, and their work grew ever in grace and beauty. At all this I wondered, and calling unto me one who also looked out, I asked: "Sir, I pray thee, instruct me as to this matter."

Then said he: "They who build do build up their lives, and the bricks are hours. And of the builders there are three kinds. Many cast up the bricks thoughtlessly, and their lives are useless and unbeautiful. And many, un-

derstanding not that each hour hath its appointed place, for there are no two exactly alike, follow the rules of a master called Morality. And their buildings are low and straggling, lacking grace and vigor. And they who examine each brick as they use it for the message from the Master Builder that it bears, they are they who have learned the secret of their craft. Behold, how excellent is their work!"—*J. H.*

213. New Year and Worship.

The new year offers an excellent time for a new appreciation of the value of public worship in the house of God. Paul regarded this matter as of so much importance that he said: "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together." The various parts of public worship of God, the singing, the praying, the preaching, the giving, all are ordained of God for the growth of the soul. If every Christian would resolve to be faithful during the coming year in attendance on the worship of God at the stated hours of service in His house, there would be greater enthusiasm, greater consecration and greater results in all departments of the Church's work.

214. Everybody's Birthday.

The opening of the year is everybody's birthday. God has let us share His work. God has gifts for days to come. We may send our thoughts back through the ways of memory; We must send them forth through opening paths of faith and hope. The past will come no more, but to-day is ours and to-morrow is in the hands of God who loves us.

"My sleeve with tears is always wet,
I have forgotten to forget."

215. A New Year's Greeting.

Good morning, Glad New Year! You are here, so am I. God is your master, He is also mine. You can not tell me what you'll bring to me, therefore I'll patiently wait. If you bring me limitations, I shall spell them love. If you place hindrances before me I shall make them helps. If you introduce me to disappointments, I shall remove the small "d" and put in its place a capital "H." Let me remind you, New Year, that we are under the same great Master; only there's this supreme difference, you are a child of time, and I am an heir to immortality, and when you are no more I shall be but another milestone nearer my inheritance.

No! I have no resolves, except to be like Him; no purposes unless undertaken on His plan; no fears but He can change to faith; no anticipations if He is not their inspiration; no pain but He may turn to pleasure; no sorrow but He can bring it out into song; no hope but He will usher it at last into heaven; therefore I meet you gladly, joyously, New Year, knowing that He joins our hands, and, whatever betide all will be well!—*A. C. V. Skinner.*

216. New Year Mirror.

New Year's is called the dressing-maid of character who holds up the hand mirror to show up both the past and the future at one glance. "Facing forward" should be our motto; forgetting the things that are behind, such as disappointments, discouragements, sorrows and trials, for these are weights hampering the traveler. We cannot forget our sinfulness unless forgiven, "for God requires that which is past." Memory and conscience, God's recording angels, ever sing out "Son, remember!" Only faith can exclaim, with David, "Remember not the sins of my youth."

217. The Value of Time.

"Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."

Benjamin Franklin, who said this, not only understood the value of time, but he put a price on it that made others appreciate its worth.

A customer who came one day to Franklin's little bookstore in Philadelphia, not being satisfied with the price demanded by the clerk for the book he wanted, demanded to see the proprietor. The clerk pleaded that Mr. Franklin was very busy in the pressroom, but the customer insisted, and Franklin, summoned from his work, hurried into the store.

"What is the lowest price you will take for this book, sir?" asked the leisurely customer.

"One dollar and a quarter," was the prompt reply.

"What? Why, your clerk asked me only a dollar just now."

"True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to have taken a dollar than to leave my work."

The customer thought him joking.

"Come, now," he said, laughing, "your lowest price for this book?"

"One dollar and a half."

"Why, man, you just said a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes, and I could better have taken that than a dollar and a half now."

The purchaser paid the higher price. At that, he had learned cheaply from the greatest philosopher of his day not only that he who squanders his own time is foolish, but that he who wastes the time of others is a thief.

218. "To Be Continued."

"We spend our years as a tale that is told." Story telling fills a large space in Eastern life where imagination is vivid, books are few, and life instinctively assumes dramatic forms. Groups of persons quickly gather around the story teller who tells some tale illustrative of life. Our human life has ever been compared to such a tale. It unfolds around a plan or plot in which various skeins are woven into one web of life, culminating in its climax or tragedy. We should endeavor to build our lives around a principle that will gather all days and events into one plan that will grow in power and rise to its ideal. Some people's lives are a series of miscellaneous and unrelated incidents and not a continuous plan; they are merely telling disconnected anecdotes and not a story. No story ever really ends, but only leads up to a situation that runs on into another story. Sometimes at the end of the chapter we read, "To be continued." The application is plain. Our life-story is never really completed in this world and at its end we are plainly notified that it will be continued. The life here runs on into the life beyond, and there life's tale will unfold upon a grander stage and come to its true culmination.

219. A Happy New Year.

God give us all a happy New Year; a year of love and duty and devotion; a year of the sensible indwelling of the Spirit; a year of growth and faithful service; a year with Christ!

The old year is behind us. To look over our shoulders is to grow sad, but blessed be God, we can forget. One of God's chiefest gifts is the oblivion of sin. He will remember our sins no more against us. Nor need we remember them. The Japanese have a proverb:

But here is our word of encouragement: "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

220. Days Make Years.

Miss Havergal has put into smoothly flowing lines, crowded with meaning, "the secret of a happy day." What does she say? "Just to let," "just to know," "just to follow," "just to trust," "just to ask," "just to take,"

"just to leave." These are mighty monosyllables. They make the way very simple. And so it really is, in theory. The practice is another thing. In practice it is important not to attempt either too much or too little. One attempts too much, and is decidedly off the track, who permits his thought to range at random over a whole twelve-month and talks vaguely about a happy year. One day is enough to tackle at a time.—*Rev. James Mudge, D.D.*

221. Launch Forth.

One thing is sure: we shall not accomplish anything this year if we expect to accomplish nothing. If a man walks along a road, he sees a thousand things he didn't expect to see when he started out, but he sees them because he started out. Whoever launches forth on God's promises may not get where he thought he would, but he will get somewhere.

222. The New Volume.

Each year as it ends is like a volume in the history of our lives. When the year ends, it is as though the volume had been printed, bound and sent abroad on its mission. If errors be found in it, as they will, they can be corrected by noting them in subsequent volumes. So in our lives we may correct errors of the past by carefully noting them in the year that lies before us. If the new volume is to be freer from errors than the old, we shall need the gracious help of God and His sustaining power. Do not dare to enter the New Year without His presence as your guide.

223. New Year Reminder.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has a morning prayer which gives voice to an earnest desire to do something which shall make life worth living both for ourselves and others. It may bring us a timely reminder for the New Year. Thus she writes:

"Let me do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favored as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.
Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed
Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend.
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,
Or sin by silence when I should defend.
However meager be my worldly wealth,
Let me give something that shall aid my kind—
A word of courage, or a thought of health,
Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to find.
Let me to-night look across the span
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say,
Because of some good act to beast or man,
'The world is better that I lived to-day.'"

224. The Old and New Year.

The days die; the months die; the years die. Yes, the years die; the old year gives place to the new. The old year has told its tale; has brought its joys and sorrows; and now, perhaps, while eager voices pray it to take away its footprints it dies. It is gone, gone, the bells toll its death! Why should it not be the death of sin and sorrows? All is for the best. But for the death of the old year, there could be no new beginnings, no year. No new joys, no casting off of the old sins. So, why regret the past!

Hail the new year, greet it joyfully. Let the bells chime cheerfully, let the heart be glad. And ere the new year shall have ripened into maturity make thy soul the purer for it!—*F. A. Kilpatrick.*

225. Put Lovely Pictures on Your Page.

A friend of mine, a teacher of little children, had each child take on the New Year's morning a book of three hundred and sixty-five blank, white pages. Each page represented a day and on each one as its turn comes the child is to put some design, draw some simple picture, trying to have some-year closes. Thus the years come to

us, each one a volume of three hundred and sixty-five white pages. We are artists and our work is to put some lovely pictures on each page which shall not shame us when the books are opened at the Last Day. To do this we need only to live well the days as they come one by one to us.

"Why do we heap huge mounds of years
Before us and behind,
And scorn the little days that pass,
Like angels on the wind?"

One day seems so small that we think it cannot matter much whether we make it beautiful or not.

"And so it turns from us, and goes
Away in sad disdain;
Though we would give our lives for it,
It never comes again."
—*J. R. Miller, D.D.*

226. The Ideal Points Ahead.

The attitude of the Christian toward every new year should be that of Paul, who said: "Not as though I had already attained....but I follow after." Dr. J. R. Miller tells the story of Chase, the famous American artist, who, when asked by a visitor to his studio, "Which picture do you consider your masterpiece?" pointed for answer to a blank canvas hanging in a frame in a conspicuous place on the wall. "That," said he, "is my best work. I have painted on it thousands of times, and I know that I am getting on with my art because each year I paint a better picture there. Not that I shall ever actually touch a brush to that canvas; it is for the pictures that I paint in my mind, for the ideals toward which my actual works are directed. I am sorry I cannot show you that picture quite as I see it; I am always trying, but it keeps ahead of me the more I advance, and must remain something that no one can see but myself." So in life the ideal is ever in advance of our achievement and like a guardian angel, points with unwearying finger to the perfection that exists only in God.

227. On the Starting Line.

A Christian worker's life had been filled with privilege, but he had yielded to sin repeatedly, until one day he failed so utterly that he said to a close friend that there was nothing ahead for him now. "No more than there is for any man," was the answer, "who is just on the starting line." We can get on to the starting line whenever we will. A thief who had been sentenced to death and who was paying his penalty in full stepped across this starting line of a new and finally victorious life in Christ, as he and Christ talked it over together that day on Calvary. Jerry McAuley, after turning to Christ and then failing Him, and then repeating this over and over again, finally stepped across the starting line for the last time, and thenceforth Christ led him in triumph. If our defeat yesterday or to-day was so crushing that it looks final, let us remember that there is still as much hope ahead for us as there is in Christ Jesus, our undefeatable omnipotent Saviour.—*Sunday School Times.*

228. Only One Candle.

"I have but one candle," said a young girl who was busy sewing in an attic room, to a friend who called. "I have but one candle, and this work must be done before it burns out. So you will please excuse me for working while you sit." And the frail fingers deftly plied the needle.

You have but one candle, and you have a work to do before it burns out. You need to be diligent and earnest, lest the candle burn out before the work is done. That candle is your life. That work is the work which God Himself has given you.—*Onward.*

229. New Year Motto.

"They have a custom in certain parts of Africa," says a missionary, "of asking every chief for his losako or life motto. I met one day an old

thing beautiful on every page when the chief who asked for my losako. I repeated in the African language, 'Love the Lord with all thy heart,' then asked for his losako. The old chief slowly and reverently repeated, 'When you pass through the jungle be very careful to break a twig, that the next man can find his way.'"

230. The Way to a Happy New Year.

An old reliable rule for making a happy new year is to find some good work to do for others and do it with all the heart.

In Rochester, N. Y., for many years a children's hospital was conducted in a rather small way. There were no funds with which to enlarge it. One year the city's "Ad Club" was invited to the hospital for luncheon. The men were taken through the wards and shown the tots, sick and pale, in their tiny cots. The visitors were told that without increased funds the work for the babies must be curtailed. The men were moved. They started a publicity campaign. They opened a babies' bank in the city. They shouted so loudly that all the city soon knew of the needs of the work. And they raised $100,000 for the hospital. They took hold with their hearts.

There are needy to be helped, sick persons to be visited, children's hospitals to which we can send gifts, old people's homes to which we can bring cheer. The happy Christian is the busy Christian. The busy worker is the successful worker. This is the way to a "happy New Year."—*Christian Endeavor World.*

231. We All Like New Things.

We all like new things. Here is a brand new year for us. Nothing is newer than time. We get it fresh every morning. Let us keep it as fine and pure as it comes from the ancient of Days.

232. New Brakes and a New Year.

A new automobile is a source of much satisfaction to its owner. Swift and powerful, it is something to be shown and admired by neighbors and friends. The agent who sells it sets forth the different points that make it a fine car—the first-rate magnets and carbureter, the planetary transmission, the starter, the number of cylinders, etc. Every buyer of a car can name the points that induced him to choose it in preference to other cars. But there is one thing all cars must have, or the finest would be worse than useless. That one indispensable, seldom talked about by either agent or buyer, is the brake. It is taken for granted, and so not discussed.

The swifter the car, the more indispensable a brake that will stop it promptly, and with as little jar as possible. A car that can climb the steepest hill on high gear is only a death-trap unless it has brakes that can hold it on a down-hill course.

Anyone can understand that. Everyone sees it. But suppose the same thing is said about a young man as about the car he drives. Suppose that the point is made that the one indispensable thing in character is self-control. Many doubt that. They feel that education, influence, energy, a keen mind, forceful work, are the points to be looked to in a successful career.

A car whose brakes do not always work is a car no sane man wants. In making man higher than the brutes, God gave him conscience and will, the two mighty brakes that hold life from ruin.

The value of a man's life and his chance of reaching the goal depend upon whether the brakes are in order when they are needed. If they are not in working trim when the critical moment comes the end is not success, but the scrap-heap.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

233. A New Year and a New Name.

All Americans should know about the exceedingly fascinating work that the famous Sioux Indian, Dr. Charles A. Eastman, who married the poet, Elaine Goodale, has done for his brothers of the Sioux Nation. I have heard him describe in his quaint way the many perplexities that arise from the long individual names of the Indians, that do not at all indicate family relationships, and are almost impossible for most folks to remember. In proportion as the Indians become civilized, and own and sell property, transferring titles, this defect in their system or no-system of nomenclature becomes a serious matter. Therefore an important step in the civilization of the Indian is his adoption of the civilized name. Dr. Eastman's fine face glows with enthusiasm as he unfolds the far-reaching results of his work.

For he was commissioned by the Government to rename all the Sioux Indians,—a tremendous and a delicate task that no one else could accomplish half so well. Dr. Eastman is no iconoclast. He has a love for the beautiful Indian names, and has retained them so far as he can. But what is one to do with an Indian who is called Tatcyohnakewastewin, which signifies She-Who-Has-a-Beautiful-House? Dr. Eastman renamed her Good-house. No particularly beautiful sentiment attaches to Bob-tailed Coyote, and everyone is willing to have it changed to Mr. Robert T. Wolf. But such a name as Matoska (White Bear), is retained, as it is pleasing and manageable. In this way, with sympathy, poetic insight, and ready wit, Dr. Eastman has persuaded the Sioux to adopt improved names.

Is not the whole operation a beautiful illustration of the new name which each of us is to receive in heaven, fresh from the mind of our Father? It will signify the final abandonment of our old sinful nature. It will mean our adoption into the kingdom of heaven. It will retain all the best of the old, and it will seal us to the glorious and permanent new.—*A. R. Wells.*

234. The Next the Best.

When Thornwaldsen was asked "Which is your greatest statue?" he replied, "The next one." "If I cease to become better," Cromwell is said to have written in his Bible, "I shall cease to be good." Even the best may be bettered. Indeed, it must be bettered if it is not to grow worse. We are meant to advance always upon our past. All that we gain each year is meant to be, not a level on which we will stop, but a place from which we will ascend. This means that we must plan and purpose to go on to better things—that good resolutions are necessary to moral and spiritual advancement. For this reason, if for no other,, good resolutions are a duty.—*H.*

235. How to Have a Happy New Year.

It was at a girls' summer school, years ago, when one of the girls rose and said to Alice Freeman Palmer, who had been talking to them:

"Mrs. Palmer, you are always so cheerful and happy; will you tell us, please, how can we be happy?"

"I will, dear," said this saint of her sex. "I will give you three very simple rules:

"The first is this: Commit something to memory every day, something good. It needn't be much. Three or four words will do—just a pretty bit of a poem or a Bible verse.

"The second rule is this: Look for something pretty every day; and don't skip a day, or it won't work.

"My third rule is this—now, mind, don't skip a day: Do something for somebody every day! That is all there is to it, dear. You'd better try it."

These three rules are just as good as when they were spoken; they will work always and everywhere, in the country as well as in the city; for women as well as for girls. They will make a farm-house warm in the chill winter and a tenement cool in the blazing summer. They will help to make us masters of our lives. They are so plain that everybody can understand them and so practical that everybody can keep them. No matter how lowering and how gray the sky these rules infallibly will make the sun shine through.

236. Put in Your Time Improving.

Two men at the Boston Public Library were waiting for the books they had ordered. One of them fidgeted impatiently snapped his watch-case, and gnawed his mustache. The other turned to the reference books and used his time in gaining some useful information. You may not see your chance this New Year to get just the kind of new start you would like; but while you are waiting for it, put in your time improving yourself as best you can.

237. Through the Year.

Foolhardy indeed is the captain who tries to navigate a foreign roadstead without a native pilot. Equally foolhardy is he who seeks to thread the intricate passages of life in his own strength and wisdom. God has promised to be an eye to us. He has promised to guide us through every day and hour, through every dark and dangerous lane of human life. He has promised, moreover, if we will follow, not only to keep us from bodily harm but to satisfy our souls.

Clear across the continent we have a road marked with red, white, and bule signs, and called the "Lincoln Highway." It is easy to follow, for we have but to watch for the signs. The spiritual road of life is just as clearly marked. In every page of God's Word we find its guide-posts. Verse after verse says, This Is the Way of Life. But the red, white, and blue signs of the great highway are of little use to one sightless or color-blind. And some are strangely blind in spiritual things. For such, the key to the guide-book is sincere prayer to the Father for grace to understand His Word. Thus prayer and the open Book together make certain steps through the year.

238. Numbering Our Days.

So easy is it for us all to forget how quickly the years pass, that we cannot pray too earnestly, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

"I suppose you have your itinerary all mapped out, even to a day," I said to a friend about making a long tour abroad.

"No," he replied, "that would spoil it all for me. I do not tie myself down as to either places or times. I shall go and stay, and go and stay again as the mood takes me."

That, though, is something most tourists cannot do. There is a limit to the number of days they will have at their command. The sailing-dates are fixed for both going and coming. It is not from choice but from necessity that, having cut it short, what they will take in and what leave out, they "apply their hearts to the wisdom" of making the most they can of their sight-seeing days.—*Rev. Addison Ballard, D.D.*

239. New Year Strategy.

There is a secret process for happiness. Try it during this New Year. Here it is. "Smile up." At least that is the way the boys in a boy's club I know express it. "Smile up."

"Smile up" is about the best, most durable, wearable and stylish New Year's resolution to make. Good na-

ture is a fine thing to have on hand and never becomes vulgarly common.

After a time, when you become skillful in smiling, you can grin away a toothache—almost. At least you can bear it and not issue momentary bulletins to the family.

When Joan of Arc was asked the secret of the invincibility of her white banner, she said, "I send my banner forward against the enemy, and then I follow it myself."

Let us send the white banner of our new resolutions forward into the New Year, as a challenge to the foes that have menaced and discomfited us during the past year, and then let us steadily and persistently follow them ourselves.—*H.*

240. Visiting Great Yesterdays: A New Year Privilege.

If we drink the valor of our ancestors we shall have courage to stand by the Truth even when the crowd has gone another way. We can go to the past and talk with Mr. Worldly-Wiseman, or we can have fellowship with Mr. Valiant-for-the-Truth. Mr. Worldly-Wiseman is always in favor of safe measures, and he would go with the majority in the hope of something turning up, "you never know what!" His offered "wisdom" is always small prudence and compromise. But we need the courage of our great ancestors, courage to march with Truth in little companies, courage to "rejoice with the truth," in the absolute assurance that, in spite of all appearances, she marches to inevitable triumph. It is the courage which believes that Truth is God's leaven of the kingdom and therefore indestructible.

And we must imbibe the courage that sees the Captain, and is comparatively careless about everything else. Where is the Lord Jesus Christ in this business? There! Then forward into hardships, forward into light!—*Rev. John Henry Jowett, D.D.*

241. The Passing of Time.

"The king is dead; long live the king." In uncrowned America this announcement is unknown; but the fact expressed is a constant experience. Endings are but beginnings. One stage is past, another stage immediately starts. There are no interregnums. Time flows ceaselessly on. The year comes silently to its close, and without shock or outward change insensibly glides into a new year. And so the years pass by. And so too it is with life. The end comes not to life, but to the visibility of it. We watch the railway train as it puffs into the station and out again. Smaller and smaller does it appear to our vision across the expanse of prairie and at length it vanishes. Has the train come to an end? By no means. It still shoots rapidly forward though we cannot see it. Such is life. A little while it sports and suffers in the sphere of earth, and then it passes out of visibility into invisibility, speeding on to other realms. This is not the end. What seems the end is but a new stage in progress.—*Dubuque Evangelist.*

242. New Year New Time.

There is nothing so new as time! Every fresh day is absolutely unique. It comes unexampled, unspoiled, original, out of the treasure-house of Time. He brings from that storeroom, not "things new and old," like the householder of the Bible, but only things brand-new.

No two days begin alike. The sun never rises twice in the same way. There are always variations in the weather. You never feel the same two days in succession. The greetings of friends are different. Your tasks, however monotonous, always come upon you from a slightly different angle. These are incessant little changes all through the most humdrum series of days.

Homer, in his great poems, lingers lovingly over a laundry scene, and exults in "garments for a change." He must have appreciated the kindness done men and women by Father Time in washing out our lives for us every night, washing and ironing them, and laying them by our bedsides clean and white and shining for us to array ourselves exultantly every morning.

There are souls so mean and degraded that in spite of this gracious attention they hunt around in the closet, fish out some soiled linen, and deliberately put it on, casting only a sour glance at the fresh clothes waiting for them by the bedside. Heaven forbid that such a soul be mine on any day of the year.—*A. R. Wells.*

243. He Holds the Key.

Christ alone knows the coming year. He holds the key. There are many things He could tell us about it, but we cannot bear them now. He will lead us into it step by step. That is better than seeing the distant scene.

"I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise;
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies."

244. The Flood of Years.

Out on the water in a sailing yacht we were caught in a storm. As the small vessel was tossed up and down it was a real source of comfort to look away from the unstable boat to the tranquil shore. We doubt if there is any one once coming to realize the meaning of such an expression as this, "The Lord sitteth upon the flood," who will not find a new sense of rest and security and hope.

A flood suggests also the resistless flow of the years, full of commotion and possibly of distress.

"Sitteth upon the flood." This is the position of calm assurance, of conscious strength. He holds the tide of years in the hollow of His hand and sets a bound to the floods. How well we can afford to trust Him!—*W. S. Stranahan.*

245. Shut Up the Ledger, Time.

It is one of life's keenest regrets that we cannot now do the kindness which we know we ought to have done, but did not do. The "might-have-beens" of life are ghosts that haunt us to the end of our days. The New Year should be a time for straightening out of all the crooked things, settling all the old scores, removing all the old grudges, making reparation for all injuries done, apologizing for all the unkind speeches, smoothing out the rough places. Begin the New Year as far as you can with a clean slate, and be careful what you write on it in the days that follow.

"Close up the Ledger, Time!
Hark, the knell of the year gone by!
Have I run out my golden sand?
Where shall I be when the next shall die?
Where shall the soul within me stand?
Naught beyond but in guilt and crime?
Listen! I hear the New Year's bell:
Shut up the Ledger, Time."
—*The Christian Observer.*

246. New Year Power.

In planning our lives for the new year that lies before us we should remember that "the joy of the Lord is our strength." Dr. J. H. Jowett one year sent to the members of his congregation the following "Word of Remembrance," as his message for the new year. It is a message that deserves to be passed on to the members of all churches everywhere: "If the members of our church could be united during the coming year in the noble covenant of doing the right and engaging in ministries of mercy, and at the same time enjoying the intimacy of the Lord, what a tremendous power we should be in this community."

247. The Convenient Milestone.

Every New Year's Day is a convenient milestone. To be sure, we may begin a new year on any day or any

minute. Now is always the acceptable time for good resolutions. But with the beginning of the calendar year we are likely to be especially sensible of the passing of time, and especially desirous of bettering our lives.

Let us not utter the common and very foolish jest that makes fun of good resolutions. The road to hell, says the proverb, is paved with them, but so also is the road to heaven. It is a bad thing to break one's good resolutions, but it is a grand thing to keep them; and if they are not made, they will not be kept.—*Rev. A. R. Wells.*

248. Start With God.

The first four words of the Bible are extremely significent, "In the beginning God." The verse declares that God created heaven and earth in the beginning of the present order of things, back of which statement is the implied fact of the preëxistence of the Almighty. We are not interested at this time in the creation directly, but more particularly in the manner in which these words may be applied to our entrance into the new year.

If we begin right, and continue in the way we have started, we may look into the future feeling confident that all things work together for our good. Start with God.—*Rev. S. E. Rupp.*

249. Another Chance.

The New Year means another chance. Whether or not we have failed in the past, there is an opportunity to do better than ever before.

Traveling in a new country, it is well to have a map or guide book, or, better still, the company and advice of one who is familiar with the route. In entering the New Year we may have both the map, which is God's Word, and the companionship of Jesus, our Saviour and King. With confidence in Him we need neither sorrow unduly over the past, nor suffer fear for that which lies before us. As some one has said: "Obedience is our duty for to-day, faith for to-morrow —and our Guide will supply the knowledge that we lack."—*Herald and Presbyter.*

250. Make a Friend.

Make a friend of the New Year by making a new friend in the New Year. Look about for some one to whom as the New Year begins you will be for Christ's sake the friend that Christ Himself would be and would have you be. We may be sure that there are many waiting for such a new friendship.

251. Start Higher.

"Moment by moment I've kept in His love,
Moment by moment I've life from above."

No doubt an added momentum in the Christian course may be obtained by the effort to secure for ourself a firmer purpose of fidelity and devotion to God at the beginning of a new year but this should be regarded as an uplift to a higher plane on which to start out for the coming year, rather than as laying in a supply of spiritual stores sufficient to last throughout the year.—*James Demerest, D.D.*

252. A Year of Level Best.

Henry Ward Beecher said that his father, Lyman Beecher, advised him at one time not to run races with himself, meaning by this the effort to outstrip himself. "So," he said, "I don't try to do more this year than I did last year, or to preach a better sermon this Sabbath than I did a week ago. It is enough for me to do my level best each time, however it compares with some previous effort." It is not essential how one puts it, if he only makes an absolutely honest effort to improve each day and each year and to render his best and truest service to Christ as the days and years pass by.

253. The New Year Presence.

When Wesley lay dying he gathered himself together and cried, "The best of all is that God is with us." That was the lesson of his long life. He realized that God was with him. And that is perhaps the simplest lesson of the book of Psalms. It teaches us that God is with us. It shows us that the door is open to His house, and we can approach Him as children come to a father and tell Him all our story. God is with us. There is never a day when He forgets us, even if we forget Him. He is with us to win us from sin and selfishness. He is with us to make us strong in trial and temptation. Let us try to be with Him, on His side, fighting for right and for good throughout the whole of this New Year.

254. Resolve on New Year Help.

One English boy, many years ago, when he was struggling hard to get an education, found a man who loaned him enough money to go through college. The boy grew to manhood and became very rich, but he never forgot his early struggle, and he determined that he would build an institution in which it would be possible for boys to gain an education without the harsh struggle he himself had to pass through. Hundreds of boys have been educated in this institution, and many of them have helped other boys to get an education. This man built the institution as a monument to God's help. It is a useful monument, far more useful than a stone. If God has helped us, he means us to tell it to the world and to pass on that help to some one that needs it. We cannot build institutions, of course, but we can thank God for what He has done for us, and we can show others how they, too, may get help from Him.—*Rev. R. P. Anderson.*

255. Our Indebtedness.

About two centuries ago, a great sun-dial was reared in All Souls' College, Oxford, England, the largest and noblest dial, it is said, in the whole kingdom. Over the long pointer were written, in letters of gold the Latin words referring to the hours "Pereunt et imputantur." Literally the meaning is "They perish and are set down to our account;" or as they have been rendered in terse phrase, "They are wasted, and are added to our debt."

It is said that these words on the dial have exerted a wonderful influence on the boyhood of many of the distinguished men who have received their training at Oxford, stimulating them to the most conscientious use of the golden hours as they passed, and bearing fruit in long lives of faithfulness and earnestness.—*Sunday School Times.*

256. Happy New Year.

The life-giving principle of air is oxygen. Leave it out of the air and we could not breathe it. Now the oxygen of a happy new year is unselfishness.

257. "How Old Art Thou?"

On the tomb of Dwight L. Moody, at Northfield, is graven the sentiment: "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever." The passing of the years has ever served to remind us of the rapid flight of time and the amazing brevity of our life on earth. But our faith reminds us that lives lived for God and humanity defy the grave.

258. God Our New Year Guide.

A mystic said to his friend as they journeyed together, "I know God much better than I know you." True Christian mysticism is the cultivation of the consciousness of friendship with God. We need a guide, and if our guide be a friend, we are all the safer. Some people are satisfied with divine guid-

ance at intervals—in crises of their lives—but since He is the eternal God, we need never be without His guidance. He never grows weary, though we may. Age does not enfeeble Him as it enfeebles us. Death does not dismay Him as the thought of it often dismays us. He sees through it and knows that death is but an incident in life. So He is our Guide unto death will be our Guide through death. We shall pass through death as little changed as a ray of light is changed by passing through a transparent vapor. On the other side of the vapor called death we shall have the same Guide that we had on this side of it. "Before us, as behind, is God, and all is well."—*Rev. Charles C. Albertson, D.D.*

259. A New Year Thought.

In France there is a wayside cross that carries this inscription: "He is dead for us; let us live for Him."

260. This Year Also.

One is only a fragmentary sort of man who can contemplate entering upon a new year without feeling the throbbings of a high ambition to do and to be the best that is possible. The past year's record being closed one will wish to excel it, if he has in him any sort of proper life. If one can not be better and greater than all other people he may at least be permitted the laudable emulation of seeking to excel what he himself has accomplished. Thus one makes his advances. When he no longer feels prompted and stirred to do better and to do his best there is something the matter, betokening temporary or permanent decadence.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

261. Another Chance.

Phrasing it bluntly, that is what the new year means—another chance to make good.

What have you done with the years that are gone? Possibly you have been crowding them so full of those things for the doing of which life is, given you—kindly deeds done for others from love to Christ and men—that you could not get the lid down. And possibly you have not.

Whether you have or not, here is one more chance. It looks now as if this year would be added to your list.

Whatever you have done with its predecessors, it unrolls before you a clean page, and God puts the pencil in your hand, and you may make what marks on it you choose. What will they be? Will self, or Christ, give them their character? It rests with you to determine this.—*Christian World.*

262. New Year Talk to Children: Spending Time.

It is said that Queen Elizabeth, on her death-bed, said that she would give half her kingdom for an hour's time. In youth we say, "There is time enough" for everything. We are like a boy that suddenly comes into a fortune and gets a bank-book for the first time. He thinks that he is rich forever, and that he never can spend the money. But in a few years the money is gone, wasted, thrown away. Time, like money, is not inexhaustible for us. It has an end, and when that end comes we shall discover that time is tremendously valuable. We must spend time. We cannot escape that necessity. We should see that we get value for it when it is spent. And we shall get value only if we spend our time in accordance with the will of God. We are young now, and the years seem endless. Let us not forget that when they are done we should be able to point to achievements to prove that we have made good use of our time.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

263. New Year Lessons From Old Year Failures.

Famous engine-builders in this country were once asked if they had ever had an explosion of one of their engines. They replied: "No, we have not. We wish we could, if no one were hurt, for we should like to know where the weakest part is." In great chain factories power-machines are specially designed to make chains fail, so that the makers may know how and why and where the chains' weakest portions are. It is sometimes a distinct advantage to have learned by a failure.

264. Work for Eternity.

Napoleon found an artist once painting a picture, and asked him, "Who are you painting that for?" And he, drawing himself up proudly, replied, "I am painting if for immortality, sire." "How long will your canvas last?" asked the emperor. "It has been skilfully prepared; it will last at least a thousand years." Napoleon shrugged his shoulders: "Now we see what an artist's idea of immortality is." We see what St. Paul's idea of life and of immortality is, when we hear him saying, "I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the upward calling of God in Christ Jesus."

265. New Year Backward Look.

In the region of the Ohio river, at some seasons of the year nearly every morning witnesses a heavy fog covering all the surface of the water and the valley through which the river flows. Rowers who have occasion to cross the broad stream in the early part of the day often experience great difficulty in pulling a direct course to the other side. As men lost in a forest walk in a circle, so is there, in this case, a strong tendency to row in a circle. For experienced rowers even it is not always easy to reach the opposite shore. But by close attention to one little matter the oarsman with fair amount of experience is likely to reach his desired haven. By carefully looking backward; by keeping his eye steadily on the rippling wake of the boat, caused by the disturbance of the water, by holding the aim straight in line with the disturbed track left behind, the rower can make sure that he is progressing toward the shore for which he started.

No less profitable may we find it in the voyage of life, or the voyage of the new year, to exercise the grace of looking backward. A sight of the path we have already traversed may suggest much in regard to the way we ought to take.—*H.*

266. A New Year Parable.

Dr. David Smith has given us a beautiful incident which he calls "a parable of life."

He writes: "A few seasons ago a little yacht was cruising among the Western Islands of Scotland, and one sullen evening a gale set in from the broad Atlantic. It came moaning over the long, rolling swell, and caught the frail craft off a perilous lee shore. There was no shelter at hand; but the old skipper had known that treacherous coast from boyhood, and he said that there was a harbor some distance away, and he thought he could make it, And so, through the darkness, lit only by the gleam of phosphorescence in her wake, the little ship went plunging on her course amid the wild welter of wind and wave. At length she swung into smooth water; and they let go the anchor, and, turning into their berths, went peacefully to sleep.

In the morning the master came on deck and surveyed the scene—a little loch, girt about by dark, purple mountains. It was a quiet haven; but, looking toward the entrance, he beheld a narrow channel, with sharp rocks jutting here and there, and all awash with boiling surf. To think of

passing that way! The least swerving of the tiller, and those jagged teeth would catch the frail timbers, and grind them to splinters, and every life would perish. He gazed awhile; then he shuddered, and, turning to the old skipper, he exclaimed, 'Did we—did we pass there in the darkness?'"

We regard the call of the new year, and we are astonished at the wisdom and the goodness of God which have led us so patiently and successfully through the perilous places of the past year. And we shall never realize what a debt we owe to the unseen love which has attended us until we get home to the city of God, and from its shining battlements survey the long road which we have travelled over the wide wilderness. God has been our Guide, our Pilot.

"He leads us on
By paths we do not know.
Upward he leads us, though our steps are slow,
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day;
Yet, when the clouds are gone,
We know he leads us on."
—*Rev. W. J. Hart, D.D.*

267. The Old Year.

We can take off and throw away our old coats, but we still remember, and others still remember, that we wore it. And we cannot wholly get rid of our past sins, nor is it well that we should. We need to remember them, so that we may have sympathy with others who are sinning, and know how to help them out of their sins.

268. Christ's Recipe for Happiness.

In the Beatitudes the word "blessed" means "happy," so that Jesus tells us clearly what things go to make a man happy. You will notice that the ingredients in this recipe are all mental conditions: humility, as contrasted with loud-voiced assertiveness: sorrow (for sin); meekness; a passion for right living; kindness; purity; a peaceful spirit. Cultivate these qualities, and, if Jesus is to be believed, you will be happy. There is a limitless possibility within you. Develop it. "Theirs is the kingdom."

This is the way to have a happy New Year.—*H.*

269. Happiness of Service.

God has made the heart to give. That is why the doing of good brings joy. And the joy is not always in proportion to the size of the deed. It is possible to get as much real and abiding happiness out of little acts of kindness as in giving $100,000 for a city library. Poverty is no bar to joy. There is a story of a woman who lived in a poor village. She planted a flower garden in front of her house. She gave the neighbors seeds, helped them to weed and dig, gave them advice, and encouraged them to send flowers to the county fair. She changed the tone of the village by her example and her service. Here, then, is a great secret: do something to help somebody, no matter how small the service may seem, and you open floodgates of joy for the New Year. —*Rev. R. P. Anderson.*

270. Nut-Shell New Year Sermon.

"Rise, let us be going!" Rise out of discouragement and failure and vain regret! Go on to courageous action, to quiet perseverance, to hopeful onlooking, to happy victory, to real achievement!—*J. Y. Ewart, D.D.*

271. Ahead of Time.

The accomodation train was moving on schedule time toward the great city. Commuters were boarding the train at every station. As the train was nearing a regular stop it slowed down and seemed to drag itself into the station. We said to the conductor, "Is there something ahead of us?" "No," said he, "we are ahead of time; it's time, it's time." There is danger in being ahead of time when

you are on the railroad train. To be on time is better than to be ahead of time for a train and for nearly everything else.

Nothing is more precious than time. To be ahead of it makes it future, which is not yet ours; to be behind time makes it past, which we can never recall. To he ahead of time is to lose your own time which might be better employed? To be behind time is to lose the time of some one else. The greatest loss of time of which I know is to sit idly by and count the hours as they pass. The railroad time table has done more to train our people to punctuality than any other moral influence. Lord Wellington observed of the Duke of Newcastle, the prime minister: "He loses half an hour every morning and runs after it all the day, without being able to overtake it."

Well ordered time is the surest mark of a well ordered mind. "Who murders time, he crushes in the birth a power ethereal."—*New York Observer.*

272. Eyes Front.

How fine this picture of Paul as the runner, bent on winning the Christian race! How fixed the forward look, how eager the forward poise! In such intensity lies success. So all the leaders have come to the fore, by spurning distractions and pressing to one chosen aim.

Where the difference comes in eager lives is in the goal of vision. The man with the muck-rake looks down. The social butterfly glances from flower to flower. But Paul fixes his gaze on Christ. "Looking unto Jesus,"—a good word, that, for the new year, and all the years, for so we come to Him, and live in Him evermore.—*Rev. M. Summerbell, D.D.*

III. EPIPHANY

(Twelfth Day After Christmas).

It seems that Epiphany was first observed in the Eastern or Greek Church, where it celebrated Christ's manifestation of His Messiahship on the occasion of His baptism. After the fourth century it was observed in the Western, or Roman Catholic Church, with especial reference to God's manifestation of Himself in Christ to the whole world, and especially to the Gentile world. All the churches observing Epiphany in America very appropriately use the day to magnify the cause of Missions, and hold up Christ as "the Light of the World."

273. The Message Delivered.

A mere lad in the army overseas was rather hard to manage because of his failure to respond readily to discipline. But when the time came for him to do actual service, he suddenly developed into a man. On the last day of the great war he had to go out twice in the face of the enemy fire, but both times came and saluted with these words: "Captain, your message was delivered."

We are entrusted with a message to the nations, and there are many places in the far-flung battle line where to deliver it is to do so in the face of the enemy's fire. There will come a day when we will go out for the last time, and at the end of day report to our Captain, who said, "Go ye." Shall we be able to say, as did the lad: "Captain, your message was delivered"?

274. Is Your Wing Broken?

Maltbie D. Babcock said, "I tell you, my fellow-Christians, your love has a

broken wing if it cannot fly across the ocean." Christ said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

275. Straighten Out Your Fingers.

There is an old but meaningful story about the small boy who got his hand into an expensive vase, and all the family tried in vain to extricate it. When they were on the point of breaking the vase, the father made one more attempt. "Straighten out your fingers," he began, when the boy interrupted him: "I can't papa; if I did, I should drop my penny!"

This has its application to missionary giving.

276. Are You a Missionary?

When Admiral Foote was in Siam he invited the royal dignitaries to a dinner on his vessel. As soon as the guests were seated at the table, he, as was his invariable custom, asked a blessing upon the food. The king in surprise said he thought only missionaires asked blessings. "True," replied the admiral quietly, "but every Christian is a missionary."

277. Missionaries are Pioneers.

"A missionary is the pioneer of civilization; it is he that makes possible law, order, trade and wealth."

"Missionaries are pioneers of education; first the Sunday-school, then the day school, then the college."

278. We Die So Fast.

"Sudden, before my inward, open vision,
Millions of faces crowded up to view;
Sad eyes that said, 'For us there is no provision;
Give us your Saviour, too.'

"'Give us,' they cry, 'your cup of consolation.
Never to our outreaching hands 'tis passed;
We long for the Desire of every nation,
And, oh, we die so fast.'"

—*Author Unknown.*

279. "Go Ye Therefore."

Dr. Abbott tells of a small boy who asked his ten-year-old sister just as the sermon concluded, "Now is it all done?" "No," she whispered back, "It's just all said, and we must go and do it." Christ gave the command that we should preach the Gospel in all the world. It is ours to go and do.

280. What Should the Church Army Do?

A soldier of the English army declared that they could place a proclamation given to them in the hands of every soul in the world inside of eighteen months. The Church of Christ has failed to do it in eighteen hundred years. But the happy sign is that she is waking up to the consciousness that she can do it.

281. Go and Fetch Them.

At a Salvation Army Congress in London, General Booth told of a sympathetic person who said to a young woman, a captain in the general's forces, that he admired their work, but disliked their drum. "Sir," she said, in reply, "I don't like your bell." "What!" said he, "not like the bell that says 'Come to the house of God,'" "The bell may say 'Come!'" said she, "but the drum says 'Go and fetch 'em!'" That is the missionary order: "Go and fetch them." "Go, make disciples of all nations."

282. Your Mission Offering.

"Here's a nickel for you, my man," she said to the frayed and ragged-looking individual who stood upon the porch with extended hand. "I'm not giving it to you for charity's sake, but merely because it pleases me." Thankee, but couldn't you make it a quarter and enjoy yourself thoroughly, ma'am?"

283. Indian Converts.

A party of white men were on a fishing and hunting expedition among the Hudson Bay Indians. A boat was

overturned and two of the party were drowned. As it was impossible to send the body to relatives, a coffin was made and a grave dug. When the Christian Indians saw that they were going to bury the men without even a prayer, they protested, asking if white men buried their dead like dogs. None of the white men could pray, so the Indian conducted a simple but impressive burial service. One of the white men was so touched by the incident that he gave his heart to God.

284. One of them.

The story is told of a certain man who did not approve of foreign missions. One Sabbath, at church, when the collection was being taken up for these missions, the collector approached and held out the collection box. The man shook his head.

"I never give to missions," he whispered.

"Then take something out of the bag, sir," whispered the collector, "the money is for the heathen."

285. More Gospel? Less Rum.

The first letter written in English by a native of the Congo was written to the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was this, and surely there is a lesson in it for Christendom: "Great and Good Chief of the Tribe of Christ: Greeting. The humblest of your servants kisses the hem of your garment, and begs you to send to his fellow-servants more gospel and less rum. In the bond of Christ. Ugalla."

286. They Have Souls.

One of the denizens of "Hell's Kitchen," Manhattan, remarked upon hearing the gospel for the first time, "Something ought to be done for us fellers"; and he was right.

287. The Disease: The Cure.

Gideon Ouseley, telling of his call to preach, would say, as Mr. Hay tells, "The voice said, 'Gideon, go and preach the gospel!'" But he so felt his ignorance and unworthiness that he pleaded, "Lord, I am a poor ignorant creature. How can I go?" Then it would rush into his mind, "Do you not know the disease?" "Oh, yes, Lord, I do." "And do you not know the cure?" "Oh, yes, glory be to thy name! I do." "Go then and tell them these two things, the disease and the cure; never mind the rest; the rest is only talk."—*From Life of Gideon Ouseley, by W. Arthur.*

288. An Undelivered Message.

"I sent my love to you every day," said a little girl, indignantly, to a sick friend, who was beginning to be convalescent, and felt hurt because no word of remembrance had come to her. "They just took it and kept it all their selves!" The childish way of looking at it sets in strong light the meaning of an undelivered message. Was it chance that just at the moment of hearing it, there fell into our hands an article in one of the magazines in which the writer—a missionary—made a passionate plea for men and women to come and tell the story of a Saviour's love for sinners? "O, the people! the people!" she wrote earnestly, as if overwhelmed by the thought of their numbers and their need. "They are so dark and ignorant and lonely. Come and tell them that Christ loves them." Christ sends His love to them with each returning day—sends it by us. Do we deliver it? Or do we take it and keep it all ourselves? What does He think of us as messengers?

289. His Permit.

In Korea, the Japanese officials now equire all mission-workers to be registered. A policeman stopped one of the Bible Society colporteurs and asked for his permit. "Here it is," said the colporteur, opening the last chapter of Mark, and pointing to the words of the

Great Commission: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel." He was allowed to pass on.—*Christian Herald.*

290. The Edge of the Map.

This is the tale of a tank and its map. Somewhere on the British Front a big push was in progress. The Germans were in retreat. The battle was on, with much lumbering of the great tanks that made nothing of flattening a house and moving on over the debris. But one tank had stopped. It wasn't disabled. It had no casualties among its crew. There was plenty of ammunition. Yet it had stopped dead in its tracks. An officer came up, and with much forcible language demanded why the huge iron beast should halt, when the job was yet far from finished. The tank men understood his impatience, but still the monster rested. "The trouble is, sir," said one of the crew, "we've got to the edge of our map"' There be many folk in the Church of Christ who are like that tank crew. But if they are, then so far as missions are concerned they have the wrong map. The mission map takes in "the whole creation," "every creature," "all the world."—*H.*

291. Is Christianity a Failure?

"How is it?" asked a man of a minister, "that your religion has been going for nearly two thousand years and has not influenced more people than it has done?" For reply, the minister asked another question: "How is it that water has been flowing for more than two million years and many people are still dirty?" It is not the fault of Christianity that people go without the remedy for human ill, but the loss is theirs just the same. Christianity is not a failure. The Gospel is not a failure. Wherever it is preached in fidelity it wins. But there are some who "put it from them."—*H.*

292. A Missionary Messenger.

In China, an ignominious form of punishment is to fasten upon the criminal a heavy plank in which a hole has been cut to admit the head. Upon this plank a description of the crime is printed in large letters. The offender is turned into the street to wander in the presence of a jeering, hooting mob. Recently in one of the villages a man was seen walking slowly up and down the street bearing upon his neck the badge of shame. The curious crowds that pushed forward to learn his crime were silent through astonishment. Instead of reading upon the board the record of broken law, they saw sentences like this: "God is love." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." This man was not afraid of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Longing to share with his countrymen the good news of salvation, he chose to wear the criminal's collar that the thronging crowds that should gaze upon it might thus read a message from the true God.

293. Is It Nothing to You?

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?
  Oh, answer me this to-day.
The heathen are looking to you;
  You can go, or give, or pray.
You can save your soul from blood-guiltiness,
  For in lands you have never trod
The heathen are dying every day,
  And dying without God.
Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?
  Dare ye say ye have naught to do?
All over the earth they wait for the light,
  And is it nothing to you?

294. Our Part.

"The restless millions wait
The light whose dawning
Maketh all things new.
Christ also waits;
But men are slow and late.
Have we done what we could?
Have I? Have you?"

295. The Bible and Missions.

Stuart Jessup, a Presbyterian missionary at Sidon, Syria, on one of his trips east of the Jordan River

found an entire village that had been Christianized by one Bible. Twenty years before, one of the villagers had been given this Bible while on a business trip to Damascus. Not one in the village at this time knew of Christ and His gospel. This one Bible was read and studied by every family in the village. Scarcely an evening would pass but that a few families would meet in some home to discuss the teachings of this wonderful book. And the villagers gave Mr. Jessup a glad welcome when he arrived at their village, so eager were they to see and hear some one else who believed in their wonderful book.

296. Reservations.

History tells us that Louis XI "executed a solemn deed of ownership," conveying to the Virgin Mary the whole country of Boulogne in France; but reserved for himself all the revenues thereof! How much like this "solemn deed" are some of the purposes of missionary generosity we form.

297. Why Poor Heathen?

Whose fault is it that there are any poor heathen? A speaker at a meeting of the Laymen's Missionary Movement drove this question into the consciences of his Christian hearers. If your father left in his will an inheritance for you and your brother, and your brother being at a distance could only receive his inheritance if you sent it to him, would you feel free to decide whether to send it to him or not? and if you did send it to him would you take considerable credit to yourself for doing so? That's foreign missions. People talk complacently about the poor heathen. Why "poor"? Because the heathen have not received their share of the inheritance which the Father left us to give them.—*Sunday School Times.*

298. Only Moving.

A bright little girl of about eight summers was wisely teaching a bit of a brother some two years younger than herself to master the difficult art of riding a bicycle. After many fruitless trials the little lad steadied himself as he wobbled from side to side and proudly shouted, "I'm moving. I really am moving!" His sedate bit of a sister eyed his movements calmly, and coldly replied: "Yes, you are moving but you are not going!" How true this is in the Christian life. Bishop Fowler used to put it in this homely and terse way: "Lots of folks are like a yard engine, that toots its whistle, rings its bell, and makes a lot of noise, but never goes anywhere."

"Who will go?" We are told to go —to "get a move on us"—to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.—*H.*

299. Our Creditors.

What would we think of a man who, being in debt, and able to pay, took advantage of the fact that his creditors, poor and ignorant folk, did not know of the money due to them and let them perish by nonpayment? One of the best governors of the Isle of Man was impeached for treason in the Civil Wars, and sentenced to death. The king granted a pardon; but it fell into the hands of a bitter enemy of the governor, who never delivered it, and the governor was executed. We hold in our hands the pardon of the world: shall we hold it back?—*D. M. Panton.*

300. His Twenty-four Hour Day.

"You are always working," I exclaimed, as I entered the office of a business friend. "How many hours do you work each day?" "Twenty-four," he replied with a smile. Then more seriously, "I became interested in missions and determined to go to China,

but my father died and his business was in such a state that no outsider could carry it on. My mother, sisters, and younger brother were dependent upon the profits of the house, so I was obliged to remain here. I then took the support of a native preacher in China as my substitute. In that way I work twenty-four hours a day, for my representative there is working while I sleep."—*Oriental Missionary Standard.*

301. Heathen Transformed.

A missionary in Tokio tells of a Japanese woman who came to speak about having her daughter received into the school for girls which the teacher was conducting. She asked if only beautiful girls were admitted. "No," was the reply, "we take any girl who desires to come." "But," continued the woman, "all your girls I have seen are very beautiful." The teacher replied, "We tell them of Christ and seek to have them take Him into their hearts, and this makes their faces lovely." The woman answered, "Well, I do not want my daughter to become a Christian, but I am going to send her to your school to get that look in her face."

302. What They Need.

A missionary one day saw a poor woman lying prostrate on the ground, he saw her raise herself and put her feet where her head had been, and prostrate herself once more, and so she went on. He went up to her and asked what she was doing, and she gave in answer one Indian word which means "A vision of It." He knew that the woman was going to travel thousands of miles in this way to see what she thought a sacred flame coming from a mountain. A great longing came over him that not only that woman but all India might have a vision, not of "It," but of "Him."

303. A Woman's Service.

A wealthy Korean lady, beautifully dressed, stopped her sedan chair outside a book shop in An Ding. Meeting a friend, she said, "I have just bought some books to give away to my unbelieving neighbors." "Where are the books?" she was asked. "In the chair," was the reply. And a coolie with a disgusted look on his face raised the curtain, and, behold! the chair was packed full of Mark's Gospels, tracts, and hymn books. "But," the lady was told, "the chair is full and you cannot get in!" "That's no matter," she laughed; "it is only thirty li (fifteen miles), and I can walk." And those who know what riding in a chair stands for among Korean women can appreciate the sacrifice in this story. She was past fifty years old.—*Christian Age.*

304. Growing Up To Help.

An eleven-year-old Indian girl listened eagerly while her teacher told the story of Mackay of Uganda. "I am so afraid," she said, "that everybody will be civilized before I'm old enough to go as a missionary. I'm only eleven now."—*World Wide.*

305. I Am Stingy.

At a man's banquet in Wisconsin, one man, not a member, but an occasional attendant, had sometimes given $10 a year to the work, pledged first $50 and then $100 with his family still to hear from. The pastor thanked him for his generosity. "You know that is not true," he said, "I am stingy and so are most of us."

306. The Gospel Needed.

Darwin, that great student of the human race, declared often to Admiral Sullivan his conviction that it was folly to send missionaries to the savages of Tierra del Fuego, as they were too far down in the scale of intelligence to comprehend the truths

the missionaries tried to teach them. But after watching the missions there, Darwin frankly confessed his mistake, and sent the missionary society a contribution of twenty-five dollars.

All men need and respond to the Gospel.

307. A Missionary Offering?

Two lads, one of eight and the other of six were playing "store." The father, upon being told what game was being played, decided to make a purchase and dropped a penny on the counter. The six-year-old lad thereupon most indignantly declared their place was a store and not a church.

308. Our Italian Neighbors.

Recently an Italian woman, with all the earnestness of the woman of Sychar, asked of a Pennsylvania missionary making his first call, "What is gospel?"

309. Made Heirs Pay.

A wealthy merchant in his age took a trip to California and with his estimable wife enjoyed a trip to that floral paradise. When asked "What did it cost?" he replied, "It did not cost me a cent. I made my heirs pay the bill." Yes, he will have perhaps a few dollars less on which the attorneys will calculate the income tax but it will not modify by a cent the proper expenditure during his natural lifetime. Why do not other thoughtful folks regulate their expense account accordingly?

A few years ago a well-to-do man died, and as his heirs figured up the total and rapidly divided it by the proper figures, a nephew sighed as he thought of his $250 legacy and exclaimed, "I'll blow that in some night." Why did not the rich uncle just put such a check in the collection plate for missions or send it to the Tract Society or help an orphan to an education rather than encourage a fast dude to a frolic on the Great White Way, a road the departed never trod? O, if the old fathers could crawl out of the graves and revisit the offices and look over the check-books of their descendants, money would be plenty in the Mission Board and church treasuries, debts cancelled, work advanced, and the Kingdom of Christ hastened.

310. "We Don't Have to Come Back."

In a storm off Diamond Shoals a ship was foundering in the great waves. Captain Pat. Etheridge got the life-boat ready, but the crew hesitated in the face of the fearful peril. "Captain Pat," said one, "it's no use with that wind. We can launch the boat, and we can reach the ship, but we can never come back." "Boys," said the old hero, "we don't have to come back." They launched the boat, reached the wreck, took off the survivors, and after nine hours of terrific work got back to the station. It is this heroic sense that moves our missionaries. They have the command "Go." They hear the command "Preach." They do not feel that they have got to live, or got to come back. But they do feel that they have got to go, and got to preach the Gospel to the unsaved.—*H.*

311. Let The Druggist Give It!

Mr. Brown, the boarder, gave the little girl of the family a dime. Later the little girl went walking with her mother. Passing a drug store the little girl said, "Come, mamma, let's go in and get a soda." Said the mother: "How can you pay for it?" The daughter said, "I have a dime Mr. Brown gave me." Said the mother, "Why not keep it and give it to the missions?" Said the little girl, "I thought of that too, but decided to let the druggist give it!"

312. Giving to Christ's Cause.

There is a story of a Belgian soldier in the hospital with both legs cut off. A visitor said to him, "Are you sorry you fought?"

"No," he replied, "I wanted to offer my life for my beloved country, but I got a chance to give only a little."

"But," remonstrated the visitor, "you must not disparage what you have done; you have lost both your legs."

"I did not lose them," said the man simply, "I gave them."

A great many of us consider what we do and what we contribute as so much lost; we sort of have to do it, can't well get out of it, the way we are situated; but it does not occur to us that it is so much gained instead.—*Rev. John F. Cowan, D.D.*

313. The Narrow Vision.

A man of great wealth lay upon his dying bed. His daughter was pleading with him to endow a chair in the college she was attending. The pledge was made out, and agreed upon by all the family. The sick man took the pen, then, torn with emotion, he laid it down, saying: "I can't do it. I have had the money too long. I simply must keep it. I suppose I shall go into my grave with it. Oh, that I had had a different vision! I want to do it but my will will not let me."

We need a different vision—a vision from lifting up the eyes and looking on the fields—wide fields, white, all ready to harvest.

314. Too Cheap.

Do not make yourself too cheap. A noted artist lately offended his Government and a reward was placed on his head. He was greatly offended for the price was too small. The old offer "a penny for your thoughts," was no compliment to the mental grist of the grinder. If you want to keep humble over your missionary benevolences, sit down and make an exact memorandum of what you have given, and then compare that with some of your other expenses of indulgences. Do not make yourself too cheap.

315. Paid In Full.

Donald and four grown-up relatives attended divine service one Sabbath morning. Donald selected the aisle seat, and when the missionary contribution plate was passed deposited in it the combined offerings of the family. The vestryman, not realizing this, moved as though to pass the plate to the others in the pew, when he was arrested by a highly-pitched, distinctly audible stage whisper announcing: "I paid for five."

316. Home Help.

Phillips Brooks was once asked, "What is the first thing you would do if you accepted a call to become the rector of a small, discouraged congregation that is not even meeting its current expenses?" "The first thing I would do," he replied, "would be to preach a sermon on and ask the congregation to make an offering for foreign missions." Phillips Brooks was never called to that kind of church, but many pastors and congregations to-day are proving in their own experience that the best way to keep out of debt, develop a healthy church, serve the local community, is to adopt a world missionary policy and make offerings for carrying the message of Christ into all the world.

317. Another Man's Business.

Sir William Macgregor, whose unflagging zeal for humanity in many parts of the globe has done so much for the cause of Christianity, once discussed with me the relatively rapid progress of Mohammedanism in West Africa as compared with that of Christianity. "It's just this," he said,

"every Mohammedan regards himself as a missionary; the majority of Christians think it is another man's work."—*Bishop Frodsham.*

318. Giving to Missions.

In one of the rural churches of England there is a statue beautifully carved in wood which represents our Lord with an outstretched and pierced hand, standing over the offertory. The gifts of the people are placed in this pierced hand, and through it make their way into the offertory. Oh that we could always see our Lord with that pierced hand standing over and by us! How joyfully would we then put our gifts into it, and how abundant would those gifts be!

"Give as you would to the Master,
If you met His loving look;
Give as you would of your substance,
If His hand the offering took."

319. A Missionary Prayer.

Whither Thou sendest,
Whither Thou leadest
Thither my journey.
Eastward or westward,
Northward or southward,
Dayward or nightward,
Joyward or woeward,
Homeward or starward,
So be it Thee-ward,
Thither my journey.

320. His Missionary Ammunition.

It was old Kim, the tiger hunter, whom Bishop Lambuth met in Korea, a grizzled old man, with weather-beaten face, and sun-burned neck and shoulders furrowed by the claws of more than one tiger. "What have you in that bag, Brother Kim?" "Ammunition," was his laconic reply, with a smile, as he showed his New Testament and hymn-book. "Do you no longer hunt tigers?" "No, Moksa, I am hunting for men."—*Helen Barrett Montgomery.*

321. Who Would Witness?

Dr. Torrey says: "Some years ago I was trying to persuade a young lawyer that he ought to be a soul-winner. He turned upon me with the remark, 'I am not called to the ministry.' I opened my Bible and read Acts 8:4, 'They that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word.' 'Yes,' he said, 'but those were the apostles.' 'Will you read the first verse of the chapter?' I answered. And he read, 'They were all scattered abroad except the apostles!'"

322. "Lift up Your Eyes."

A woman who passed through New York into New Jersey by the subway and the tube was asked what she thought of the city. She replied she could not tell, as she had had only a worm's-eye view of it. This is the case with many of us. We live too low to get the upper, larger vision.—*China's Millions.*

323. A Fine Testimony.

Some one going over to China asked the captain of the vessel whether there were any missionaries in Shanghai. "Yes," he replied, "the place is infested with them." That was a fine testimony to the reality of Christianity in the great land of China. And yet six or seven thousand missionaries, all told, are not many among four hundred millions of people.

But the Gospel of Christ is influential in China out of all proportion to the actual number of workers and converts, and it is compelling attention to our Lord in ways that are significant and encouraging. The other four faiths in China, while they have multitudes of adherents and contain much valuable teaching, lack power to uplift and transform lives. Although in a summer visit it is impossible to have personal experience of many ordinary mission stations, I saw more than enough of the conditions to make me feel that our missionaries need and deserve all the sympathy, supplication, and support we can give them.—*W. H. G. Thomas, D.D.*

324. Like Some Giving to Missions.

A minister was once preaching on the subject of "Giving" at a small chapel, and during the sermon he was rejoiced to note that a member of the congregation crept quietly out of his seat, and, going to the side of the chapel, placed a coin in a box. A little later another did the same. Never, thought the minister, had his sermon met with such a practical response before. On leaving the chapel he was accosted by one of the members "I hope we didn't disturb you, sir," he said, "but ours is a penny-in-the-slot meter, and we should have been in darkness if we hadn't attended to it."—*The Christian.*

325. The Secret of Large Returns.

There is an old story which contains good advice. A minister who was to preach in a strange church took his little son along. Noticing a collection box in the vestibule he put in a coin. After the service was over, the treasurer asked the minister to wait until he received the offering for the visiting minister. He opened the box already mentioned. It contained the single coin which the minister himself had put in. On the way home the little lad said, "Father if you had put more in you would have got more out." This rule holds good at all times.—*E. Hovey.*

326. Which Nerves.

A speaker at the Men's Missionary Congress at Chicago told a story of a certain Christian who said to a friend who was interested in missions, "The subject of missions is getting on my nerves." The friend replied, "I am told that there are two sets of nerves —sensory and motor: on which set of your nerves does this subject bear the harder?—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

327. Missionary Offering or Collection.

A certain small boy had a dog which he named Fido. The boy was very fond of Fido. One day at dinner the boy's father noticed that he took the best of the portion of roast beef which had fallen to his lot and placed it on another plate. Upon inquiry, the father learned that the meat was for the dog Fido. "My son," said father, "it would be better if you ate that meat yourself and gave Fido some of the scraps that are left." The boy protested, but his father was obdurate. At the conclusion of the meal the boy took out to Fido a plate heaped with scraps of the roast. "Here, Fido," said the boy, "I wanted to make you an offering, but here is only a collection." Love for the Master should be great enough to prompt an offering at each attempted service.

328. Believe Not Alone.

A wounded Japanese soldier, while in the hospital, was converted to Christ. He labored faithfully with some of his comrades in the hospital, and afterward was heard to say, "I must go home soon and get the people of my village to believe." A suggestion was made to him that it might be well for him to wait a while before going home, till he was better instructed in Christian doctrine. The suggestion astonished him, and he replied simply, "It will never do for me to believe this alone; I must tell them."—*The Missionary Herald.*

329. Giving Is Getting.

A church in Ohio was ready to disband when some one proposed they support a missionary. To-day that church is one of the best in Ohio. A church in Pennsylvania with less than forty members poor in resources, started out by giving $118.00 to missions. In two years they had three hundred members and had greatly in-

creased their pastor's salary. Many a Christian has been prospered just as he has made Christ's kingdom a sharer in his income. We do not give to get back, but when we give out of love to Christ, he blesses us, in heart, in joy, in character, and often in our basket and store.

330. You Give: God Gives.

Every once in a while I hear some one growl against foreign missions, because the money and the strength put into them are needed at home. I did it myself when I did not know better. God forgive me. I know better now; and I will tell you how I found out. I became interested in a strong religious awakening in my own city of Copenhagen, and I set about investigating it. It was then that I learned what others had learned before me, and what was the fact there, that for every dollar you give away to convert the heathen abroad, God gives you ten dollars' worth of purpose to deal with your heathen at home.—*Jacob Riis.*

331. Great Missionary Documents.

The two greatest missionary documents are the Lord's Prayer and the parable of the Prodigal Son. If you have ever read the parable of the Prodigal Son as the agony of a bereaved father's heart you will find that missions are placed in the very heart of our God and Father whose name we bear. And if you have ever said, "Our Father," you have felt the call and passion of brotherhood that runs through the whole of the missionary movement. It is there that Jesus laid the foundation of all this missionary enterprise.—*Prof. O. E. Brown.*

332. Mission Giving Enlarges The Man.

But the greater blessing of giving to missions consists in the larger man, for in giving he has dethroned selfishness and made his heart a more fit dwelling-place for the Holy Spirit. A man riding along the street dropped a quarter into the outstretched hand of a beggar woman, but as he rode away he began to repent his good deed, saying: "How, do I know that the woman is worthy? She may take that money and spend it on drink;" and he rode back and asked the woman to return the money; the astonished woman did so, and was more astonished to receive a five-dollar bill. As the man rode away a second time he was heard to murmur: "There, self, I guess you wish you had kept quiet." I know of no better way to down the selfish man in all of us than hearty, systematic, and prayerful giving to missions.—*Missionary Review.*

333. An American Shame.

A missionary recently said: "In the interior of Laos I saw shops with long rows of bottles labeled 'Scotch Whiskey,' 'French Brandy,' and 'Australian Beer.' In Bangkok I read the English sign, 'Place for drinking of the delightful juice.' Near the Silliman Institute, where we are teaching Filipino boys, there is a building bearing the infamous inscription, 'American Saloon.' Why should the streams of influence pouring into Asia and Africa from Christian nations be polluted by slime from the pit?"

334. The Greatest Missionary Motive.

Bear Christ to the heathen, and you will be borne by Christ, uplifted, strengthened, and divinely impelled in your work. Hence observe the divine order: not, "Ye shall be witnesses unto me," as in our common version, but "Ye shall be my witnesses." We are not to stand in the world, and testify to Christ, but stand in Christ, and testify to the world. * * * *

Not philanthropy, the love of man, but phil-Christy, the love of Christ, constitutes the greatest missionary motive. —*A. J. Gordon, D.D.*

335. The Reflex Influence of Missions.

The reflex influence of the knowledge of and interest in missions through the Holy Spirit is strikingly shown in a letter which Phillips Brooks wrote from North Andover, in July, 1888, to the Rev. A. A. Lefroy a member of the Cambridge Mission at Delhi, India. Mr. Brooks says: "We are neither impatient nor reluctant at the thought of the day when we shall have finished here and go to higher work. But dear me, what right have I to say all this to you, who know it so much better, who are putting it so constantly and richly into your life and work? I grow stronger for Boston when I think of Delhi."

336. Civilizes Where It Touches.

Africa is coming to be belted with brickyards out of whose product houses, churches, schools, and all the structures of civilization are built. The artisans who built the splendid edifice of the Free Church of Scotland at Blantyre were natives whose fathers had never seen a white man. It is the genius of the religion to civilize where it touches.—*Cyrus C. Adams.*

337. Reaction on Home Work.

By an eternal law, home work and foreign work flourish or decay together. Contributions to home work have never been diminished because the work of the church abroad has taken its proper place in our parochial organizations. On the contrary, they will grow and increase, for foreign work acts and reacts on the home work. Schools, Bibles, classes, services in church, are all stronger, brighter healthier in proportion as the duty to preach the Gospel to the heathen is recognized.

338. The Trade Return.

America, through the American Board, expended in fifty years $1,250,000 to evangelize Hawaii, and during that time received about $4,000,000 a year in trade. England's missions are said to bring back $50 in trade for every $5 given to convert the heathen.—*Gen. Armstrong.*

339. Living Power Introduced.

Years ago apiarists found that the Italian bee had qualities which made it, for the production of honey, greatly preferable to the native insect of this country, which was quarrelsome to handle, and less fertile, docile and dependable. The Italian bee has now generally supplanted the native. But to accomplish this result it was not necessary to substitute the foreign swarm for swarm and hive for hive. The bee-keeper wrote to Italy for a few queens, to be sent here by mail, enclosed in a bit of wood with holes covered with wire gauze. By skill in manipulation a queen was introduced in each hive, and the native queen removed. Here was a new living power for renovation introduced among old conditions. The new brood replaced the former one and in a season the whole swarm was transformed. These queen bees are alive; the word is alive with the life of the Spirit of God. Men want that which is more valuable than the thing which they possess. They get a glimpse—or even merely hear the rumor—of the pure, attractive home of the missionary; they see the work of the school in the amazing alteration of the children's behavior; they learn of the merciful doings of the hospital, the wonders of the press, the book, the paper. Famine work and a hundred other experiences are as that which the woman "took

and hid." The influence of Christ's spirit and teaching is set before them in a few lives which have yielded themselves to it. Irresistibly it asserts itself as a marvelous power, offering what cannot but be recognized as infinitely to be coveted. The spirit and life of Christ are in it.

340. Struck the Legs and Feet.

A convention speaker said: "Missionary interest first struck the head, and after a while got as far as the mouth, then the heart, conscience and will and by and by the pocket, and last of all the legs and feet!"

341. Missions Moving the Heathen.

At the seaport town of Po-hio in China, during a Christian meeting, a man arose and said: "Friends you all know me. I have been a Christian less than a year. I own a seagoing junk, and yesterday we came into port, having been out in the great typhoon that swept the coast last week. Right in the midst of the storm the crew struck. * * * I prayed God to send them back to work. He did. Now if I were still a worshipper of idols, I would have gone to-day to the temple on the hill and offered a great sacrifice to show my gratitude. I do not want to be less thankful to the God who heard my prayer. I have brought here an offering of fifty dollars. You know better what to do with it; I leave it with you." This man had been out of heathenism less than a year.

342. Trying to Cheat God.

"A Chinaman believes that he can cheat his god," says Dr. R. F. Horton. "He believes, for instance, that he can put a garment upon his child and write in large letters upon the back that this child has had the cholera and the god, seeing the letters on the back, concludes that the child has already had the cholera, and will not give the child the cholera again. Even intelligent Chinamen believe that it is quite easy to trick a god and take him in, consequently the whole life of China is riddled, through and through, with trickery and deceit. The ancient Romans claimed that the sacrifice of a white ox was more pleasing to their god Jupiter than any other, and they could cheat him by taking a spotted ox and chalking over the black spots."—*Epworth Herald.*

343. Withholding From Christ's Kingdom.

The late eloquent Dr. George C. Lorimer used to tell how once he asked a man to join the church. "No," said the man, adding: "The dying thief never joined the church, yet he went to heaven." "Will you aid the Church then by making a contribution to missions?" added the doctor. "No," answered the man, "the dying thief never gave to missions, and yet he went to heaven." "Ah yes," retorted Dr. Lorimer, "but there is this difference between him and you. He was a dying thief while you are a living one." Now, since it is to God primarily that we owe all we have and enjoy; and since, secondarily, it is to the Kingdom that we owe the best things of life; and since the Founder of the Kingdom purchased both ourselves and our possessions with "a price all price beyond," even his own precious blood, it does seem that, in order to cancel the infinite debt we owe to Him we cannot withhold our money from His Kingdom.—*Rev. S. B. Dunn, D.D.*

344. Not Turning Aside.

A home missionary, Stephen Paxson, was once asked by a friend to take fifty thousand dollars for him and invest it in Western land, with equal shares in the profits. Paxson declined. Some years later they met. The fifty thousand dollars had been invested and

doubled. Stephen Paxson drew out his notebook, and pointed to his record of fifty thousand children gathered into the Sunday-school. "And if I had it to do over again," he said, "I would not change the investment." What do you "seek first"?

345. His Last Solace.

A collector at Bombay had among his curiosities a Chinese god marked "Heathen Idol," and next to it a gold coin marked "Christian Idol." Dean Farrar says that a famous physician once told him how he was attending the death-bed of a rich man, who seemed as if he could not die; with aimless and nervous restlessness his hands kept moving and opening and shutting over the counterpane. "What is the matter?" asked the physician. "I know," answered the son for his speechless father; "every night before he went to sleep my father liked to feel and handle some of his bank-notes." Then he slipped a ten pound note into the old man's hand, and feeling, handling, and clutching it, he died.

346. Christ's Onward March.

There are no backward steps in Christ's march down the centuries and across the nations to universal victory. —*Rev. Dr. Judson Smith.*

347. The Inducement.

A missionary was once asking a Burmese boatman if he were willing to preach the Gospel to his fellow-countrymen. The man was getting good pay as a boatman, and the missionary told him that he would only be able to pay him eight shillings a month, instead of the thirty shillings he was earning. "How is it?" he asked. "Will you go for eight shillings?" It was hard for the man to decide. For some moments he sat pondering, then looking up he said, "I will not go for eight shillings, but I will go for Christ."

348. Studying Geography.

A few years ago there was in the Punjab a desperate character by the name of Gulu. Gulu was touched by Christ and became a mighty man of prayer—more, he became one of the great intercessors of God. He would spend hours in pleading for the affairs of the Kingdom, until the prespiration streamed down his face. One day Gulu came to the missionary. "Sahib," said he, "teach me some geography." "Why, Gulu, what do you want with geopraphy at your age?" "Your Honor, I wish to study geography that I may know more places to pray for."

349. The Gospel an Inconvenience.

"Please do not come here for the next two weeks. We like to have you come, but you see the next two weeks is our special time for thieving, and your message of Jesus creates in us a desire to be honest and righteous. If you continue to come, we will not have the courage or desire to steal." This was the tribute paid to Jesus and His message by some Ahir people of a criminal tendency, in Ballia, India, and reported by a Methodist missionary. —*Missionary Herald.*

350. The Sign of a Live Church.

The Bishop of Nelson (New Zealand), at a recent meeting, told of two men who met recently, and one asked the other for a subscription for his church. The reply was that the church was always wanting money. The other friend said, "When my lad was a boy, he was costly; he always wanted boots and shoes, stockings and clothes, and wore them out fast, and the older and stronger he grew the more money had to be spent on him, but he died, and does not now cost me a shilling." "Yes," said the Bishop, "a live church always wants money."

351. A South American Standard.

When the pastor of a mission in Chile began recently to collect funds for a church school, an old woman, who was very poor, gave her part, which amounted to over fifty pesos. It was all she had. She is a washerwoman, all alone in the world, and has to work hard for her bread. She had an interest in a little ranch, but she sold it and gave the proceeds to the school fund. She refused to reconsider her decision when urged to do so by the pastor's wife. Such is the development of the New Testament standard of living in the far corners of our world.

352. Forsaking a Heathen God.

Elijah on Mt. Carmel was not braver than Kapiolani, the Hawaiian princess, who defied the goddess Pele and delivered her people from the thraldom of the agelong fear.

The princess received the gospel as a little child, put away her many husbands, destroyed the idols she had served, and, although herself looked upon as divine by her ignorant subjects, went to the lowest hovels and ministered to the sick and dying.

Idolatry had been officially overthrown, but the people still lived in terror of the ancient gods. Kapiolani resolved to face the most terrible of all, Pele, a goddess whose habitation was supposed to be in the depths of a burning crater, Kilauea, which has shaken even English visitors with the hideous terrors of its fathomless, sulphurous depths.

The people, weeping, tried to dissuade her, but the princess said: "There is but one God, He will keep me from harm." Alone she faced the mountain ascent, eating the sacred berries supposed to be death to the eater. Into the sea of fire she hurled stones—at Pele. "Jehovah is my God. I fear not Pele," she cried.

Then she returned, unhurt, triumphing over Pele, not for herself, but for her people, for whose salvatioin she was willing to die.—*Rev. R. P. Anderson.*

353. A Cry From Africa.

In one of his missionary tours Peter Cameron Scott, missionary to Africa, gives a most touching description of what was accomplished after having preached Jesus for nearly two hours or more. A very old heathen man, having most attentively listened, came tottering up to where he stood, and after asking a few most searching questions, became somewhat satisfied that the blood of Jesus could even cleanse away his sins, and while opening his heart to the Saviour closed his conversation by asking with deep pathos, in trembling tones (while the tears were glistening in his eyes): "Why didn't you tell us the story sooner; why didn't you let us know?"

354. Your Soul and the Heathen.

There was a time when I had no care or concern for the heathen; that was the time when I had no care or concern for my own soul; when by the grace of God, I was led to care for my own soul, then it was I began to care for the heathen abroad. In my closet, on my bended knees, I then said to God, "O, Lord, Thou knowest that silver and gold to give to this cause I have none; what I have I give unto Thee. I offer myself; wilt Thou accept the gift?"—*Alexander Duff, D.D.*

IV. YOUNG PEOPLE'S DAY

(First Sunday in February.)

355. Instantly.

An aviator told me recently that when you loop the loop in an airplane it it necessary to move the control stick in just the right direction when you get to the point where you are upside down, in order to complete the loop. If you fail to do this, you begin to come down head first.

Every day there are decisions that you and I have to make. They have to be made instantly. Make instant decision for Christ.—*H.*

356. The Third Shot.

During the time while we participated in the Great War the French army admired the speed and smooth-working quality of the American artillery. They knew it delivered the goods, and that it could be absolutely relied upon when it was needed.

"It's like this," said an enthusiastic French general. "The shells go one, two, three—finish!"

He meant that an airplane got the range, and gave it to the guns by signals or wireless. The battery fired, and the watching airplane reported, "Short." The second shot also missed, and the aviator told whether it went to one side of the object or over it. The third shot usually struck home, a direct hit.

The Americans did not waste ammunition. Every failure to hit the mark helped them toward the "finish." Efficiency was the watchword there. If you didn't hit, you would be hit. And so it is with life. The first shot is the local schools, both graded and high; the second shot is college; and the third shot is the efficient start of your career.

Hit the nail on the head by making minutes count, by doing a day's work six times each week, and by using the third shot to plant yourself firmly in the line of work that fits you. In war or work, the carefully selected, thought-out plan invariably wins.—*Carl S. Lowden.*

357. Give God All.

Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman called on General Booth and asked him the secret of his success. The General hesitated a moment, and then said: "I will tell you the secret. God has had all there was of me. There have been men with greater brains than I, men with greater opportunities; but from the day I got the poor of London on my heart, and a vision of what Jesus Christ could do with the poor of London, I made up my mind that God would have all of William Booth there was."

358. Way Up.

The graduating class of the High School of Manasha, Wisconsin, had this distinctive class motto: "The elevator to success is not running—take the stairs."

359. Get a Good Ready.

Nestor stood before the Greek generals at Troy and said: "The secret of victory is in getting a good ready." —*Hillis.*

360. Enthusiasm.

When Lord Lansdowne asked what he could do to reform the profligate people of a certain community, he was answered, "Send them an enthusiast."

361. Vision That Visualizes.

You cannot believe little things and do great things; you cannot believe in half successes and accomplish whole ones. A man's faith sets the boun-

daries of his work. He will do what he believes, and accomplish what he believes can be accomplished. Mountains are not subdued by men who stand discouraged at a mole hill. A man must conquer the fatigues of the way in his own heart, or he will never set out on the road. Back of all free action lies some creed, some conviction. All great battles have been fought and either lost or won in the heart. The simple or stubborn confidence that leads to all-conquering effort—this is faith, the vision that vitalizes.

362. "Not to Sit Up—and Sit."

There is suggestion for ambitious young people in the motto:

"Not to sit up—and sit
But to git up—and git."

It refers to the jack rabbit, a common object on Texas plains. The rabbit is reputed as a creature who likes very much, for a time, to sit up and accomplish nothing but look handsome. His value as an object-lesson for consecrated Christians, however, lies in the fact that when he feels there is something for him to do he leaves his post on a second's notice and travels with inspiring speed until he gets it done.

363. For the Love of It.

At a county fair in New England there was a continual crowd around one agricultural exhibit which excited a great deal of admiration, and was the occasion of many remarks. The exhibit was marked, "Raised on an Abandoned Farm." The articles shown were grown by a man who had formerly followed another occupation, upon a farm in a rough hill town, which its owner had found an undesirable piece of property, and had practically deserted. The exhibit included twenty-two varieties of potatoes, several varieties of wheat, oats, barley, rye, and beans, onions, pumpkins, squashes, melons, beets, carrots, and turnips. The people kept the proprietor of the "abandoned farm" busy explaining how he produced such wonderful results. His reply was that he took delight in farming, and did the best he could. "O yes," said one bystander, "he's farming for the love of it." "And I imagine," said another bystander, "that if the farmer who had the place before this man took it had farmed a little more for the love of it, he wouldn't have had any occasion to go off and leave it."—*The Youth's Companion.*

364. "I'm As Big As It Is."

A three-year-old tried to move a table. After she had struggled long, her mother tried to discourage her attempts, saying: "Baby, you can't move that table. It's as big as you are." "Yes, I can," was the little girl's stout reply, "I'm as big at it is."

There is a great deal of difference between the two ways of looking at the job. Frequently to say "the task is as big as I am" is to invite defeat. But to say "I am as big as the job is" is the first step toward victory.

365. On Time.

A year or two ago, among a class of shorthand pupils, was one young girl who had shown herself a particularly bright, keen student. Just as she had completed the course, a call from one of the best paying houses in the city came, and she was promptly recommended for the place, an appointment for an interview with the manager being arranged for that evening.

The hour for the interview was seven o'clock, the manager going to his office especially to meet her. He was on hand punctually, waited fifteen or twenty minutes, and left for home just before she arrived. She had stopped to chat a bit on the way! To-day she is working for another

firm at about one-half the salary she would have received from the first.

366. The Secret of Success.

Staunch old Admiral Farragut—he of true heart and iron will—said to another officer of the navy, "Dupont, do you know why you didn't get into Charlestown with your ironclads?" "Oh, because the channel was so crooked!" "No, it was not that." "Well, the rebel fire was perfectly horrible." "Yes, but it wasn't that." "What was it, then?" "It was because you did not believe you could go in." There is all the difference in the world between the young man or young woman who expects to succeed and the one who simply doubts.—*H.*

367. If You're Out to Win.

"It takes a little courage
And a little self-control,
And some grim determination,
If you want to reach a goal.
It takes a deal of striving,
And a firm and stern-set chin,
No matter what the battle,
If you're really out to win."

368. Neglect.

Neglect, plain, simple neglect, has bred more havoc in almost more ways than many other causes combined. Neglect of civility at a proper time has lost a friend. Neglect of a simple duty at a critical moment has often lost an ambitious young man a position. Neglect of the laws of health has lost a life. Neglect of a free salvation has lost a soul. It matters not whether the neglect arises from heedlessness, indifference, carelessness, willfulness, or ignorance, the result, in most instances, is the same. The moral of it all is that we have no right to be heedless, or indifferent, or willful.

369. The Seed of Success.

"If you want to know whether you are going to be a success or failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will fail as sure as you live. You may not think so, but you will. The seed of success is not in you."—*James J. Hill.*

370. Blunders.

In a record in the Crerar Library in Chicago several hundred men tell their great blunders in life. One counts it as his greatest blunder that he did not stick to anything; another, that he would not hearken to the advice of older people.

371. "Count on Me."

A college student who was uninterested in art, was once persuaded by his mother to visit an art gallery to view the painting of the "Man of Galilee." After viewing it from every angle, an attendant, who had observed how earnestly and with what great interest he had studied the picture, said to him—"Great picture, isn't it?"—"Yes it is a great picture and is well named the 'Man of Galilee.'"

Then the student again softly stepped up to the painting and said, "Oh man of Galilee, if I can, in any way, help you to do your work in the world, you can count on me"—"count on me."

May there be a response in our hearts as we look to the Christ. Young man, young woman, will He be able to count on you?

372. The Thing Worth While.

"I cannot fiddle," said Themistocles the Greek philsopher, "but I can make a small town grow into a great city." No one man can do everything, and only a few things can anyone do well. In fact, as a rule, if a man does one thing well, that is the one thing he ought to do. Happy are they who find what they are fit for in life and then do with their might whatsoever their hands find to do!

373. When the Stoker Heard the Call.

One day during the Boer War, just as the train was starting from Waterloo Station, London, a fine man, hot and weary, entered the carriage where I was sitting, and hastily seating himself, as if more exertion were impossible, exclaimed, "I'm called." He soon fell asleep, and we noticed that he was a stoker, and was black with the soot and oil of his engine. He awoke and again exclaimed, "I'm called." Then he told us he was a reservist, and was to join his regiment at Aldershot immediately. He did not wait to wash or put on his best clothes, but at once obeyed the call of his king. God has called us. Have we answered as readily?—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

374. Room—For What?

"The roomiest thing we know of," says the editor of a modern magazine, "is a man's head. Carnegie's skull was large enough to accommodate a square mile of steel mills. Columbus had space in his sufficient for a new world." True enough—and that of Wilbur Wright took in the whole sky, while Newton's was ready for the universe and its laws.

Illimitable room is the mark of man's brain. The child of God, he is formed to think largely, immeasurably. But he is given the power to control his own mental space. He can fill his mind with trifles or with immensities at will. Here is his responsibility, which cannot be shifted to the shoulder of circumstance or destiny.

Room—for what? Shall it be the movies, or great books? The thoughts of the market-place and the street, or the thoughts of God? The choice is a daily one, and life grows great or mean accordingly.

375. An Aim in Life.

I remember hunting in the Rocky Mountains one summer and an Indian called our attention to a black squirrel in a tree. Then, resting his old gun on a stump, he did not move, though the flies and gnats came and covered his face. He did not even heed one of them. He did not know they were there so intent was he upon that game. When he shot the squirrel, I asked him, "How could you bear all that annoyance?" Said he, "I did not notice the flies." The gnats had not troubled him because his whole mind was on that squirrel. If a young man have about him all those flies and temptations of bad habits; if he has also one great aim in life, he will not heed those annoyances, and they will not change the course of his life.

376. Better Than "Good Enough."

To do well is to be able to do better. "Good enough" is small praise for anybody. A child can appreciate this quite as keenly as a man. A little girl between seven and eight years of age looked eagerly over her father's shoulder as he examined the monthly report of her schooling. "I want to see what I got for reading," she said. As the child had been somewhat discouraged because of her absences through sickness, the father thought to avoid dispiriting her by favorable comment on what was really an excellent general showing. "You got nine," he said, "and that is very good." The child turned quickly around to face him, looked silently and soberly into his eyes for a moment, then said, with the superior emphasis of a knowing smile, "Can't you get ten?" That child was not satisfied with anything short of perfectness, and probably derived more stimulus from this expression of her own high standard than from her father's commendation of her attainment, which was something less. The appreciation of the highest may show character where the attainment, for one reason or another, falls below.

377. A Strange Sight at Sea.

Sometimes a strange thing is seen at sea. The wind and currents and surface ice are all moving in one direction, but a huge iceberg comes along moving against wind and tide and plowing its way through the surface ice in the opposite direction. What is the explanation? The surface ice floats with the current, but the iceberg has its base down in a deeper and more powerful current and is borne along majestically against all opposition. Most men float with the surface currents, even when these are moving in the wrong direction. But occasionally there comes a man, like Columbus or Luther or Lincoln, who has got his will down into the deeper and more powerful current of God's will, and then all the world must give way before him as he plows his course through. Surface winds and currents have no effect upon such a man; he is in the Gulf Stream of the universe and the very constellations are floating with him. These world-resisters and world-compellers are God-moved and are omnipotent in the Lord and in the power of His might.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

378. Gladstone's Advice to Young Men.

Be sure that every one of you has his place and vocation on this earth, and that it rests with himself to find it. Do not believe those who too lightly say, "Nothing succeeds like success."

Effort—honest, manful, humble effort—succeeds by its reflected action, especially in youth, better than success, which indeed, too easily and too early gained, not seldom serves, like winning the throw of the dice, to blind and stupefy.

Get knowledge, all you can.

Be thorough in all you do, and remember that though ignorance often may be innocent, pretension is always despicable. Quit you like men; be strong, and exercise your strength. Work onward and upward, and may the blessing of the Most High soothe your cares, clear your vision, and crown your labors with reward!

379. Furnishing Skibo Castle.

Charles M. Schwab, the steel magnate, once said: "I know a young New York fellow who has built for himself a big business. He used to be a poorly paid clerk in a department store. One rainy day, when customers were few, the clerks had gathered in a bunch to discuss baseball. A woman came into the store wet and disheveled. The baseball fans did not disband; but this young fellow stepped out of the circle and walked over to the woman. 'What can I show you, madam?' he asked courteously. She told him. He got the article promptly, laid it before her, and explained its merits smilingly and intelligently. In short, he treated the woman just as his employer would have treated her under similar circumstances.

"When the woman left she asked for his card. Later the firm received a letter from a woman ordering complete furnishings for a great estate in Scotland. 'I want one of your men, Mr.——' she wrote, 'to supervise the furnishing personally.' The name she mentioned was that of the clerk who had been courteous. 'But, madam,' wrote the head of the firm in response, 'this man is one of our youngest and most inexperienced clerks. Hadn't we better send Mr.——?' 'I want this young man and no other,' wrote the woman. 'Large orders impose their own conditions.' So our courteous young clerk was sent across the Atlantic to direct the furnishing of a great Scotch palace. His customer that rainy day had been Mrs. Andrew Carnegie. The estate was Skibo Castle."

380. The New Boy.

"A new boy came into our office today," said a wholesale grocery merchant to his wife at the supper table. "He was hired by the firm at the request of the senior member, who thought the boy gave promise of good things. But I feel sure that boy will be out of the office in less than a week."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because the first thing he wanted to know was just exactly how much he was expected to do."

"Perhaps you will change your mind about him."

"Perhaps I shall," replied the merchant, "but I don't think so."

Three days later the business man said to his wife, "About that boy you remember I mentioned three or four days ago. Well, he is the best boy that ever entered the store."

"How did you find that out?"

"In the easiest way in the world. The first morning after the boy began work he performed very faithfully and systematically the exact duties assigned, which he had been so careful to have explained to him. When he had finished he came to me, and said, 'Mr. H, I have finished all that work. Now what can I do?'

"I was greatly surprised, but I gave him a little job of work, and forgot all about him, until he came into my room with the question, 'What next?' That settled it for me. He was the first boy that ever entered our office who was willing, and volunteered to do more than was assigned him. I predict a successful career for that boy as a business man."

381. Don't Forget the Best.

In an old fairy tale the youth who had entered the treasure house was repeatedly admonished by the good spirit, "Don't forget the best." He choose that which seemed best and shone brightest, and so lost all. One of the tragic aspects of the life of young people is that they cannot bring the mature wisdom of later years to bear on the early decisions which affect all of their later life. In choosing friends, in deciding habits, in cultivating a taste for literature and pleasure, in adopting a trade or profession, in choosing the sweetheart who is to become a lifelong partner, youth needs the ripest judgment; yet it commonly has only inexperience and impulse to control it. The choices made in youth are commonly the determining factors in life. Wise with a wisdom that is above this world is the young man or woman who makes the great choice which influences all other choices.—*W. T. Ellis.*

382. Do You Know Osmiridium?

That is, your osmiridium—the osmiridium of your special calling.

What do I mean? This:

Some miners were digging for gold along a river in Papua, in British New Guinea, not long ago. Their picks broke into a mass of a flakish substance, blue-gray in color. They did not know what it was, and tossed it aside as worthless.

Later the prospectors happened to tell a mining engineer about the matter and he informed them that the discarded substance was osmiridium, a metal of the platinum family, eight times as valuable as gold! It is worth $200 an ounce. It is used to tip fountain pens and for the delicate bearings of fine machinery.

Back rushed those luckless miners to their river, only to find that the violent tropical rains had washed away the greater part of the precious deposit. They scraped together what made two and a half pounds of osmiridium after it was refined, and sold it for about six thousand dollars. Hereafter, it is safe to say, they will look sharply for osmiridium wherever they dig.

The moral is, Know your business, so thoroughly that you will be ready to take instant advantage of all exceptional opportunities. Be armed against surprises. The ignorant, unprepared, careless worker is always complaining of poor luck. That is because he does not know osmiridium when he plunges his pick into it. The wise man has been on the lookout for osmiridium all his life.—*Caleb Cobweb.*

383. The Diary of Columbus.

Day after day on the long voyage of Christopher Columbus over the trackless Atlantic, in 1492, which resulted in the discovery of America, he wrote in his ship's log these simple, but very significant words: "We sailed westward, which was our course."

In the voyage of life each one of us in making it is of supreme importance that we early determine upon our course, and then, as did the great discoverer, hold persistently to it in the face of every head wind, every discouragement that may cross our bows.

384. "Right There."

A young surf man of the Atlantic Coast, who had risked his life to rescue a man in the water, modestly said: "Why, it wasn't anything. You see I was right there."

Earth's useful people are always "right there" in the hour of need. They are never so busy with their own interests and pleasures that they are too far off to hear when the call for help comes, or to see when a neighbor is struggling in deep waters.

The world is full of these who are benevolent and helpful in theory, but are never on the spot in practice. They do not see the outstretched hand, hear the pleading voice, or notice that the person who stands next in life's great procession is a lonely stranger.

385. Difficulties.

A poor boy, a cripple, was enviously watching some other boys on the ballfield. A young man who stood beside him noted the discontent on his face, and said to him, "You wish you were in those boys' places, don't you?" "Yes, I do," was the answer. "I reckon God gave them money, education, and health, continued the young man, "to help them to be of some account in the world. Did it never strike you that He gave you your lame leg for the same reason,—to make a man of you?" The lad thought upon the words, grew heroic, conquered his hindrances, and became a noble Christian physician.—*J. R. Miller, D.D.*

386. Success.

"Never depend upon your genius," said Ruskin. Hard work and persistence are the only stepping stones to success. Be very sure that you have chosen your occupation wisely, and then stick to it, through thick and thin. Never mind the discouragements; never mind the doubts of others; think of your calling, stick to it, work for it, plan for it, live for it; throw your mind, might, heart and soul into it, and, if you have fair ability, you will win. Every one admires an iron determination, and people will always help you the way you are going. If you are going up, they will give you a lift. If you are going down, they will give you a kick.

387. Not Picking Materials.

"You are building a good wall there," said a passerby, stopping to look at a workman by the roadside. "Some of your material looks rather poor to work with, too," and he glanced at a pile of rough, jagged stones. "I ain't pickin' my materials," the man answered simply. "What I'm here for is to build as good a wall

as I can with the stuff that's brought me."

388. Second Mile.

A New England railroad president gave this solid advice: "Let every man a little more than fill the position he occupies. When he does that, a wider one will open to him."

389. The Hamlet Type.

Thomas W. Lawson, at a dinner in Boston, talked about success.

"Success in finance," he said, "is due in great measure to prompt action. The doubting, hesitating, Hamlet type of man had best keep out of finance. He is sure to be swamped. The street has no use for him.

"Such a man always makes me think of my boyhood friend, Grimes. Grimes was a falterer, a doubter, a Hamlet of the worst type.

"One night I dropped in on him, and found him bent in a brown study over a white vest.

" 'Hello, Grimes,' said I. 'What's the matter?'

" 'This vest,' said he. 'It's too dirty to wear, and not dirty enough to send to the wash. I don't know what to do about it.' "

390. Ideals.

Many build as cathedrals were built; the part nearest the ground finished, but that part which soars toward heaven, the turrets and spires, forever incomplete.—*Beecher.*

391. Where There's a Will There's a Way.

Stevenson knew a Welsh blacksmith who, at twenty-five, could neither read nor write, at which time he heard a chapter of "Robinson Crusoe" read aloud in a farm kitchen. Up to that moment he had sat content, huddled in his ignorance; but he left the kitchen another man. There were day-dreams, it appeared, divine day-dreams, written and printed and bound, and to be bought for money and enjoyed at pleasure. Down he sat that day, painfully learned to read Welsh, and returned to borrow the book. It had been lost, nor could he find another copy, only one in English. Down he sat once more, learned English and at length, with entire delight, read "Robinson Crusoe."—*The Atlantic.*

392. Four Things.

Four things a man must learn to do,
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly,
To love his fellow men sincerely,
To act from honest motives purely,
To trust in God and heaven securely.
—*Henry van Dyke.*

393. Trust and Try.

When I used to go to the little log schoolhouse, here is a verse of a "piece" that used to be spoken on Friday afternoons:

" 'Can not,' Edgar, did you say,
Chase that idle thought away.
Take your book from off the shelf,
God helps him who helps himself.
Trust and try. Trust and try."

393a. He Saw the Point.

The following is a story of a Philadelphia millionaire who has been dead some years.

A young man came to him one day and asked pecuniary aid to start in business.

"Do you drink?" asked the millionaire.

"Once in awhile."

"Stop it! Stop if for a year, and then come and see me."

The young man broke off the habit at once, and at the end of a year came to see the millionaire again.

"Do you smoke?" asked the successful man.

"Now and then."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me again."

The young man went home and broke away from the habit. It took

him some time, but finally he worried through the year, and presented himself again.

"Do you chew?" asked the philanthropist.

"Yes, I do," was the desperate reply.

"Stop it! Stop it for a year, then come and see me again."

The young man stopped chewing, but he never went back again. When asked by his anxious friends why he never called on the millionaire again, he replied that he knew exactly what the man was driving at. "He'd have told me that now I have stopped drinking and smoking and chewing, I must have saved enough to start myself in business. And I have."

394. Saved by Service.

Forbid for me an easy place,
O, God, in some sequestered nook
Apart to lie,
To doze and dream and weaker grow
Until I die.

Give me, O Lord, a task so hard
That all my powers shall taxed be
To do my best,
That I may stronger grow in toil,
For harder service fitted be,
Until I rest.

This my reward—development
From what I am to what Thou art.
For this I plead;
Wrought out, by being wrought upon
By deeds reflexive, done in love,
For those in need.—*Charles C. Earle.*

395. Great Things to Do.

It is said that Saint Simon, the great social reformer, who did so much for the laboring classes in France, gave his valet orders to awake him every morning with the words, "Remember, Monsieur Lecomte, that you have great things to do."

Remember, my young friend, that you have great things to do. Great things will certainly be done in the next fifty years; why should you not have the honor of doing some of them? To be great and do great things will require first, a high aim and then diligence, earnestness, hard work, definite and unremitting toil; but you can do what others have done and are doing and win the prize which is waiting for someone to come and take it.

396. Hearing God's Voice.

Two men were in the woods "Did you hear that?" said one. "I heard nothing." "There it is again, the most beautiful note in the woods, the song of the hermit thrush." The other could not hear it at all. Is our sense sharpened to hear God's voice? Are we efficient in this?—*Rev. R. P. Anderson.*

397. How Reuter Began.

An interesting story of how Reuter, the founder of the famous agency for foreign news, began his life work appears in Mr. Richard Whiteling's book, *My Harvest.* Reuter went to the "Daily News" in the offices of which Mr. Whiteling worked for a number of years, and to the other leading papers, with an offer of copious and trust-worthy telegrams from abroad.

The manager asked for terms.

"Nothing," said Reuter genially.

"Come, come, that will never do! What do you expect to get out of it?"

"The esteem of the British people, whom I admire."

"Humph! You may send 'em in."

They came, they were worth printing, and they duly appeared on those extraordinary terms in every important journal. At the end of the year they had become indispensable, and then the philanthropist called again.

"You like my little telegrams?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Well, I want to arrange about going on with them."

"Very much pleased, I am sure."

"My terms are a thousand a year."

"Whew! That's a very different story—."

"Ah!" said the other quietly. "We are talking business now."

He got his thousand all round.

398. Importance of Ideal.

Standing in the presence of Meissonier's "1807," gazing upon the huzzaing, charging horsemen, and the square-jawed, immovable Napoleon, entranced by the genius of the great artist, we remember that this painting, like all other works of art, has two lives; the one in the brain of the artist, the other on the canvas; and upon the perfection of the former depends the perfection of the latter. What is true in art is true in religion. Symmetrical and perfected Christian work is the child of symmetrical and perfected conception.—*Rev. L. A. Crandall.*

399. Character and Success.

The story is told of General Lee, that on one occasion he was in consultation with one of his officers in regard to the movements of his army. A plain farmer's boy overheard the remark that he had decided to march upon Gettysburg instead of Harrisburg. The boy telegraphed the information to Governor Curtin. The governor said, "I would give my right hand to know whether that is true or not." A corporal standing near said, "Governor, I know that boy; it is impossible for him to lie. There is not a drop of false blood in his veins." Soon the Union troops were on their way to Gettysburg, where the most decisive victory of the war was won by the Federal forces. Thus character gives power and worth to any life, however humble. Character gives protection, character gives honor, character gives blessedness, character gives success, as someone has said, and there is no other.

400. Cash Value of Joy!

Mr. Carnegie is quoted as saying, "There is little success where there is little laughter. The workman who rejoices in his work and laughs away his discontent, is the one sure to rise." It requires a full-fledged hypocrite to sing even in a minor key

> "The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
> Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
> There's nothing true, but Heaven."

The best proof of the sentiment is the heart of the singer, whose musical camouflage inspires our hope. Our heavenly inheritance is not enhanced by our lying about our earthly possessions. God surely takes no pleasure in hearing us berate ourselves either, even in private prayer. Take a stroll in the woods and hunt for the trailing arbutus or a golf stick and dig holes in the bunker, but smile and sing

> "O earth! all bathed in blood and tears, yet never
> Hast thou ceased putting forth thy fruit and flowers."

400a. The Magic of Self-Control.

Half the giant's strength is in the conviction that he is a giant. The strength of a muscle is enhanced a hundredfold by the will power. The same muscle, when removed from the giant's arm, when divorced from the force of the mighty will, can sustain but a fraction of the weight it did a moment before it was disconnected.

If you would succeed up to the limit of your possibilities, hold constantly to the belief that you are success-organized, and that you will be successful, no matter what opposes. Never allow a shadow of doubt to enter your mind that the Creator intended you to win in life's battle. Regard every suggestion that your life may be a failure, that you are not made like those who succeed, and that success is not for you, as a traitor, and expel it from your mind as you would a thief from your house.

We can't all be Presidents of the United States. Any man is successful who does well what comes to his hand,

and who works to improve himself so that he may do it better. The man with the ideal, struggling to carry it out, is the successful man. Of course, there are all grades of ideals, and the man with the highest, given the proportionate energy, is the most successful. The world makes way for that kind of young man. In the contemplation of a career, business or professional, avoid the tendency of modern times to make a short cut. Stick to the highway. To leave it is to wander into many a morass of danger and disgrace. The straight road has no pitfall.

401. For Lack of Purpose.

The world is full of purposeless lives—for the reason that they are pledged to nothing; they belong to the nobodies of history. They are of these:

> There is a number of us creep
> Into the world to eat and sleep,
> And know no reason why we're born
> But only to consume the corn,
> Devour the cattle, flesh, and fish,
> And leave behind an empty dish.

Such folks are in the church, in business, in the whole world. They are the parasites of the common body of life.

402. Help to Real Success.

There is any amount of talk now about "success," and most of it is about the kind of success which is measured by millions and position, a thing of tricks of traffic, merchant princes, pride, pomposity and politics. It is shoddy and buncombe. The advice of the phrenologist, the palmist and the clairvoyant is sought by young men; the divining rod, rabbit's foot, horseshoe, crab's claw, lucky coin, and all sorts of fakir charms are secretly possessed with the confidences of heathen superstition. The moon, stars, seasons and signs, old-wives' fables and dream-books are consulted with credulous faith, and it is all a sham.

A good old pastor can better tell a young man how to gain success in life. The teaching of a Christian mother with her prayer-taught heart is worth more than the gabble of these wise men who are doling out their receipts and charms for a paltry fee and are themselves miserable examples of failures. Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, learned by heart, will be worth more than a business "college" course. The spirit of the gospel in the heart, governing the life, hedging the path, nourishing the soul, teaching, inspiring and enriching the whole life, will work out a far more shining example of genuine success than any godless, worldly-wise, purse-proud millionaire ever attained. Manhood is a better measure of success than money.—*Men.*

403. Thoroughly Awake.

There is a story told of a certain tradesman who was in difficulties, and went to his rich brother for assistance. On his arrival he found him in bed, and had to wait some time for his appearance. "I am surprised at you staying in bed so long," said the poor relation; "I have been up three hours at least." "Yes," replied the more fortunate brother, "but you see when I do get up I am thoroughly awake." The hint was more forcible than thoughtful, yet it contains a lesson which is especially applicable to those who are trying to gain for themselves a livelihood and a fortune. He who has enough sleep has secured one of the safeguards against the encroachments of disease and mental prostration. His nerves are steadier, his intellect is clearer and keener, and the business and responsibility of life are attended to with a degree of comfort and efficiency that are not otherwise attainable.

404. Importance of Purpose.

Every society and every individual ought to have clear views of the end

to be attained by effort, for only so shall we be able to walk a curveless path between desire and fruition.

The lamented Prof. Olney, of Ann Arbor, used to tell the story of a Chinaman who stood by the wayside, hacking away at a log. His blows fell sometimes here, sometimes there, and he never struck twice in the same place. A traveller came along, and seeing the uncertain hacking, said: "Well, John, and what are you making?" "Oh! don't know," said John, "maybe god, maybe—maybe bedstead." I fear that some of us are living so uncertainly, so aimlessly, that we know not what is the real object of our toil; something divine and eternal, or our own selfish and ignoble ends.—*Rev. L. A. Crandall.*

405. Be Alert.

Briskness is a fine quality in a workman. Not that he is to be hung on wires and wear himself out with nervousness, but his mind and body are ever to be responsive. He must not be asleep or drowsy, either physically or mentally. He must be as quick to take a hint as to heed a command. He must be keen to grasp ideas, and his whole being must be alert.—*C. E. World.*

406. Be Prayerful.

God is ready to be our assistant in our work. He is ready to bring to it all the strength and wisdom necessary for the degree of success He thinks best for us. He will give them to us freely in answer to prayer. He loves to have us talk over our work with Him. He will advise us and console us and encourage us. The worker has no recourse that is more helpful than frequent and trusting prayer.—*C. E. World.*

407. Be Serene.

Modern work under competitive conditions is so taxing that serenity is a prime requisite for success. We must not allow ourselves to be worried whatever the provocation. Worry accomplishes nothing, and often prevents our accomplishing anything. Worry always weakens. Worry is anti-Christian. It means that we do not trust God. It means that we are out of harmony with God's will. Our serenity is one good evidence of our religion.—*C. E. World.*

408. Be Strenuous.

A worker should keep himself at working tension. A flabby body goes with a flabby mind. Mental spring and physicial spring give momentum to our endeavors. The way we hold ourselves erect in our chairs or lop over in them contributes much to our success or failure. Strenuousness means efficiency, if a well-trained intellect is added to the strenousness.—*C. E. World.*

409. Be Honest.

Work as hard when your employer is out of the room as when he is looking at you. If you make a mistake, own up; don't try to hide it. If you must lose time at your work, through sickness, perhaps, try to make it up to your employer; give full measure of time as you expect full measure of pay. Honesty is as much needed in matters of time and painstaking as in money matters. Be an honest seller of labor.—*C. E. World.*

V. LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

(Born February 12, 1809.)

410. President and Cabinet Joined in Prayer.

On the day the news of General Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House was received, so an intimate friend of President Lincoln relates, the Cabinet meeting was held an hour earlier than usual. Neither the President nor any member of the Cabinet was able, for a time, to give utterance to his feelings.

At the suggestion of Mr. Lincoln all dropped on their knees, and offered in silence and in tears, their humble and heartfelt acknowledgments to the Almighty for the triumph he had granted to the National cause.

411. Lincoln's Gratitude.

When Lincoln was a country lawyer almost in middle life, he received his first five-hundred-dollar fee. What should he do with such a "bonanza"? He decided to buy a quarter-section of land to make his dear good stepmother comfortable in her old age. She could live on it and her sons could till the soil, and it would hold the old woman's family together. When he told a lawyer friend what he meant to do with so much money, the man remonstrated and advised him to give the old lady a life-interest in the land in such a way that it would revert to him at her death. The struggling lawyer was indignant. "I shall do no such thing!" he said. "It is a poor return, at best, for all the good woman's devotion and fidelity to me, and there is not going to be any half-way business about it!"

412. Man He Was Looking For.

Judge Kelly, of Pennsylvania, who was one of the committee to advise Lincoln of his nomination, and who was himself a great many feet high, had been eyeing Lincoln's lofty form with a mixture of admiration and possibly jealousy.

This had not escaped Lincoln, and as he shook hands with the judge he inquired, "What is your height?"

"Six feet three. What is yours, Mr. Lincoln?"

"Six feet four."

"Then," said the judge, "Pennsylvania bows to Illinois. My dear man, for years my heart has been aching for a President that I could look up to, and I've at last found him."

413. Lincoln Welcomed Girls.

At a Saturday afternoon reception at the White House, many persons noticed three little girls, poorly dressed, the children of some mechanic or laboring man, who had followed the visitors into the White House to gratify their curiosity. They passed around from room to room, and were hastening through the reception-room, with some trepidation, when the President called to them:

"Little girls, are you going to pass me without shaking hands?"

Then he bent his tall, awkward form down, and shook each little girl warmly by the hand. Everybody in the apartment was spellbound by the incident, so simple in itself.

414. Ran Away Victorious.

Three or four days after the battle of Bull Run, some gentlemen who had been on the field called upon the President.

He inquired very minutely regarding all the circumstances of the affair, and, after listening with the utmost attention, said, with a touch of humor:

"So," said Lincoln, "it is your notion that we whipped the rebels and then ran away from them!"

415. With Colors Flying.

In August, 1864, the President called for five hundred thousand more men. The country was much depressed. The Confederates had, in comparatively small force, only a short time before, been to the very gates of Washington, and returned almost unharmed. The presidential election was impending. Many thought another call for men at such a time would injure, if not destroy Mr. Lincoln's chances for reëlection. A friend said as much to him one day, after the President had told him of his purpose to make such a call. "As to my reëlection," replied Mr. Lincoln, "it matters not. We must have the men. If I go down, I intend to go, like the Cumberland, with my colors flying!"

416. Pegging Away.

Being asked one time by an "anxious" visitor as to what he would do in certain contingencies—provided the rebellion was not subdued after three or four years of effort on the part of the Government: "Oh," replied the President, "there is no alternative but to keep 'pegging' away!"

417. Would Not Recall.

In conversation with some friends at the White House on New Year's evening, 1863, President Lincoln said, concerning his Emancipation Proclamation:

"The signature looks a little tremulous, for my hand was tired, but my resolution was firm.

"I told them in September, if they did not return to their allegiance, and cease murdering our soldiers, I would strike at this pillar of their strength.

"And now the promise shall be kept, and not one word of it will I ever recall."

418. Modesty of Genius.

The opening of the year 1860 found Mr. Lincoln's name freely mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination for the Presidency. To be classed with Seward, Chase, McLean, and other celebrities, was enough to stimulate any Illinois lawyer's pride; but in Mr. Lincoln's case, if it had any such effect, he was most artful in concealing it. Now and then, some ardent friend, an editor, for example, would run his name up to the masthead, but in all cases he discouraged the attempt.

"In regard to the matter you spoke of," he answered one man who proposed his name, "I beg you will not give it a further mention. Seriously, I do not think I am fit for the Presidency."

419. Helped Out the Soldiers.

Judge Thomas B. Bryan, of Chicago, a member of the Union Defense Committee during the War, related the following concerning the original copy of the Emancipation Proclamation:

"I asked Mr. Lincoln for the original draft of the Proclamation," said Judge Bryan, "for the benefit of our Sanitary Fair, in 1865. He sent it and accompanied it with a note in which he said:

"'I had intended to keep this paper but if it will help the soldiers, I give it to you.'

"The paper was put up at auction and brought $3,000. The buyer afterward sold it again to friends of Mr. Lincoln at a greatly advanced price, and it was placed in the rooms of the Chicago Historical Society, where it was burned in the great fire of 1871."

420. On Way to Gettysburg.

When Lincoln was on his way to the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, an old gentleman told him that his only son fell on Little Round Top at

Gettysburg, and he was going to look at the spot. Mr. Lincoln replied: "You have been called on to make a terrible sacrifice for the Union, and a visit to that spot, I fear, will open your wounds afresh.

"But, oh, my dear sir, if we had reached the end of such sacrifices, and had nothing left for us to do but to place garlands on the graves of those who have already fallen, we could give thanks even amidst our tears; but when I think of the sacrifices of life yet to be offered, and the hearts and homes yet to be made desolate before this dreadful war is over, my heart is like lead within me, and I feel at times like hiding in deep darkness."

At one of the stopping places of the train, a very beautiful child, having a bunch of rosebuds in her hand, was lifted up to an open window of the President's car. "Floweth for the President." The President stepped to the window, took the rosebuds, bent down and kissed the child, saying, "You are a sweet little rosebud yourself. I hope your life will open into perpetual beauty and goodness."

421. A Slow Horse.

On one occasion when Mr. Lincoln was going to attend a political convention one of his rivals, a liveryman, provided him with a slow horse, hoping that he would not reach his destination in time. Mr. Lincoln got there, however, and when he returned with the horse he said: "You keep this horse for funerals, don't you?" "Oh, no," replied the liveryman. "Well, I'm glad of that, for if you did you'd never get a corpse to the grave in time for the resurrection."

422. God's Best Gift to Man.

One of Mr. Lincoln's notable religious utterances was his reply to a deputation of colored people at Baltimore who presented him a Bible. He said: "In regard to the great Book, I have only to say it is the best gift which God has ever given man. All the good from the Saviour of the world is communicated to us through this Book. But for this Book we could not know right from wrong. All those things desirable to man are contained in it."

423. Lad Needed Sleep.

A personal friend of President Lincoln is authority for this:

"I called on him one day in the early part of the War. He had just written a pardon for a young man who had been sentenced to be shot for sleeping at his post. He remarked as he read it to me: "'I could not think of going into eternity with the blood of the poor young man on my skirts.' Then he added:

"'It is not to be wondered at that a boy, raised on a farm, probably in the habit of going to bed at dark, should, when required to watch, fall asleep; and I cannot consent to shoot him for such an act.'"

424. Lincoln's Death.

April 14th, 1865, at the request of some friends, President Lincoln occupied a box in Ford's Theatre. During the play a man named Booth pushed open the door, entered the box, drew a revolver and fired a shot into Mr. Lincoln's head. Drawing a knife, Booth leaped from the box to the stage. A flag draped over the front of the box was caught by the spur Booth wore, and he was thrown, falling heavily in such a way that he badly injured his limb. Rising, he cried out: "Sic semper tyrannis!" As he passed off the stage from the side opposite the box he said: "I have done it." Mounting the horse held in readiness for him he hastily fled from the scene of his cowardly murder. The death of Booth and the

trial of his accessories are well-known history.

425. Could Not Endure Profanity.

Lincoln could not endure profanity. Once, when a visitor used profane language in his presence in the White House, the President rose and said: "I thought Senator C. had sent me a gentleman. I was mistaken. There is the door, and I wish you good-night."

426. Keynote to Lincoln's Greatness.

The keynote of Lincoln's greatness according to Dr. O. S. Marden, quoted by one Congressman, is given in his own words: "I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have."

427. Why Lincoln was Great.

Abraham Lincoln was great because he was steadfast, patient, far-sighted, honest, true. Combine these qualities into one all comprehending word. He was great because he was good. Tennyson was right in his judgment:

> " * * * it seems to me
> 'Tis only noble to be good."

His patriotism was the most tremendous single characteristic of his public life. The thought that filled his soul was the preservation of the union. Daniel Webster's great cry in the United States Senate had become the legend to which Mr. Lincoln's life responded. "The union now and forever, one and inseparable."

By all these qualities and characteristics he showed himself to be the handiwork of God. Out of the hills of Kentucky God quarried him, and hewed him into form for a pillar in his own temple, and at its base kneel now and will forever the representatives of the race to which he brought the possibilities of manhood.—*Rev. R. S. Holmes.*

428. Lincoln and Temperance.

"The liquor traffic is a cancer in society, eating out its vitals and threatening destruction, and all attempts to regulate it will not only prove abortive but will aggravate the evil. No, there must be no more attempts to regulate the cancer; it must be eradicated. Not a root must be left behind, for until this is done, all classes must continue in danger of becoming victims of strong drink."

429. Lincoln a Man of Mercy.

Lincoln's heart was as tender as ever beat in a human breast. He shrank from the confirmation of a sentence of death, as if it was a murder by his own hand. "They say that I will destroy all discipline and am cruel to the army, when I will not let them shoot a soldier now and then," he said. "But I cannot see it. If God wanted me to see it, He would let me know it; and until He does, I shall go on pardoning and being cruel to the end." An old friend called by appointment, and found him with a pile of records of courtsmartial before him for approval. "Go away, Swett!" he exclaimed with intense impatience. "To-morrow is butchering day, and I will not be interrupted until I have found excuses for saving the lives of these poor fellows!"

Rev. Phillips Brooks, in closing his memorable address on Lincoln, said, "May God make us worthy of the memory of Abraham Lincoln!"

430. "A Pair of Shirt Sleeves."

Such careers as Lincoln's are the glory of the American continent. If Rome told with pride that her dictators came from the plowtail, America may record the answer of the

President who, when asked what would be his coat-of-arms, proudly replies, "A pair of shirt sleeves." The answer indicated a noble sense of the dignity of labor, rebuked the vanities of feudalism and expressed the conviction that men should be honored as man and not according to the accident of birth.

431. Washed Out in Blood.

This was the reply made by Lincoln to an application for the pardon of a soldier who had shown himself brave in war, had been severely wounded, but afterward deserted:

"Did you say he was once badly wounded?"

"Then, as the Scriptures say that in the shedding of blood is the remission of sins, I guess we'll have to let him off this time."

432. The Matter with the World To-day.

Not long before Mr. Lincoln became prominent in the nation, he was one day walking along the sidewalk in Springfield, leading two of his sons, one by each hand, and both were crying loudly. A gentleman who met them asked Mr. Lincoln what was the matter with the boys. He promptly replied: "Just what's the matter with the whole world. I have three nuts, and each boy wants two!"

433. Lincoln on Women.

I am not accustomed to the use of language of eulogy; I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women; but I must say, that if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during this war. I will close by saying, God bless the women of America. — Lincoln: Remarks on Closing Sanitary Fair in Washington, March 18, 1864.

434. His Temperance Record.

During the Washingtonian movement Mr. Lincoln took an active interest in the temperance reform and made addresses in its behalf. One speech made in the Second Presbyterial Church of Springfield, February 22, 1842, on the anniversary of the Washingtonian Society, has become memorable. It is an earnest and eloquent plea for moral suasion and shows much of the spirit of the man who taught "malice toward none and charity for all."

He plead for the continuance of the work of reforming drunkards and also for the efforts of those who were not immediate sufferers. He urged the duty of people who did not drink to take the pledge and give every moral support to the habitual drunkards who would try to reform and said: "Let us make it as unfashionable to withhold our names from the temperance pledge as for husbands to wear their wives' bonnets to church." To those who would say, "We are no drunkards and we shall not acknowledge ourselves such by joining a drunkards' society," he replied, "Surely no Christian will adhere to this objection." He then followed this with an eloquent plea from the example of Jesus who came in the form of sinful man to die an ignominious death, that in like manner if needs be, men should suffer to help their weak and erring fellow-creatures.

435. Lincoln a Church Attendant.

In the First Presbyterian Church of Springfield, Ill., is preserved the pew which Lincoln occupied while he lived in that city. In the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C., there remains, among the new oaken seats, the old pew of dark wood which Lincoln used during his Presidency. He attended public worship with great regularity.

436. The Religion of Lincoln.

All the chief biographers of Lincoln declare him to have been profoundly religious. In 1842 he wrote to his friend Speed, referring to his own troubled heart. "Whatever He designs He will do for me yet. Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord, is my text just now." Shortly after he decided to settle permanently in Springfield, his father fell dangerously ill, Lincoln, in writing to his half brother, said: "I sincerely hope father may recover his health, but, at all events, tell him to remember to call upon and confide in our great and good and merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in his extremity. He notes the fall of a sparrow and numbers the hairs of our heads, and He will not forget the dying man who puts trust in Him."—*Rev. Calvin Dill Wilson, D.D.*

437. Lincoln's One Rule.

Lincoln's one rule of life was the Christian rule of doing right. He was great because he was natural and sincere. He was controlled by realities. In his boyhood days he became acquainted with the Bible and the old rule of justice. In his dealings with men in commercial, social and professional life he adhered strictly to that rule. When a boy he borrowed a book from a neighbor. Rain beat into the opening of the log-house where he lived and the book was injured. Promptly he reported to the owner, and he was permitted to work for him until the book was paid for. In his first visit to New Orleans he saw the shame and injustice of slavery. Then it was he said, "If I ever get a chance to strike at the institution of slavery, I will strike it hard!"

438. Billy Sunday's Lincoln Illustration.

During the Civil War conditions became such that Abraham Lincoln issued an order that none of the soldiers would be granted a furlough. A while after that order, one soldier got word that his wife was dying. His superiors couldn't grant him the furlough, but they did let him go and try to see the President. But when he reached the President's office a guard outside stopped him and told him it was impossible to see the great man. The soldier went away discouraged, his eyes filled with tears.

Outside a little boy saw him. The boy was Tad Lincoln. The little boy said, "What's the matter, Mister Soldier?" The youngster had to ask several times before the soldier heard and answered him. And when the man told the child why he mourned, the little fellow said: "Come with me: I'll take you to see him—he's my papa." The boy got the soldier past the guard at the door and Lincoln signed the order allowing him to go to the bedside of his dying wife.

That story is perfect. Here is sin, the guard at the door, and you can't get by. Sin is the barrier. Twenty-nine years ago, in a Chicago mission Jesus Christ came to me. I could not get past the door, but He took me in.—*W. A. Sunday.*

439. Lincoln's Sermon.

Mr. Lincoln often preached what he called "a sermon to his boys." It was "Don't drink, don't gamble, don't smoke, don't lie, don't cheat. Love your fellowmen, love God, love truth, love virtue, and be happy."

He taught temperance by example and by precept, and on several occasions suggested to young men "not to put their enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains." While visiting General Grant's army on the Potomac, an officer asked Mr. Lincoln to drink a glass of champagne, saying: "Mr. President, that is a certain cure for seasickness." Mr. Lincoln replied that he "had seen

many fellows seasick ashore from drinking that vile stuff."

440. Good to Take.

Speaking of Lincoln's attitude toward temperance, he is known to have lectured on the subject and to have prepared a pledge which he circulated among boys. When he decorated a boy, Cleophas Breckenridge, with a temperance badge, as he was signing the pledge, he said to him, "Sonny, that is the best thing you will ever take."

441. Lincoln's Superb Faith.

As illustrative of Mr. Lincoln's superb faith, I will give an instance that I have never seen in print. In the largest room in the White House, on the second floor, were gathered a number of officers of the army, then of prominence by reason of the commands they held in the field; many civilians who held no office, but who had come from the North to see Washington and pay their respects to Mr. Lincoln, and perhaps get contracts essential to running the Government; and a few members of Congress.

At first it appeared more like a large reception, where, after shaking hands, people stayed to chat with one another. Not far from Mr. Lincoln, a prominent Senator, whom we may call Senator D——, in a strong, deep voice remarked: "I believe that, if we could only do right as a people, the Lord would help us and we should have a decided success in this terrible struggle." Mr. Lincoln, hearing the remark of the Senator, with his clear, shrill enunciation, cried out: "My faith is greater than yours."

Everybody turned and looked at the President, who was head and shoulders above all there assembled. The Senator who had spoken then said, "How so, Mr. Lincoln?"

"I am confident," said he, "that God will make us do sufficiently right to give us the victory."—*General O. O. Howard.*

441a. Lincoln's Religious Experience.

Hezekiah Butterworth, in writing of Abraham Lincoln as a Christian, said:

"One day Mr. Lincoln met an army nurse, a woman of true Christian character. 'I have a question to ask you,' he said, in effect. 'What is a religious experience?'

"It was the most important question that one can ask in the world.

"The woman answered, 'It is to feel one's need of divine help and to cast oneself on God in perfect trust and know his presence,' or words to that effect.

" 'Then I have it,' he answered. 'I have it, and I intend to make a public profession of it.'

"About the same time, or later, he said to Harriet Beecher Stowe: 'When I entered the White House I was not a Christian. Now I am a Christian.'

"In this second period of divine trust he made a vow to God to free the slaves by a proclamation.

"At a Cabinet meeting he said: 'The time has come to issue a Proclamation of Emancipation. The people are ready for it, and I promised God on my knees I would do it.' "

442. Sorry for the Horses.

When President Lincoln heard of the Confederate raid at Fairfax, in which a brigadier-general and a number of valuable horses were captured, he gravely observed:

"Well, I am sorry for the horses."

"Sorry for the horses, Mr. President!" exclaimed the Secretary of War, raising his spectacles and throwing himself back in his chair in astonishment.

"Yes," replied Mr. Lincoln, "I can make a brigadier-general in five minutes, but it is not easy to replace a hundred and ten horses."

443. Made Speeches When a Boy.

When Lincoln was but a barefoot boy he would often make political speeches to the boys in the neighborhood, and when he had reached young manhood and was engaged in the labor of chopping wood or splitting rails he continued this practice of speech-making with only the stumps and surrounding trees for hearers.

At the age of seventeen he had attained his full height of six feet four inches and it was at this time he engaged as a ferry boatman on the Ohio River at thirty-seven cents a day.

That he was seriously beginning to think of public affairs even at this early age is shown by the fact that about this time he wrote a composition on the American Government, urging the necessity for preserving the Constitution and perpetuating the Union. A Rockport lawyer, by the name of Pickert, who read this composition, declared that "the world couldn't beat it."

444. A Youthful Poet.

Some records of Lincoln's schoolboy days are still left us. One is a book made and bound by Lincoln himself, in which he had written the table of weights and measures, and the sums to be worked out therefrom. This was his arithmetic, for he was too poor to own a printed copy.

On one of the pages of this quaint book he had written these four lines of schoolboy doggerel:

"Abraham Lincoln,
His Hand and Pen,
He Will be Good,
But God knows when."

445. Believed He was a Christian.

Mr. Lincoln was much impressed with the devotion and earnestness of purpose manifested by a certain lady of the "Christian Commission" during the War, and on one occasion, after she had discharged the object of her visit, said to her:

"Madam, I have formed a high opinion of your Christian character, and now, as we are alone, I have a mind to ask you to give me in brief your idea of what constitutes a true religious experience."

The lady replied at some length, stating that, in her judgment, it consisted of a conviction of one's own sinfulness and weakness, and a personal need of the Saviour for strength and support; that views of mere doctrine might and would differ, but when one was really brought to feel his need of divine help, and to seek the aid of the Holy Spirit for strength and guidance, it was satisfactory evidence of his having been born again. This was the substance of her reply.

When she had concluded Mr. Lincoln was very thoughtful for a few moments. He at length said, very earnestly: "If what you have told me is really a correct view of this great subject I think I can say with sincerity that I hope I am a Christian. I had lived," he continued, "until my boy Willie died without fully realizing these things. That blow overwhelmed me. It showed me my weakness as I had never felt it before, and if I can take what you have stated as a test I think I can safely say that I know something of that change of which you speak; and I will further add that it has been my intention for some time, at a suitable opportunity, to make a public religious profession."

446. Honesty as a Lawyer.

Lincoln was once associate counsel for a defendant in a murder case. He listened to the testimony given by witness after witness against his client,

until his honest heart could stand it no longer; then, turning to his associate, he said: "The man is guilty; you defend him—I can't," and when his associate secured a verdict of acquittal, Lincoln refused to share the fee to the extent of one cent.

Lincoln would never advise clients to enter into unwise or unjust lawsuits, always preferring to refuse a retainer rather than be a party to a case which did not commend itself to his sense of justice.

447. His Practical Wisdom.

A simple remark one of the party might make would remind Mr. Lincoln of an apropos story.

Secretary of the Treasury Chase happened to remark: "Oh, I am so sorry that I did not write a letter to Mr. So-and-so before I left home!"

President Lincoln promptly responded:

"Chase, never regret what you don't write; it is what you do write that you are often called upon to feel sorry for."

448. Lincoln's Last Written Words.

As the President and Mrs. Lincoln were leaving the White House, a few minutes before eight o'clock, on the evening of April 14th, 1865, Lincoln wrote this note:

"Allow Mr. Ashmun and friend to come to see me at nine o'clock a. m., to-morrow, April 15, 1865."

449. A Greenback Legend.

At a Cabinet meeting once the advisability of putting a legend on greenbacks similar to the In God We Trust legend on the silver coins was discussed, and the President was asked what his view was. He replied: "If you are going to put a legend on the greenback, I would suggest that of Peter and Paul: 'Silver and gold we have not, but what we have we'll give you.'"

450. Religious Humility.

Mr. Lincoln once remarked to Mr. Noah Brooks, one of his most intimate personal friends: "I should be the most presumptuous blockhead upon this footstool if I for one day thought that I could discharge the duties which have come upon me, since I came to this place, without the aid and enlightenment of One who is stronger and wiser than all others."

He said on another occasion: "I am very sure that if I do not go away from here a wiser man, I shall go away a better man, from having learned here what a very poor sort of a man I am."

451. Boy Cared For.

President Lincoln one day noticed a small, pale, delicate-looking boy, about thirteen years old, among the number in the White House antechamber.

The President saw him standing there, looking so feeble and faint, and said: "Come here, my boy, and tell me what you want."

The boy advanced, placed his hand on the arm of the President's chair, and, with a bowed head and timid accents, said: "Mr. President, I have been a drummer boy in a regiment for two years, and my colonel got angry with me and turned me off. I was taken sick and have been a long time in the hospital."

The President discovered that the boy had no home, no father—he had died in the army—no mother.

"I have no father, no mother, no brothers, no sisters, and," bursting into tears, "no friends—nobody cares for me."

Lincoln's eyes filled with tears, and the boy's heart was soon made glad by a request to certain officials "to care for this poor boy."

452. Proclamation in His Pocket.

Professor Jonathan Baldwin Turner was one of the few men to whom Mr. Lincoln confided his intention to issue the Proclamation of Emancipation.

Mr. Lincoln told his Illinois friend of the visit of a delegation to him who claimed to have a message from God that the War would not be successful without the freeing of the negroes, to whom Mr. Lincoln replied: "Is it not a little strange that he should tell this to you, who have so little to do with it, and should not have told me, who has a great deal to do with it?"

At the same time he informed Professor Turner he had his Proclamation in his pocket.

453. Last Acts of Mercy.

During the afternoon preceding his assassination the President signed a pardon for a soldier sentenced to be shot for desertion, remarking as he did so, "Well, I think the boy can do us more good above ground than under ground."

He also approved an application for the discharge, on taking the oath of allegiance, of a rebel prisoner, in whose petition he wrote, "Let it be done."

This act of mercy was his last official order.

454. Simple, Practical Humanity.

An instance of young Lincoln's practical humanity at an early period of his life is recorded in this way:

One evening, while returning from a "raising" in his wild neighborhood, with a number of companions, he discovered a stray horse, with saddle and bridle upon him. The horse was recognized as belonging to a man who was accustomed to get drunk, and it was suspected at once that he was not far off. A short search only was necessary to confirm the belief.

The poor drunkard was found in a perfectly helpless condition, upon the chilly ground. Abraham's companions urged the cowardly policy of leaving him to his fate, but young Lincoln would not hear to the proposition.

At his request, the miserable sot was lifted on his shoulders, and he actually carried him eighty rods to the nearest house.

Sending word to his father that he should not be back that night, with the reason for his absence, he attended and nursed the man until the morning, and had the pleasure of believing that he had saved his life.

455. Sentinel Obeyed Orders.

A slight variation of the traditional sentry story is related by C. C. Buel. It was a cold, blusterous winter night. Says Mr. Buel:

"Mr. Lincoln emerged from the front door, his lank figure bent over as he drew tightly about his shoulders the shawl which he employed for such protection; for he was on his way to the War Department, at the west corner of the grounds, where in times of battle he was wont to get the midnight dispatches from the field. As the blast struck him he thought of the numbness of the pacing sentry, and, turning to him, said: 'Young man, you've got a cold job to-night; step inside, and stand guard there.'

"'My orders keep me out here,' the soldier replied.

"'Yes,' said the President, in his argumentative tone; 'but your duty can be performed just as well inside as out here, and you'll oblige me by going in.'

"'I have been stationed outside,' the soldier answered, and resumed his beat.

"'Hold on there!' said Mr. Lincoln, as he turned back again; 'it occurs to me that I am Commander-

in-Chief of the army, and I order you to go inside!"

456. When "Abe" Came In.

When "Abe" was fourteen years of age, John Hanks journeyed from Kentucky to Indiana and lived with the Lincolns. He described "Abe's" habits thus: "When Lincoln and I returned to the house from work, he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn-bread, take down a book, sit down on a chair, cock his legs up as high as his head, and read. He and I worked barefooted, grubbed it, plowed, mowed, cradled together; plowed corn, gathered it, and shucked corn. 'Abe' read constantly when he had an opportunity."

457. Grant Held On.

(*Dispatch to General Grant, August 17th,* 1864.)

"I have seen your dispatch expressing your unwillingness to break your hold where you are. Neither am I willing. Hold on with a bulldog grip."

458. Days of Gladness Past.

After the war was well on, a patriot woman of the West urged President Lincoln to make hospitals at the North where the sick from the Army of the Mississippi could revive in a more bracing air. Among other reasons, she said, feelingly: "If you grant my petition, you will be glad as long as you live."

With a look of sadness impossible to describe, the President said:

"I shall never be glad any more."

459. Avoided Appearance of Evil.

Frank W. Tracy, President of the First National Bank of Springfield, tells a story illustrative of two traits in Mr. Lincoln's character. Shortly after the National banking law went into effect the First National of Springfield was chartered, and Mr. Tracy wrote to Mr. Lincoln, with whom he was well acquainted in a business way, and tendered him an opportunity to subscribe for some of the stock.

In reply to the kindly offer Mr. Lincoln wrote, thanking Mr. Tracy, but at the same time declining to subscribe. He said he recognized that stock in a good National bank would be a good thing to hold, but he did not feel that he ought, as President, profit from a law which had been passed under his administration.

"He seemed to wish to avoid even the appearance of evil," said Mr. Tracy in telling of the incident. "And so the act proved both his unvarying probity and his unfailing policy."

460. Could Be Arbitrary.

Lincoln could be arbitrary when occasion required. This is the letter he wrote to one of the department heads:

"You must make a job of it, and provide a place for the bearer of this, Elias Wampole. Make a job of it with the collector and have it done. You can d oit for me and you must."

There was no delay in taking action in this matter. Mr. Wampole, or "Eli," as he was thereafter known, "got there."

461. How He Got Blackstone.

The following story was told by Mr. Lincoln to Mr. A. J. Conant, the artist, who painted his portrait in Springfield in 1860:

"One day a man who was migrating to the West drove up in front of my store with a wagon which contained his family and household plunder. He asked me if I would buy an old barrel for which he had no room in his wagon, and which he said contained nothing of special value. I did not want it, but to oblige him I bought it and paid him, I think, half a dollar for it. Without further

examination, I put it away in the store and forgot all about it. Some time after, in overhauling things, I came upon the barrel, and, emptying it upon the floor to see what it contained, I found at the bottom of the rubbish a complete edition of Blackstone's Commentaries. I began to read those famous works, and I had plenty of time; for during the long summer days when the farmers were busy with their crops, my customers were few and far between. The more I read"—this he said with unusual emphasis—"the more intensely interested I became. Never in my whole life was my mind so thoroughly absorbed. I read until I devoured them."

462. How Stanton Got into Lincoln's Cabinet.

President Lincoln, well aware of Stanton's unfriendliness, was surprised when Secretary of the Treasury Chase told him that Stanton had expressed the opinion that the arrest of the Confederate Commissioners, Mason and Slidell, was legal and justified by international law. The President asked Secretary Chase to invite Stanton to the White House, and Stanton came. Mr. Lincoln thanked him for the opinion he had expressed, and asked him to put it in writing.

Stanton complied, the President read it carefully, and, after putting it away, astounded Stanton by offering him the portfolio of War. Stanton was a Democrat, had been one of the President's most persistent vilifiers, and could not realize, at first, that Lincoln meant what he said. He managed, however, to say:

"I am both surprised and embarrassed, Mr. President, and would ask a couple of days to consider this most important matter."

Lincoln fully understood what was going on in Stanton's mind, and then said:

"This is a very critical period in the life of the nation, Mr. Stanton, as you are well aware, and I well know you are as much interested in sustaining the government as myself or any other man. This is no time to consider mere party issues. The life of the nation is in danger. I need the best counsellors around me. I have every confidence in your judgment, and have concluded to ask you to become one of my counsellors. The office of the Secretary of War will soon be vacant, and I am anxious to have you take Mr. Cameron's place."

Stanton decided to accept.

463. Lincoln Wasn't Buying Nominations.

To a party who wished to be empowered to negotiate reward for promises of influence in the Chicago Convention, 1860, Mr. Lincoln replied:

"No, gentlemen; I have not asked the nomination, and I will not now buy it with pledges.

"If I am nominated and elected, I shall not go into the Presidency as the tool of this man or that man, or as the property of any factor or clique."

464. Talked to Negroes at Richmond.

The President walked through the streets of Richmond—without a guard except a few seamen—in company with his son "Tad," and Admiral Porter, on April 4, 1865, the day following the evacuation of the city. Colored people gathered about him on every side, eager to see and thank their liberator. Mr. Lincoln addressed the following remarks to one of these gatherings: "My poor friends, you are free—free as air. You can cast off the name of slave and trample upon it; it will come to you no more. Liberty is your birthright. God gave it to you as he gave it to others, and it is a sin that you have been de-

prived of it for so many years. But you must try to deserve this priceless boon. Let the world see that you merit it, and are able to maintain it by your good work. Don't let your joy carry you into excesses; learn the laws, and obey them. Obey God's commandments, and thank him for giving you liberty for to him you owe all things. There, now, let me pass on; I have but little time to spare. I want to see the Capitol, and must return at once to Washington to secure to you that liberty which you seem to prize so highly."

465. A Lincoln Pun.

"You can't do anything with them Southern fellows," the old man at the table was saying.

"If they get whipped, they'll retreat to them Southern swamps and bayous along with the fishes and crocodiles. You haven't got the fish-nets made that'll catch 'em."

"Look here, old gentleman," remarked President Lincoln, who was sitting alongside, "we've got just the nets for traitors, in the bayous or anywhere."

"Hey! What nets?"

"Bayou-nets!" and "Uncle Abraham pointed his joke with his fork, spearing a fishball savagely.

466. Lincoln Saved a Life.

One day during the Black Hawk War a poor old Indian came into the camp with a paper of safe conduct from General Lewis Cass in his possession. The members of Lincoln's company were greatly exasperated by late Indian barbarities, among them the horrible murder of a number of women and children, and were about to kill him; they said the safe-conduct paper was a forgery, and approached the old savage with muskets cocked to shoot him.

Lincoln rushed forward, struck up the weapons with his hands, and standing in front of the victim, declared to the Indian that he should not be killed. It was with great difficulty that the men could be kept from their purpose, but the courage and firmness of Lincoln thwarted them.

Lincoln was physically one of the bravest of men, as his company discovered.

467. "He's the Best of Us."

Secretary of State Seward did not appreciate President Lincoln's ability until he had been associated with him for quite a time, but he was awakened to a full realization of the greatness of the Chief Executive "all of a sudden."

Having submitted "Some Thoughts for the President's Consideration"—a lengthy paper intended as an outline of the policy, both domestic and foreign, the Administration should pursue—he was not more surprised at the magnanimity and kindness of President Lincoln's reply than the thorough mastery of the subject displayed by the President.

A few months later, when the Secretary had begun to understand Mr. Lincoln, he was quick and generous to acknowledge his power.

"Executive force and vigor are rare qualities," he wrote to Mrs. Seward. "The President is the best of us."

468. First Visit to New York.

Later in the year Mr. Lincoln also spoke in Kansas, where he was received with great enthusiasm, and in February of the following year he made his great speech in Cooper Union, New York, to an immense gathering, presided over by William Cullen Bryant, the poet, who was then editor of the *New York Evening Post*. There was great curiosity to see the Western rail-splitter who had so lately met the famous "Little Giant" of the West in debate, and Mr. Lincoln's

speech was listened to by many of the ablest men in the East.

This speech won for him many supporters in the Presidential campaign that followed, for his hearers at once recognized his wonderful ability to deal with the questions then uppermost in the public mind.

469. No False Pride in Lincoln.

General McClellan had little or no conception of the greatness of Abraham Lincoln. As time went on, he began to show plainly his contempt of the President, frequently allowing him to wait in the ante-room of his house while he transacted business with others. This discourtesy was so open that McClellan's staff noticed it, and newspaper correspondents commented on it. The President was too keen not to see the situation, but he was strong enough to ignore it. It was a battle he wanted from McClellan, not deference.

"I will hold McClellan's horse, if he will only bring us success," he said one day.

470. Henry Ward Beecher's Eulogy.

No final words of that great life can be more fitly spoken than the eulogy pronounced by Henry Ward Beecher:

"And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and states are his pall-bearers and the cannon speaks the hours in solemn progression. Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh.

"Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is any man that was ever fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life is now grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be.

"Pass on, thou that hast overcome. Ye people, behold the martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty."

471. Got the Worst of It.

When Lincoln was a young lawyer in Illinois, he and a certain judge once got to bantering one another about trading horses; and it was agreed that the next morning at nine o'clock they should make a trade, the horse to be unseen up to that hour, and no backing out, under a forfeiture of $25. At the hour appointed, the judge came up, leading the sorriest-looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden saw-horse upon his shoulders.

Great were the shouts and laughter of the crowd, and both were greatly increased when Lincoln, on surveying the judge's animal, set down his saw-horse, and exclaimed:

"Well, Judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

472. His "Glass Hack."

President Lincoln had not been in the White House very long before Mrs. Lincoln became seized with the idea that a fine new barouche was about the proper thing for "the first lady in the land." The President did not care particularly about it one way or the other, and told his wife to order whatever she wanted. Lincoln forgot all about the new vehicle, and was overcome with astonishment one afternoon when, having acceded to Mrs. Lincoln's desire to go driving, he found a beautiful barouche standing in front of the door of the White House. His wife watched him with an amused smile, but the only remark he made was, "Well, Mary, that's about the slickest 'glass hack' in town, isn't it?"

473. Likely to Do.

An officer, having had some trouble with General Sherman, being very angry, presented himself before Mr. Lincoln, who was visiting the camp, and said, "Mr. President, I have a cause of grievance. This morning I went to General Sherman and he threatened to shoot me." "Threatened to shoot you?" asked Mr. Lincoln. "Well (in a stage whisper), if I were you I would keep away from him; if he threatens to shoot, I would not trust him, for I believe he would do it."

474. Lincoln and Truth.

Lincoln would have agreed most positively with Carlyle's dictum, "Can there be a more horrible object in existence than an eloquent man not speaking the truth?"

Those words of the great English essayist were spoken by Alonzo Rothschild of Abraham Lincoln, who once said to his partner in a criminal trial: "If you can say anything for the man, do it; I can't. If I attempt it, the jury will see that I think he is guilty, and convict him, of course."

Because of actions like this one of Lincoln's biographers says of him:

"It was morally impossible for Lincoln to argue dishonestly. He could no more do it than he could steal. It was the same thing in essence to despoil a man of his property by larceny as by illogical and flagitious reasoning."

To Lincoln a constructive lie was just as black as a pointblank lie. And why not?—*Rev. John T. Faris, D.D.*

475. Lincoln.

A log cabin, rude and rough—
This was the house and home enough
For one small boy; there in the chimney place
With glowing face
The eager young eyes learned to trace
Staunch old tales of staunch old men;
In the firelight there and then
The soul of Lincoln grew—
And no one knew!
Only the great and bitter strife
Of later days brought into life
Great deeds that blossomed in the gloom
Of that dim shadowy firelit room.

—*Annette Wynne.*

476. The Lincoln Pew.

In the New York Avenue, Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C., stands the old pew in which President Lincoln was to be found nearly every Sabbath throughout the Civil War.

In the many changes of the famous old edifice this pew has never been disturbed. All the other pews are new, modern and of light wood, making the dark, discolored Lincoln pew all the more conspicuous. The church long ago had a silver tablet, suitably engraved, placed on the pew-end, marking it as that of the martyred President. The pew is set aside now for the pastor's use.

A few years ago a few interesting verses were neatly framed and attached to the pew, in which Rev. Lyman Whitney Allen, a minister in England, pays a glowing and beautiful tribute to Lincoln and reflects the impression the pew makes upon strangers.

Dr. Wallace Radcliffe, the pastor of the New York Avenue Chuch, on one of his summer tours found the verses in Dinard, France.—*Alfred C. Marks.*

477. Stories Better Than Doctors.

A gentleman, visiting a hospital at Washington, heard an occupant of one of the beds laughing and talking about the President, who had been there a short time before and gladdened the wounded with some of his stories. The soldier seemed in such good spirits that the gentleman inquired:

"You must be very slightly wounded?"

"Yes," replied the brave fellow, "very slightly—I have only lost one leg, but I'd be glad enough to lose the other, if I could hear some more of 'Old Abe's' stories."

VI. EDUCATION DAY

(Day of Prayer for Schools and Colleges. Third Thursday in February.)

478. Where Education Should Focus.

The moral element is the main thing in education. Of what real use can that culture be which is as cold as an iceberg and as mathematical as the multiplication table? Moral education is not an aspect of education, but the integrating center of the whole.—*Biblical Recorder.*

479. The Day Before.

General Foch is reported to have frequently said: "The battle is won the day before." By this he meant that the condition of the soldiers the day before frequently decides how they will fight on the day of battle. The Government, the Y. M. C. A. and other organizations did fine work in making and keeping our soldiers fit "the day before," and it is for this reason largely that our men proved such splendid soldiers. This "day before" preparation is just what is needed here at home. In the home, the church, the sabbath school, the day school, the college, wherever the young are trained, there is opportunity to do fine work in fitting them for the battles of life. It will depend largely upon the physical, mental and spiritual training which they receive whether they shall be victorious or go down to defeat.

480. Value of Schools.

No part of our national defenses are more important than our schools. No agency to-day is more efficient in transforming the untoward conditions brought about by the incoming tide of immigration than our public school. Our greatest security for the future requires a larger degree of attention to the moral and spiritual development of our youth. The best influences should be cast about them, especially during the period when they are in the preparatory school and the college. In these institutions are being trained our future leaders. They must meet the perils of the coming years; and the best part of their equipment will be love of truth and sincerity, and fidelity to conscience. Let us honor and strengthen our educational institutions because of the noble work they have done and are doing.—*The Christian Advocate.*

481. Education of Women.

When a chief of the Cherokees was asked why the Cherokees are so much in advance of the other tribes, he replied: "Because we have taken care to educate our women as well as the men."—*Home Missionary Monthly.*

482. Education Makes Ready.

The other day a distinguished and venerable painter, in answer to the question whether he waited for the happy mood, said: "Never. I always keep at work, and when the impulse comes, it finds me ready and obedient." Ready and obedient! How many times it happens that a young man starting out in some profession feels that for the present he will give himself freedom from hard work, but that when the critical moment comes and his hand is on the door of opportunity, then he will make himself ready! A man's hand is never on the door of opportunity unless it is a hand already made strong to push back that door, and enter in and take possession. Opportunity is never used save by the man who is ready and obedient. True education is a process

that makes one ready and always in the attitude of obedience.

483. Prepare the Soil.

When a little lad was told by his mother that it was God who made the beautiful flowers grow in their neighbor's yard, he asked: "Why doesn't He make some grow in ours?" "We haven't prepared the soil, Sonny," was the reply. "As it is evidently God's way to work through these intellects of ours," says Frances Ridley Havergal, "we have no more right to expect him to use a mind which we are wilfully neglecting and taking no pains whatever to fit for his use than I should have to expect you to write a beautiful inscription with my pen, if I would not take the trouble to wipe or mend it."

484. What Education Does.

A good education will teach quickness and accuracy. Sometimes a very slight superiority in any one of the senses, says Dr. Eliot, becomes the basis of success in life. The father and son who made wonderful glass models of flowers in the Museum of Harvard University inherited from generations of glass-blowers, and developed in their own persons, an exquisite skill of eye and hand which gave them unique success in that artistic craftsmanship. The skill of most mechanics depends on similar accuracy and quickness.

485. Accumulated Knowledge but Missed Wisdom.

An education is not for making money, but for living life. This is the view of the writer of the Proverbs. It is meant to draw us out of ignorance into wisdom in the conduct of life; and a person is hardly educated who has accumulated knowledge but has missed wisdom.

486. True Education.

Every one knows that the word educate comes from the Latin, "e" and "duco," to draw out, and refers to the drawing out of the powers of the mind. To be educated does not mean that we assimilate a lot of knowledge, but that the mind is trained or developed so that it can do its own thinking. Facts are placed before the mind for the purpose of having it test them and assimilate them and use them in practical life. An education that is good must deal with the whole mind and not merely with a section of it. The Russian Jew, for instance, who is taught in the synagogical school, knows a great deal of Jewish tradition; but he is not educated, for there are vast tracts of his mental powers that are left undeveloped. So a purely secular education is not a good education, for the spirit, the soul, is left barren. Education should inform and draw out and exercise the whole man.

487. A Guaranteed Job.

All able-bodied schoolboys ought to be at some useful work in the summer holidays. But their schooling should not be allowed to suffer for the sake of their jobs. Such a course is penny-wise, pound-foolish. The pay may look good to-day, but not after to-morrow.

To-day's schooling is the guaranty of to-morrow's job.

488. In Proportion to Cost.

An education pays in proportion to its cost. If it costs nothing in self-denial, industry and purpose, and if it is paid for only from a father's purse, and in no other way, then its profits must be small indeed. Every student may well ask, "How much is my education costing me, in labor, pains and faithfulness?"

489. "Finished Education.

A very brief sketch of a well-known Englishman covers his education with a sentence. He is described as having studied "at night-schools and still learning."

There is a marked contrast here with the familiar term, "a finishing school," and references to finishing one's education. To be sure, the word "finish" is not meant to be taken too literally. Yet often it tells the exact truth; in the person's own thought, and in fact, the education ended when he left the hands of others, who had tried to convey some knowledge into his mind, and probably with indifferent success.

The test of the learner is not in the class-room or the examination-paper, but in the love of study that he carries into later life, and the thirst for knowledge that never leaves him, but rather grows with the years.

490. Helps Us to Know.

There came into my study not long since a lady from one of our refined and noted families of Philadelphia. Had that woman, while a wealthy girl, secured an education such as a practical school gives, she would not have been weeping in my office because she must now earn a living at sewing. But while she was wealthy and her father held a high position in Philadelphia, she did not think she would ever need. But she said, "If I only knew of something I could do. If I only knew." The college stands in the place of a friend who comes and helps such to know.—*Rev. Russel H. Conwell, D.D.*

491. School and Opportunity.

School life spells opportunity. Robert Speer, in "Men Who Overcame," tells the story of the Y. M. C. A. secretary, Horace W. Rose, who missed no opportunity to win a fellow student to the Christian life. He had a consuming ambition to "leave a trail of light behind him, and he did it." He led over six hundred men into Bible study as a result of personal interviews. He led twenty-five men to go as foreign missionaries. He was "the biggest man with the biggest smile." In the few years he was spared to labor after he graduated he was on fire with zeal to win college men to Christ. He wrote to a friend, urging him to work hard, "I pray that through you God will burn a path of light in the Eastern colleges." To the young men in Cornell University he said, "You fellows must intend to do a lot of personal work when you get at it, you are putting it off so long."—*Herald and Presbyter.*

492. Avoiding Temptations.

One of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet. It is about as large as the German aster, looking, in fact, very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster, with a great many long petals of a light green color, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, but wave away in the water, while the opelet clings to the rocks. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it would eat anything grosser than dew and sunlight? But those beautiful, waving arms, as you call them have use beside looking pretty. They have to provide for a large, open mouth, which is hidden down deep among them—so deep that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fish touches one of the rosy tips he is struck with poison as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn into the huge, greedy mouth,

and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water to grasp another victim. The allurements of sin are to be compared with the opelets of the sea. Young men can keep out of their reach if they try to do so.—*Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts.*

493. A Worthy Reign.

It is told of a monarch who, soon after he was crowned, became aware of a plot to assassinate him, that he said: "I shall reign worthily while I am permitted to reign. If I am an emperor only for half an hour, in that half-hour I will be every inch an emperor." No one can aim too high in the Christian life. One may have a purely worldly ambition far beyond one's powers of achievement, but none ever yet had too high an ideal of Christian perfection, no matter if they failed to attain it. There can be no high achievements without the highest ideals.—*Men.*

494. Religion in School.

A student went to the room of a friend to speak with him on personal religion. His courage failed and the conversation drifted naturally to athletics and current topics, but it was evident that the visitor's heart was not in the talk. "Harry, what's the matter with you? You don't seem to be yourself. What's on your mind?" "Well, Fred, to tell you the truth you're on my mind. I came over here to have a straight talk with you and all my sand gave out." "You came over to talk with me about being a Christian, didn't you, and I've been wondering since the beginning of the term why you didn't say something about it before." Then after half an hour's conversation the two boys knelt side by side and promised God they would walk the Christian life together. Two things were accomplished. The angels rejoiced over Fred's surrender, and Harry experienced a quickening of his own spiritual nature such as he had not known before. Fred stands for scores of men who only need a warm-hearted friend to bring them over the line.—*Men.*

495. Know it Well.

I am often humiliated when I hear education spoken of and urged from mere mercenary motives. Education does not command the highest commercial value—yet looking at it from the highest standpoint, it is invaluable. If a man spends an hour a day for 300 days, in reading, at the end of that time he has read thirty volumes of 300 pages each, which is in itself quite a library. Elihu Burritt mastered eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects between the age of forty and sixty years. This was done by study in the evenings, after having worked all day at the blacksmith's forge, The greatest star discoverer of our day is a man in Chicago, who has spent his days as a court reporter, but his nights as a student of the heavens. The man who loves knowledge and who desires to broaden himself will find some opportunity for self-improvement. In the beginning of my ministry an old preacher said to me: "Young man, if I stood where you do, I would make up my mind to know something and know it well." His words have rung in my ears ever since. A man's life is measured by his knowledge. Christ said: "This is eternal life, to know God." To know something—to know God. Any man can make himself at home in a realm of knowledge that seems to lie outside of his environment, if he will only resolve to do so. The man who is simply a money-getter does not, to my mind, represent the highest type of manhood.—*Dr. G. W. White.*

496. Christian College.

The influence of the Christian college in the life of the church is tremendous. The badge of the age is an interrogation point. Even in the church the power to start inquiry seems often to be looked upon as a part of worship. The door must not be shut in the face of inquiry, or doubt will come piling in at the windows. If "the age of doubt" is not to eventuate in an age of denial, the Christian college must guide this spirit of inquiry to true answers. The home, the church and the nation need the Christian college.—*Chancellor McDowell.*

497. Man or Donkey.

When a boy I sat beside a farmer, one day, at the Commencement exercises of Illinois College while the services were being held out of doors. His son was among the graduates that day, and had just acquitted himself most creditably in an oration, when I observed to the father that a college education was a great blessing to a young man. "Yes," said he. "You see a feller is born to be either a man or a donkey, and a college education just helps him to find out a little sooner or later which he's going to be."—*Frederick W. Burnham.*

498. Scope of Education.

A president of one of our colleges has said that education should be sixfold in its scope and character. "It should give the student a body strong and supple; an intellect able to think; a heart to love; a conscience for righteousness; an imagination to appreciate the beautiful, and a will strong to choose."

499. Finding Your Mission.

Education ought to help one to an early and clear conception of his mission. One of the prime purposes of the smoky, industrious little tugs which ply their craft upon the waters of our great seaports is to lead out, from their docks and moorings, the great ocean steamers to the place where, beyond the breakwater and the land-locked bays, they feel the deep swell of the ocean tide, and there, loosing the hawser, point the prow toward the far-going voyage and the distant destination, and plunge out into the deep. So the first mission of education is to lead out the young life from the locked and sheltered harbor of home and parental control to the place of self-direction. To the ocean of deep water, tides, winds and storms one must come, and it is the business of his education to see that he comes thither prepared for what is before him.—*Burnham.*

500. Cramming.

If the years spent in pursuit of education increase the farmer's chances of getting satisfaction out of life, they are profitably spent, even though they leave him somewhat behind in the race for dollars. For dollars and contentment are not synonymous terms, and the man who can combine few dollars with intelligent contentment is obviously better off than the man who, having more dollars than he can use, finds that the only employment which is really congenial to him is accumulating more.

It is more profitable to spend some time in youth in cramming the mind with knowledge not immediately useful, than to be compelled for lack of other resources to spend one's old age cramming one's pockets with money that one does not want.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

501. Advantage of Education.

The educated man has greater ability to grasp new truth and facts. The uneducated man is more likely to be unbalanced by new schemes and isms.

The educated man has a broader mind and is more open to the opinion of others.

What special advantage does the college-trained man gain over the self-made man, so-called? The educated man has the advantage of being able to think more systematically. He has at his control a mass of facts, and he is trained to see the fallacy in false schemes.—*D. L. Moody.*

502. A Good Ready.

An old Greek officer counseled the generals on the eve of an engagement that "the secret of victory is in getting a good ready." That is the secret of victory not only in warfare, but in every life struggle.—*J. F. Carson, D.D.*

503. The Christian College.

The aim of the Christian college is not reached by turning out students who are merely believers in Christianity, who consent calmly and indifferently to its creed. It aims to fill its students with the spirit of St. Paul, to make them alive in the service of Christ, and to fire them with the enthusiasm of humanity.

There are special reasons to-day which show that the part taken by the Christian college in our national life is growing important and strategic. America, already the richest of nations, is to become far richer. The number of the wealthy will be increased, and millions will have most of the comforts and even luxuries, which the very rich now enjoy. The tendency of opulence is to enervate. Christian character needs to be hardened and fortified against luxury. And a "manhood that can stand money" is what the Christian college aims to produce.

Our civilization rushes to a vast and fatal plunge unless God is enthroned in the educated minds of our people. Education without religion is architecture without foundation and roof. —*Barrows.*

504. Teaching.

Teaching has three objects; (1) The communication of knowledge. (2) The stimulating of the activity of the student. (3) The development of character.

505. Wealth by Thought.

Men make wealth by their thoughts as well as by their hands. A Morse dreams of telegraphic communication, and his thoughts materialize in hundreds of millions of value in telegraph stocks. A Stevenson dreams of locomotive traction, and we have thousands of millions of dollars in railroads. A Bell conceives of speaking by a wire, and we have millions upon millions of wealth in telephones created by his thought. What, do you ask, does thought make money? Yes, I say, the thoughts of these and other thinkers create actual money values. So you see that the thoughts of men make wealth as well as the work of their hands.—*Lansing.*

506. Longing for Education.

A little negro slave boy on a Southern plantation, one single garment, a coarse flaxen shirt, his only covering: he had never slept in a bed—not he; who his father was he never knew, nor his own age. He once went as far as the schoolhouse door with his little mistress, to carry her books, and had the feeling that "to get into a schoolhouse and study would be about the same as getting into Paradise."

After the emancipation proclamation a boy of ten or twelve years of age, working in the salt mines of West Virginia, but with an intense longing for an education; a little later attending night school. Again we see him on his way to Hampton Institute, a distance of five hundred miles, with

scarcely any money to buy clothing or pay his fare; sometimes walking and sometimes begging rides, sleeping under the sidewalk or in any shelter he might find, to save his money; reaching Hampton, at last, with just twenty-five cents in his pocket and looking like a worthless tramp.

Later we see him as a student, doing janitor work to help pay his way. Here, for the first time, he ate from a table-cloth, learned the use of napkins, tooth brush and the bath, also of sheets; the first night he slept under them both, and the next night on top of both. At length, graduating with honor, he becomes a teacher; is called back to deliver a post-graduate address, is tendered a reception in Richmond at which two thousand colored people were present, in a hall not far from the place where he slept under the sidewalk. Beloved and respected by both white and black was Booker T. Washington, president of Tuskegee Institute.

507. The Spiritual Value of Culture.

When John Richard Green spent an evening with Gladstone he says of him: "I felt proud of my leader, because he was so noble of soul." Let us so live and act here that we may keep the soul of this nation alive and masterly. This is the supreme care for which God invested you with life and sex and peculiar facilities. Others are seeking lower ends; some in anarchy would destroy all. But we go on from these cloistered retreats to maintain the spirit of a mighty people, to give it force, direction, courage, purity and Godward aim. And this can be a common pursuit until the manhood and womanhood of America, free without license, and fearless without pride, and tender without maudlin weakness, becomes the revelation and crown of culture in spiritual realms.—*Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D.D.*

508. Real Education.

A Christian education is supposed to give one a better control over nature and men by refining our sense of justice and equity, as the skilled jurist differentiates between these two terms, and to enable one to see and appreciate the real value in persons and things. Coming short of this, our education is a complete failure.

509. The Water Mark of Principle.

The instructors of the young write not only knowledge but principle in the inner life, as the water mark is inlaid in paper. This is more important than writing one's name in an autograph album. There is as much in it as genius can purpose and effectually realize.—*Rev. A. W. Lewis.*

510. It Pays to go to School.

The table prepared by the Massachusetts State Board of Education shows the weekly earnings of children who left school at fourteen until the end of their twenty-fifth year.

Those who left school at fourteen began at four dollars a week, and at the end of the twenty-fifth year were receiving $12.75 a week. Those from the high school began at $10 a week, and at twenty-five were receiving $32 a week.

The total earnings of the elementary school boy in th eeight years were $5,722.50; while those of the high-school boy in the eight year were $7,377.50.—*Educational Review*

511. Advantages of Education.

A college education may not fit a young man with special knowledge for any given business, but four or five years of mental broadening will develop his intelligence and his capacity to learn and to adapt himself to the needs of business. That is one

advantage. Another is the culture that education brings, the interests to which it introduces us.

512. True Education.

The word educate is from a Latin word which means to draw out. Therefore to be truly educated is to be fully or truly drawn out or developed. We often hear a man spoken of as being well trained, or as one who has a well-rounded education. If we were to examine his education closely, perhaps we would find him to be a man trained in mathematics, in the natural and physical sciences, and have a fair knowledge of the ancient and modern languages, and yet be lacking in one of the most important features of a true education. To be truly educated one must be trained in body, mind and heart. In fact, no one can say his education is complete whose mind has not been trained to think; whose heart has not been trained to love righteousness, and whose body has not been made strong. We should not train one of our faculties and neglect one or all of the others, but we should train or develop them in the same proportion. Man is sometimes compared to a knife of many blades; he knows how to open one, and only one. The others become useless from disuse. He is educated who makes a tool of every faculty. It is not what one eats but what he digests that makes him strong, and not what one gains but what he saves that makes him rich so it is not what one reads or hears, but what he remembers and applies that makes him learned.

A good education is the surest of all investments. Lands and money may take wings and slip away, but an education is as lasting and unfailing as the constant flow of the great Niagara, a bank whose dividend is everlasting. How wise, then, to secure as near as possible a complete and lasting education.—*H. C. Shoulders.*

513. Education Rounds Out Knowledge.

Students are sometimes impatient of studies that seem to have no relation to their future life. "What," asks the budding engineer, "what use have I for Greek or Latin or botany?" None, perhaps, if engineering were the whole of life. But it is not. It may be the part of life we shall need for paying expenses. But the man that knows engineering alone is not educated. A good education rounds out our interests and our knowledge.

514. Train the Conscience.

Mere intellectual education may be mere cunning, a sharp tool which a bad man can use as deftly as a good man. Conscience must be trained and enthroned as the crown of man, or he does not reach full personality, and conscience finds its only true and worthy goal in God. Education runs up into and loses itself in religion, and man is a complete personality only as he attains to the fullness of the stature of Christ.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

515. Educated for Usefulness.

A writer in the *Daily News,* not long ago, speaking of a noble lord who had just died, said that, although he was a man to be regarded with a sort of wonder, he did not appear to deserve the glowing eulogy which had been lavished upon him by some of his friends. He was what is called a prodigy of learning, but while he knew everything he accomplished nothing. He wrote nothing, nor does he seem in any other way to have benefited the world by the enormous knowledge he spent his life in acquiring and loaded his memory in retaining. Except an abnormal faculty for reading books, he did not display

any original intellectual faculty, whatever. "He did nothing but read, and, seemingly, remember what he read, while also exhibiting to his intimates a genial and lovable personality—His exhaustive knowledge of history did not in the least qualify him for any place in practical statesmanship ....When we ask what he did it for, it is a figure of a miser which arises before the imagination.

Now an education helps us to make the most of what we are, and what we have, and what we know. Information and instruction may only make a kind of dead sea of us. We may, like this noble lord, take in knowledge but never use it. No selfish man can be an educated man; he may be a scholar, but education is more than that. What we use we have and are; and to be able to use what we have, to be useful and helpful in life, to be well informed and intelligently active, is to be educated. —*Rev. James Learmount.*

516. Leadership.

About two per cent. of American boys go to college, and from this two per cent. come seventy-seven per cent. of the nation's leaders in all walks of life.

517. Thoughts on Education.

Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army.—*Edward Everett.*

Exclude religion from education and you have no foundation upon which to build moral character.—*Eliot.*

Let our ministers and men of influence be uneducated or half educated, and errors and heresies will spring up like thorns and briers in a neglected field.—*Tyler.*

518. What Is an Education?

Education means to "educe," to bring out what the pupil already has and knows. The word is derived from the Latin educere—to lead out. I would like you to remember that a thorough education means the cultivation, the bringing out of the physical, mental and moral powers. Education is to train you in the use of all your faculties and powers. You may forget much that you learn at school; but if you learn to "think," to use your faculties, you may achieve success in whatever calling you choose. Make the best use of your chances. The aim of education is first to fit you for the varied duties of life, to earn your living; to help in the government of the country; to add to your happiness; and, above all, to help you to be a good and useful man or woman.

In this matter of education do not forget that you are soul as well as body. See to it that you cultivate and bring out every day the finer and better qualities of the mind and heart. The farmer cultivates the soil and removes hindrances, prepares the way for the harvest, and that is just what your schooldays do for you.—*Rev. James Learmount.*

519. Messages from Great Educators.

Education forms the man.—*Gay.*

The alphabet is conquering the world.—*G. W. Curtis.*

Love is the greatest of educators.—*Mrs. Osgood.*

Hew the block off, and get out the man.—*Pope.*

Teach the children! It is painting in fresco.—*Emerson.*

Education is the cheap defense of nations.—*Burke.*

Education is the apprenticeship of life.—*Emerson.*

520. Education for Life.

A good education will teach us to look beyond utility to the beauty of things. One man sees wood in the

forest, so many cubit feet, and thinks of what it will bring in the market. Another man sees beauty in the forest and hears the voices of the silence. When a trout leaps out of the water after a fly one man thinks of his supper and how it would feel to have that fish cooked on the table before him. Another man enters into sympathy with the strange life under water and rejoices in the joy of the fish. Education has missed the mark if it does not lead us into sympathy with the beauty and mystery of life.

521. "Wax to Receive: Marble to Retain."

Children are at the mercy of the families into which they are born: they are helpless. Everyone knows how helpless their bodies are. Their little lives depend entirely upon the care they receive from others. But not everyone realizes how spiritually helpless they are. We have all heard the saying, "Give me a child until he is seven, and I care not who has him after that," but we have not pondered the saying, nor kept it in our hearts, nor governed ourselves by it.

The years from birth to seven or eight years, are of an importance that cannot be calculated. Through all these fateful years the family is the children's world. For the first four or five years at least it is their whole world. They are born into the family. It is in the family that they gain their first precious and unforgetable store of knowledge. It is the model and pattern of the lives in the family which they follow with helpless simplicity. The family life is the mold into which their habits of thought and emotion and action, all warm and fluid, are poured. The love and trust which little children so brightly, so innocently, so completely, repose in their fathers and mothers, unless it is wickedly broken away and destroyed, fixes the greatest possible responsibility upon fathers and mothers. Religious education is begun during these years—begun in a way which can never be undone—and it is begun in the family.

The great curiosity of little children, with "What?" and "Why?" and "How?" continually upon their lips, is God's open door into their lives for the entrance of His truth about the world and themselves and Himself. Their imitativeness—how can they help imitating the ways of those upon whom they are dependent?—is the capacity God has given them for following Jesus as they see others follow Him. But how shall they follow Jesus if they have no human follower to imitate? They are so plastic during these years that they are truly "wax to receive; marble to retain." What character will be impressed on this living wax? What marks will the marble retain?

During these years the helpless little children are marked and stamped forever. During these years their hearts and minds and consciences are bent toward God or away from Him. This Jesus realized and he indignantly rebuked the stupidity of his grown-up disciples who would have brushed the little children aside as not worthy of his attention when He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me; forbid them not: for to such belongeth the kingdom of God."—*Religious Education in the Family.*

522. On the Right Track.

Character is formed, says Goethe, in the stream of life. That stream is sometimes foul, but even so it bears us onward. Many of us get the chief part of our education in the school of life after we leave school. In fact, school and college are but the beginning of education. They place us on the right track, point out the way,

drill us in right habits, show us the proper methods. But what one gets out of school or college is purely an individual affair.

523. Education and Character.

Horace Mann, the great educator, would not allow a person of poor character to graduate from Antioch College, of which he was president, however fine a scholar the person might be. Mr. Mann held that an educated rascal was just so much the worse rascal, and he would not help to inflict such a peril upon the community.

524. The Complete Man.

If man were only a body, athletics would be the whole of education. If he were only a mind, mental culture would be his summum bonum. But if he has a body, mind and soul, then education is the cultivation, development and efficiency of all three.

The purpose of Christian education is the perfecting of humanity.

525. Education More than Vocational.

In speaking of the modern ideas of education, especially of vocational training, Professor Buckhern says: "We cannot afford to become a nation of mere skilled producers. The cost to manhood is too great. Great as has been the industrial advance, we have not yet quite given our souls in exchange for the world." What a man is, is of far more importance than what he makes. This is a truth in danger of being forgotten.—*Western Recorder.*

526. What Are the Rewards of Education?

The consciousness of a fully developed nature. A thorough and grateful appreciation of this wonderful world. Effectiveness in doing our work. Honor among men. The power of studying and ever educating ourselves more.

What is a scholar? Not necessarily one that knows many things, but one that knows how to find out about anything. A lover of books, and an expert at getting into the heart of them. A lover of truth, eager always to have more of it.

When is a man educated? Not when he is through studying, but when he has gained such a general view of learning and such a vast enjoyment of it that he has really begun to study. An educated man is possessed of the tools of understanding and the art of using them. He is known by his powers and his desires more than by his accomplishments.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

527. Democracy and Education.

Education without religion is merely a galvanized corpse. Education is a function of religion. Moses began with education. We know that the development of Israel was the result of this education. Our Lord and Saviour was first of all called teacher. Go ye into all the world—not only evangelizing, but teaching them to observe all things I have commanded. Education has been the conservative of religion. We do not know what Christianity might have become but for it. And we need to thank God for the scholarship of that day. There is no such thing as a "simple Gospel." Sometimes we drag the Gospel down to get a little popularity. We may talk about a simple ocean, but we can not talk of a simple God. The Gospel is not simple. Every great revival of the world has been the result of education. Luther, John Knox, John Wesley, Jonathan Edwards, President Finney—all these came from the schools. The education came from the Church. It has been wrapped up with religion. Democracy itself will not be sufficient. Indeed, it is

most dangerous, except with education.

528. The Moral Element in Education.

There is not the slightest doubt that the moral element is the main thing in education. Of what real use can that culture be which is as cold as an iceberg and as mathematical as the multiplication table? An eminent educator truly says: "The need today is to reconstruct our education to make it focus on the building of positive and effective moral character. Moral education is not an aspect of education, but the integrating center of the whole."

529. The Schoolhouse.

Any fairly good schoolhouse with a good teacher within it is a bulwark against infidelity and immorality. "The public schools will save this nation," is often said. The entire responsibility for the future of the country may not be lodged with them; but the thought of the thousands of schoolhouses over the land in which all sorts of little and larger people are being made into wise and better Americans is reassuring. But we who live where the public school system is highly developed need to go back a little in time or to travel to the newer parts of the land in order to realize that a well-ordered system of popular education is the product of the Christian religion. When a new country is being opened up, private capital must provide the school. There are still hundreds of places in this country and its dependencies where help from without must be given. Simply to plant a church is to do but a part of the work demanded. So the home mission school house arises often close to the modest church edifice. It is a primary school, a grammar school, a high school, an industrial school, an academy, according to the immediate necessities of the region where it is.

530. The Way to Learn.

Never be afraid to ask questions and to use any knowledge you may acquire. It will become doubly yours. I read this little poem in the story of "The Elephant's Child" the other day:

"I keep six honest serving men
(They taught me all I know),
Their names are What and Why and When
And How and Where and Who.

"I send them over land and sea,
I send them east and west,
And after they have worked for me,
I give them all a rest.

"I let them rest from nine till five,
For I am busy then,
As well as breakfast, lunch and tea,
For they are hungry men.

"But different folks have different views;
I know a person small—
She keeps ten million serving men,
Who get no rest at all.

"She sends them abroad on her own affairs,
From the second she opens her eyes;
One million Hows, two million Wheres,
And seven million Whys!"

That is the way to learn.—*Rev. James Learnmount.*

531. Education and Wisdom.

Education increases the power of man to do good or to do evil. The world's worst enemies of humanity are some of its educated minds. If first a man is good, if first a man has the true spirit of a man, then knowledge is a good thing; but in the brains of a foolish man or of a bad man, it is a dangerous thing, like the fire of a firefiend. The heart ought first to be educated, then the brain makes its culture bless the world. The state supports the schools, and we pay taxes for the schools, that our boys and girls will grow up to be worthy citizens of a great republic, that it may be a greater republic. True democracy takes thought for the whole man, and emphasizes the necessity of honor, as the essential basis of business and society, of politics and government. "Wisdom is the

principal thing, therefore get wisdom."—*Rev. A. W. Lewis.*

532. Why the Bible Educates.

The Bible educates because it makes people think. A phonograph record has a better memory than any man, but no machine can think. Cultivate memory but education is the developing of the thinking powers in man. Jesus established democracy in thought as well as in religion. He invited all to think. He made them think. He gave, not rules, but principles for guidance; and it takes much thought to apply principles to life in ever-changing conditions. He taught men to think from the viewpoint of others. By revealing the symbolic meaning of Nature, he inspired to science. By showing that every human life is a part of the plan of the Infinite, each life received a majesty undreamed and in tune with the infinite thought God's thoughts after him. It is a liberal education to associate with truly great minds; and the Bible brings us into fellowship with the wisdom of the Creator. The citizens of America would never elect a President that did not heartily believe in the Bible. Some boys in the public schools to-day will be President some day; and their best chance is their knowing and living the Bible.—*Rev. A. W. Lewis.*

533. Qualities of a Trained Mind.

A little girl was asked one day to define drawing, and she did so with an acuteness that could not have been surpassed by a philosopher: "drawing," she said, "is thinking and then marking round the think." It would be very difficult to find a more accurate or precise definition than that. When Opey, the painter, was asked with what he mixed his colors, he said, "Brains, sir." That is, he thought and then he clustered what he was to do round the thought and he made the thought luminous in objective reality because of his assiduous purpose to make the thing real which had begun as an ideal in his own mind.

534. America Demands Education.

This world is made better, not by denouncing the evil, but by giving something better. The Indians used to like skunk flesh and muskrats; but when they get plenty of good beef, they do not hunt after skunks. Some untrained boys and girls like to read silly, false, demoralizing novels; and if they keep this up, their character is worthless and worse. Give them something better, something true, something educative; and they gradually acquire a taste for the good. Then they would scorn to read trash, as much as they would to eat bad eggs. There is abundance of good reading; but often the young people do not know what is good and what is bad. There ought to be a novel censor, who could burn and outlaw all books that are detrimental to good citizenship. The good of America demands the best kind of minds and morals.—*Rev. A. W. Lewis.*

535. Education.

Jones read a five-foot bookshelf held
  An ample store of learning,
So started in to carpenter
  With thirst for knowledge burning.

He purchased hammer, saw and plane,
  Of paint made a selection,
And then began to make the shelf
  By magazine direction.

He smashed eight fingers and two thumbs
  And nearly planed his nose off;
He scattered fourteen quarts of paint
  And almost sawed his toes off.

He now is in the hospital
  Receiving ministration;
The doctors say he may get well—
  He has an education.

—*McLandburgh Wilson.*

536. Education, Preparation for Surprises.

Think of the passengers on the ill-fated Lusitania! A great ship she

was, stately and graceful as she plowed the ocean waves on her homeward voyage. A thousand hearts beat happily. But alas for human hopes, for with the suddenness of a lightning bolt the great ship, was struck by two death-dealing torpedoes from a submarine boat. Sad and shocking was the loss of life. The world will never get through its wail of sorrow or its protest of indignation over that gigantic crime.

Yet human life is full of just such sudden surprises. Education is preparation for surprises.

537. Religion and Education.

Religion and education, I firmly believe, are the agencies that will save the world from the perils that temporarily may threaten. A return to religion and the spread of education will foster a spirit of amity between nations that will in time find its expression in a permanent tribunal of arbitration, and will help to adjust the differences arising in our social life, or solve the problems which are confronting the human race in its onward march. In America, where these two institutions—religion and education—are so firmly established we have little occasion for fear of the future.—*A. J. Pothier.*

538. Success in Knowing How.

The Middle Ages crowned the soldier, but our generation weaves its chaplets for the scholar. In the democracy we have as many kings as there are realms.

Our people reserve the throne for the man who has the last fact in the case. One man ruling us in the realm of electricity; another in the realm of chemistry; the discovery of a third lifts him into the throne as a statesman and lawmaker.

Some kings are born kings because they open their eyes in the palace, and these kings are artificial. And some kings achieve their throne by invention, discoveries in art or science and literature. These are natural kings, divinely ordained and rule by the only divine right, the right of superior worth.

Years many and long have passed since some of us left behind the chapel and library forever. But events have been our teachers, and we have learned that wisdom is better than rubies and knowledge is more precious than fine gold. Every contribution to the granary of civilization has come from the hand of a scholar, sometimes trained in the school of practical life and sometimes taught in the lecture room. Experience hath proven that all failure is ignorance, that all success is knowing how.—*Rev. N. D. Hillis, D.D.*

539. A Wonderful Investment.

Millet, the great French artist, one day made a small purchase at a shop. He paid one franc for a yard of canvas, and two francs for some colors and a hair brush. Here was an outlay of only sixty cents. But the painter took this material to his studio and toiled night and day, until his skill had spread the colors over that little piece of canvas. Sixty cents was invested in the original materials, out of which grew Millet's famous painting, "The Angelus," which was sold a few years ago for $105,000.

A cultivated intellect can give almost priceless value to anything it touches. Knowledge is power. An education is the best investment in this world. Some one asked a famous painter, as he watched the artist spreading some brilliant colors on the canvas, "What do you mix your paints with?" The laconic reply was, "With brains, sir." A trained brain is an investment worth more than the richest gold mine.

Think of the wealth of America, and its wonderful resources! But the true riches of this country is not in the crops, the lumber, and the coal, and gold and silver mines, but in its schools, colleges, churches, Sunday schools and libraries.

When John Cabot Lodge investigated the distribution of able men in the United States, he discovered that in the course of ninety years the State of Massachusetts had produced 2,636 statesmen, philosophers, authors, orators and scholars. New England was wise in planting so many schools and colleges early in her history. Here the boys trained their minds, and soon won their spurs on the intellectual battle-fields of the Republic.

Some young men cannot go to college, but they can study evenings, and use the public libraries, and by improving every spare moment they can train their hands and eyes and brains, and thus make a splendid investment.—*Warren S. Partridge.*

540. Education in Order to Doing.

John Ruskin speaks of the perils of education in "The Stones of Venice." "We continually fall into error by considering the intellectual powers as having dignity in themselves, and separable from the heart. The intellect is yet mean or noble going through the same processes according to the matter it deals with; and it wastes itself away in mere rotary motion, if it be set to grind straws and dust. The increase of knowledge does not make the soul larger or smaller. In the sight of God all the knowledge man can know is nothing; but the soul, for which the great scheme of redemption was laid, be it ignorant or be it wise, is all in all. To have the heart open and the eyes clear and the emotions and thoughts warm and quick, that, and not the knowing of this or the other fact, is the state needed for all mighty doing in the world."—*Rev. A. W. Lewis.*

541. The Sandpapering.

Did you ever watch a man working at a turning lathe? He has a stick of wood between the holders. His chisel has been cutting away the corners until at last the perfect form has been brought out. But the stick is not perfect yet. It has many a rough place in it, in spite of the work of the sharp chisel. How now shall the workman go on to finish his task? Watch him as he picks up a piece of sandpaper and holds it up to the thing he has been shaping. The dust flies as he presses the rough thing against the sides of the rapidly moving piece of wood. Once in a while he takes the paper off and looks at the wood. It is becoming smoother now. A moment more and he takes it out of the lathe and puts it away, a finished article.

It hurts to be made perfect. We shrink from the hard work that lies between us and a complete education. The days are long. The lessons are hard. We stop and look out where the sun is shining, and we wish we were like the birds, happy, bright, and free. But that is not the way of the best education. There must be the sharp sandpaper of study, running down through the years until at last all the rough places have been smoothed away.

We long to be better, truer men and women. But it costs to reach that state. Between us and the full-rounded manhood for which we yearn lies much of sandpapering.

542. Knowledge and Education.

Education is not everything, but it is more than the scholars think; and the aim of an ever-increasing number is to make it all that it can be made. "It is the great thing. Then get it, and get it quick." In a wonderful

way it develops the power of a human being to take care of himself and to do things. The boy and the girl often sees only the weary hours and the dry exercises; but later on in life, they reliaze that they have been stepping upward on these dry and hard things, to be looked up to by their fellows and to be able to command a position of greater influence and of more money. As civilization advances education becomes more imperative. The free schools of America are blending the various nationalities and making worthy citizens for the future. It is doing much to realize the motto on our coins, "E Pluribus Unum."

Knowledge has its limitations: for, even in an aeroplane the human eye cannot see all around the world at once. It has its dangers, like football. It has its uses, as the sun finds something to do in the growing of the sweet flowers of nature. It finds its complement in the inner life of honor and the dominating spirit of love. Knowledge and kindness blend to make the pure, white light of absolute and vital truth.

Big cities have their skyscrapers, which is architecture run to seed, to economize ground space. So knowledge is in danger of running to seed, with little fruit. In itself it is apt to affect the head, extending it outwardly, with rooms to rent. America has many swelled heads, empty with knowledge; and they resound throughout the land, like hollow sleigh-bells, with one or two little thoughts making the music.—*Rev. A. W. Lewis.*

543. What is Education?

What is education? The question is very old and has received many answers. Plato said: "The purpose of education is to give to the body and to the soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable." John Stuart Mill wrote: "Education includes whatever we do for ourselves and whatever is done for us by others for the express purpose of bringing us nearer to the perfection of our nature." Herbert Spencer said: "Education is the preparation for complete living." Many other definitions have been given, but the gist of all of them is that education is the full development of our personality. It is, therefore, as broad as the whole man and includes body, mind and heart. A sound, symmetrical body, full of vitality and vigor, a disciplined mind stored with knowledge and accurate in its mental processes, a pure, warm heart, tender in its sensibilities and wide in its sympathies, a strong will masterful in self-control and in power to bend all things under its hand, an imagination that can see pictures and visions, a spirit of reverence that feels the divineness of the world and enters into the holy place of the Most High—these are elements of education and when combined in their right proportion and full harmony constitute its ideal. It assumes different types in different ages, being molded by the spirit of its time. In ancient Sparta its chief aim was to produce soldiers; in Athens it aimed at sensuous beauty and delight; in Rome it aimed at power to govern; in the Middle Ages it was much concerned with the other world; and in modern times it is much concerned with this world. In these days of peace and diversified interests, when our life has become broader and richer, it aims at the full development of all our powers.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

VII. WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

(Born February 22, 1732.)

544. Easily First.

Who is the greatest man in Congress?" somebody asked Patrick Henry when he returned home after the session which opened in Philadelphia, September 5, 1774.

"If you speak of eloquence," he answered, "Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor."

Not wild flights of oratory and gorgeous, lurid words, but deeds characterized the man who became "first in the hearts of his countrymen." And back of these was the sound judgment which Patrick Henry pointed out in his reply.

545. Washington's Religious Character.

Washington always acknowledged his indebtedness to his mother. He could say with John Quincy Adams, "Such as I have been, whatever it was, such as I am, whatever it is, and such as I hope to be in all futurity, must be ascribed, under Providence, to the precepts and example of my mother."

Those familiar with his history know how thoroughly this religious element everywhere manifested itself. In this respect he differed from the great mass of public political men of the day. Washington was preëminently personally a godly man, a man of prayer and a lover of the Bible. When sore trials or great responsibilities confronted him he sought relief in prayer.

He was a church member and a regular and devoted worshiper in the sanctuary. In the house of God his demeanor was always reverential and devout. No company ever kept him from church. One of his pastors bears this testimony: "I have often been at Mt. Vernon on Sabbath morning when the breakfast table was filled with guests, but to him they furnished no pretext for neglecting the house of God, but he invariably invited them to accompany him." What an example to our modern public men!

546. Washington and the Children.

A very sweet story is told which shows how fond Washington was of children. One winter night a large house in a Northern State was brilliantly illuminated; the table was spread with fine silver and glass and bright decorations, while a number of good things were provided for eating. A guest was expected, and the dinner was spoiling. The domestic said that the guest had arrived an hour before and had been shown to a room, so that he could rest and wash before dinner. As he did not come down, the host excused himself to his guests and went upstairs. On his way he passed the nursery, and there sat the missing guest, a baby astride his foot. He was "riding the child to Boston" and singing quite lustily, "How the Derby Was Won," to the delight of another child close by. When he saw his host, he was a little confused, but finished the song, then rose and bade the children good-night. "Say 'Good-night, and thank you, General George Washington!'" said the father.

"Good-night, and thank you, General George Washington!" the children called after him.

How happy those children must have been through life to remember

the time when Washington forgot his dinner to play with them!

547. Washington's Greatness.

Guizot, the distinguished French historian, said: "Washington lived to receive and enjoy both success and repose. Of all men he was the most virtuous and the most fortunate. In this world God has no higher favors to bestow."

548. His Modesty.

Any collection of anecdotes about Washington is sure to refer to his extreme modesty. Upon one occasion, when the speaker of the Assembly returned thanks in glowing terms to Colonel Washington for his services, he rose to express his acknowledgments, but he was so embarrassed that he could not articulate a word. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said the speaker, "your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language which I possess."

When Adams suggested that Congress should appoint a general, and hinted plainly at Washington, who happened to sit near the door, the latter rose, "and, with his usual modesty, darted into the library room."

549. Washington Had Temper.

Stuart, the portrait painter, once said of General Lee that Washington had a tremendous temper, but that he had it under wonderful control. While dining with the Washingtons, General Lee repeated the first part of Stuart's remark. Mrs. Washington flushed, and said that Mr. Stuart took a great deal upon himself. Then General Lee said that Mr. Stuart had added that the President had his temper under wonderful control. Washington seemed to be thinking for a moment, then he smiled and said, "Mr. Stuart is right."

550. His Smile.

The popular idea that Washington never laughed is well-nigh exploded. Nelly Curtis said, "I have sometimes made him laugh most heartily from sympathy with my joyous and extravagant spirits."

When the news came from Doctor Franklin in France that help was promised from that country, General Washington broke into a laugh, waved his cocked hat, and said to his officers, "The day is ours!" Another story is to the effect that while present at the baptism of a child of a Mr. Wood he was so surprised to hear the name given as George Washington that he smiled. Senator Maclay tells of his smiling at a state dinner, and even toying with his fork. Various sources testify that a smile lent an unusual beauty to his face.

551. His Athletic Skill.

Many stories are told which show Washington's athletic skill. During a surveying expedition he first visited the Natural Bridge in Virginia. Standing almost directly under it he tossed a stone on top, a disitance of nearly five hundred feet. He scaled the rocks and carved his name far above all others. He was said to be the only man who could throw a stone across the Potomac River. Washington was never more at home than when in the saddle. "The general is a very excellent and bold horseman," wrote a contemporary, "leaping the highest fences and going extremely quick, without standing on his stirrups, bearing on his bridle or letting his horse run wild."

After his first battle Washington wrote to his brother, "I heard the bullets whistle about me, and believe me, there is something charming in the sound." But years after, when he had learned all there was to know of the horrors of war, he said, sadly, "I said that when I was young."

552. Washington's Dress.

Although always very particular about his dress, Washington was no dandy, as some have supposed. "Do not," he wrote to his nephew, in 1783, "conceive that fine clothes make fine men any more than fine feathers make fine birds. A plain, genteel dress is more admired and obtains more credit than lace or embroidery in the eyes of the judicious and sensible."

Sullivan thus describes Washington at a levee: "He was dressed in black velvet; his hair full dress, powdered and gathered behind in a lage silk bag, yellow gloves on his hands; holding a cocked hat, with a cockade in it, and the edges adorned with a black feather about an inch deep. He wore knee and shoe buckles, and a long sword—The scabbard was of white polished leather." —*Youth's Companion.*

553. Washington.

O noble brow, so wise in thought!
O heart, so true! O soul unbought!
O eye, so keen to pierce the night
And guide the "ship of state" aright!
O life, so simple, grand and free,
The humblest still may turn to thee.
O king, uncrowned! O prince of men!
When shall we see thy like again?
—*Mary Wingate.*

554. George Washington.

This was the man God gave us when the hour
Proclaimed the dawn of Liberty begun;
Who dared a deed, and died when it was done:
Patient in triumph, temperate in power,—
Not striving like the Corsican to tower
To heaven, nor like great Philip's greater son
To win the world and weep for world's unwon.
Or lose the star to revel in the flower.
The lives that serve the eternal verities
Alone do mold mankind. Pleasure and pride
Sparkle awhile and perish, as the spray,
Smoking across the crests of cavernous seas
Is impotent to hasten or delay
The everlasting surges of the tide.
—*John H. Ingham.*

555. Careful of Engagements.

The eminent artist, Rembrandt Peale (who was himself born on the 22d of February), painted a portrait of Washington during the year 1796. Peale was a youth of eighteen, working in his father's studio at Philadelphia, and Washington was just completing his second term of Administration. The President kindly gave the young artist two or three sittings. Mr. Peale told me that just before the hour he saw the stately figure of the President walking back and forth in Independence Square—watch in hand—and just as the clock struck nine in the tower of the Hall he entered the studio. Washington prided himself on his punctuality; he was never one minute behind an engagement. When a tardy private secretary excused his lateness by the plea that his watch was out of order, "Then," said the President, "you must get a new watch, or else I must get a new secretary."—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D.D.*

556. Washington's Size.

George Washington was six feet two inches tall and weighed 175 pounds, according to a physical description of him at the age of twenty-eight. He had big hands, big feet, big joints and was well muscled. He walked quite erect, and at the age of sixty-five it was remarked that he was as straight as ever in his carriage.

557. Washington As an Inventor.

George Washington, like Abraham Lincoln, was an inventor. He invented a deep soil plow, which was used on his plantation in Virginia until he heard of a better one in England. This he imported at once. His invention was useful, which is more than can be said of Lincoln's. The latter invented a flatboat designed to go through very shallow water or lift itself over bars, but it would not work.

558. Washington's Punctuality.

Punctuality was one of Washington's strong points. When company was invited to dinner he made an allowance of only five minutes for variation in watches. If the guests came late he would say: "We are too punctual for you. I have a cook who does not ask if the company has come, but if the hour has come."

In a letter to a friend he wrote: "I begin my diurnal course with the sun; if my hirelings are not in their places by that time I send them messages of sorrow for their indisposition."

559. Washington's Appearance.

In appearance Washington was tall, athletic and graceful, always well dressed and courtly, of great strength and with large hands and feet, face rather pale and pockmarked, hair almost reddish, eyes gray, usually veiled by dropping lids; nose prominent, mouth and chin not large, but strong; forehead receding, but with the appearance of elevation; carriage erect and distinguished—withal a handsome man noted of women and noting them in turn; an aristocrat of the old school; in a word, a Virginia gentleman.—*J. A. Edgerton.*

560. Human Side of Washington.

The young relatives of Washington always knew where to turn for help and sympathy. At different times he took charge of at least nine of the children of his kindred, and paid expenses for them. His ledger shows five thousand dollars given to the two sons of his brother Samuel. A great deal of this money was used for their education, and we have to-day letters which Washington wrote them advising them as to their studies.

The eldest son of his favorite brother, John Augustine, was Washington's favorite nephew. He was much interested in the legal studies of this Bushrod Washington and proud of the repute he gained. Yet, when this same nephew asked for an appointment as attorney to the Federal district court, Washington felt compelled to refuse. "However deserving you may be," he wrote, "I could not nominate you in preference to some of the oldest and most esteemed lawyers in your state, who are desirous of this appointment." It was this nephew whom Washington made executor of his will and to whom he left his private papers and his library.—*C. L. Pray.*

561. Cherry Tree Story Symbolic.

We have all read the story of how the boy George innocently hacked his father's choice cherry tree with his little hatchet, but promptly confessed his fault in the interest of truth, saying he would not tell a lie to hide his unwitting offense, thus healing his father's hurt with a manly avowal of truth. Apart from the fact or fiction of the cherry tree story, which probably grew out of the public knowledge of Washington's life love of veracity, the boyhood incident of the tale illustrates a noble characteristic in the make-up of our first President of which we are all proud.

562. Fond of Children.

Many people have the idea that Washington was not fond of children and young people, but a study of his life and letters shows the very opposite to be the case. Stories told by his friends also bring out this trait in Washington's character.

One account tells of a visit made to Providence during the war. "We arrived at night," the writer says, "and the whole of the population had assembled. We were surrounded by a crowd of children carrying torches and all eager to approach the person of him whom they called their father. They pressed so closely around us that

they hindered us from proceeding. General Washington was much affected, stopped a few moments, and, pressing my hand, said, 'We may be beaten, by the English; it is the chance of war, but behold an army which they can never conquer.'"—*C. L. Pray.*

563. Washington's Joke.

The only admirable quality in which Washington was deficient was humor. One of the very few jests he ever made—perhaps the only one—has descended to posterity on the authority of his aide-de-camp, Colonel Humphreys.

General Washington rather prided himself on his riding, so the colonel one day when they were out hunting together, dared him to follow over one particular hedge. The challenge was accepted, and Humphreys led the way. He took the leap boldly, but, to his consternation, found that he had mistaken the spot, and was sunk up to his horse's girths in a guagmire. The general either knew the ground better, or had suspected something, for, following over at his engulfed aide, exclaimed, "No, no, colonel, you are too deep for me!"

564. His Ready Help.

Passing some soldiers who were hoisting a log on top of a fort, Washington observed that the load seemed too heavy for them. He thereupon asked a corporal bossing the job to help. This officer, not recognizing his general, turned with all the pomp of an emperor and responded, "Sir, I am a corporal." Dismounting, Washington himself helped to put the log in place, after which he said, "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job and not enough men send for your commander-in-chief, and I will gladly come and help you a second time."

565. A Lover of Children.

Miss Stuart, the daughter of Gilbert Stuart who painted the most famous portrait of Washington, gives us the following glimpse of Washington as a lover of children: "One morning, while Mr. Washington was sitting for his picture, a little brother of mine ran into the room, when my father, thinking it would annoy the general, told him he must leave. But the general took him upon his knee, held him for some time, and had quite a little chat with him. My brother remembered with pride as long as he lived that Washington had talked with him."

566. Washington's Good Humor.

Some one has said that Washington never smiled, but this is a mistake, as those who knew him say. When he entered Boston in triumph on the 17th of March, 1776, he took up his headquarters at the best public house in Boston, which was at the head of State Street, until then called King Street. The daughter of the keeper of the inn was a little girl playing about the house, and, of course, interested in all that passed. Washington, with his usual kindness to children called the child to him and said, "You have seen the soldiers on both sides; which do you like the best?" The little girl could not tell a lie any more than he could, and with a childish frankness, she said she liked the redcoats best. Washington laughed and said to her, "Yes, my dear; the redcoats do look the best, but it takes the ragged boys to do the fighting." This is one of the many well-authenticated anecdotes which disprove the theory that Washington never smiled. —*Household Journal.*

567. Father of His Country.

Perhaps one of Washington's most charming letters is to little Virginia Lafayette, whose famous father

formed with Washington one of the noted and significant friendships in history.

"Permit me to thank my little correspondent for the favor of her letter of the 18th of June last, and to impress her with the idea of the pleasure I shall derive from a continuance of them. Her papa is restored to her with all the good health, affection, and honors her tender heart could wish. He will give her assurance of the affectionate regard with which I have the pleasure of being her well-wisher, "George Washington."

Though Washington never had any children of his own, the young people with whom he came in contact had much reason to thank him for the fatherly help and interest so generously given. Truly, as some one long ago said, "God left him childless that he might be the father of his country."—*C. L. Pray.*

568. Washington in Prayer.

The American army was in winter quarters. They had nothing but huts built of boughs, and were obliged to lie upon the ground. So scarce were blankets that many of the soldiers sat up all night by the fires.

"At one time," says a historian, "more than a thousand soldiers had not a shoe to their feet. We could trace their march by the blood which their naked feet left in the ice."

It was a terrible time for the hopes of America. Many times the ragged, half-fed troops would have given up had it not been for their faith in their commander-in-chief. And what sustained him? Washington had faith in God. The General and his staff boarded at the house of one Potts, a Quaker. Every day Washington went out alone into the woods and invariably returned with a more cheerful countenance. Wondering at this the Quaker followed him one day. What did he see? Washington upon his knees amid the snow, engaged in prayer.

569. Glimpse of Washington's Heart.

One time when Washington was journeying through New England he spent a night at a private house, as he could not get accommodations at an inn. His host would take no payment; so Washington wrote this letter from his next stopping-place:

"Being informed that you have given my name to one of your sons, and called another after Mrs. Washington's family, and being very much pleased with the modest and innocent looks of your two daughters, Polly and Patty, I send each of these girls a piece of chintz; and to Patty, who bears the name of Mrs. Washington, and who waited on us more than Polly did, I send 5 guineas (about $25), with which she may buy herself any little ornaments she may want. As I do not give these things with a view of having it talked of, the less said about the matter the better you will please me; but, that I may be sure the chintz and the money have got safe to hand, let Patty, who I dare say is equal to it, write me a line informing me thereof, directed to 'The President of the United States, at New York.'"

570. Washington's Wit.

The common opinion is that Washington was such an austere personage that he never deigned to smile or crack a joke. A postscript to a letter to Mr. Lear just after he left Philadelphia and the presidency in 1797 has a humorous touch. The ex-president was arranging to have his things sent back to Mount Vernon, to which he was retiring to end his days in peace and quietude. He gave instructions to have the grate packed in some old carpeting to keep it from scratching. After various other in-

structions and Washington's habitual expression of affection, regard, etc., with which he closed all his letters to his secretary came the postcript: "On one side I am called upon to remember the Parrot, on the other to remember the dog. For my own part I should not pine much if both were forgot."

571. For Defense.

In his will Washington left his swords to his five nephews, saying that they were not to unsheathe them for the purpose of shedding blood except in self-defense or in defense of their country and its rights; and in the latter case they were to keep the swords unsheathed and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof.

572. Washington's Fatherly Interest.

The first order Washington sent to London after his marriage included "Toys," and "six little books for children beginning to read." These were for his two step-children, John and Martha Custis, who were then six and four years old. A little later he ordered "one fashionably dressed doll," "A box of Gingerbread Toys and Sugar Images," and a Bible and a Prayer-book for each, "neatly bound in Turkey," with names "in gilt letters on the inside of the cover."

573. The Hatchet Story.

George Washington was born in 1732. The hatchet incident, happening when he was six, must date from 1738. Nearly seventy years passed before it got into print, yet for thirty years Washington had been a famous character. One is inclined to ask why Parson Weems didn't use the story in his earlier editions, since he says he had known it for twenty years.

Following is the original cherry tree and hatchet story, faithfully copied from the 1809 edition of Parson Weems' "Life of George Washington."

The author prefaces the anecdote with a brief paragraph, in which he says "it is too valuable to be lost and too true to be doubted." The famous story begins on page thirteen of the book. An old woman tells it.

"When George," said she, "was about six years old, he was made the wealthy master of a hatchet, of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond; and was constantly going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day, in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's pea-sticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry tree, which he hacked so terribly, that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the old gentlemen, finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by the way, was a great favorite, came into the house; and with much warmth asked for the mischievous author. declaring at the same time, that he would not have taken five guineas for his tree. Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. 'George,' said his father, 'do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry tree yonder in the garden?' That was a tough question; and George staggered under it for a moment; but quickly recovered himself; and looking at his father, with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth, he bravely cried out, 'I can't tell a lie, Pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet.' 'Run to my arms, you dearest boy,' cried his father in transports; 'run to my arms; glad am I, George, that you have killed my tree; for you have paid me for it a thousand fold. Such an act of heroism in my son is

worth more than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of purest gold.'"

574. Washington and Slavery.

How about slavery, the vexed question of that time and the awful question of the days of Lincoln? "I never mean unless some particular circumstances should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase—it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law." This was in 1786. In 1797 he wrote: "I wish from my soul that the legislature of this state could see the policy of a gradual abolition of slavery. It might prevent much future mischief." His will directed the emancipation of his slaves on the death of his wife.

575. Lincoln's Tribute to Washington.

This is the one hundred and tenth anniversary of Washington. We are met to celebrate this day. Washington is the mightiest name on earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and let its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

576. Pure Patriotism.

Do you know how much money Washington received for his services as Commander-in-chief of the army in the time of the American Revolution? Not one farthing. His successors in the army have received their seventeen thousand or nineteen thousand dollars a year. But for Valley Forge, and Monmouth, and the Delaware crossing, and all the other horrors of the Revolution, Washington received not a farthing. What but pure love of country inspired Governor Nelson, of Virginia, during the Revolutionary War, when, at the siege of Yorktown, Lafayette asked him to what point the cannon had better be directed, and Governor Nelson answered, "Point to that house; it is mine, and the best house in the town, and Lord Cornwallis will surely be occupying that as his headquarters."

577. Sees Hand of Providence.

After one of Washington's great successes he wrote to a friend in Virginia: "The hand of Providence has been so conspicuous in all this that he must be worse than an infidel that lacks faith, and more than wicked that has not gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligations."

578. Washington and West Point.

The education of young men was a matter that appealed to Washington very strongly. Over and over again in his speeches and letters he urges the necessity for better educational opportunities. The formation of a national university was a favorite idea of his, and it was largely through his efforts and energy that West Point was established.

579. Interested in Education.

Washington was interested not only in the children of his relatives, but in those of his friends as well. He puts in his ledger the entry that thirty pounds, or nearly $150, was given to the son of his friend and personal physician, Dr. Craik. This money was to go toward the education of the young man, who was one of Washington's many namesakes. He writes a letter giving William Ramsey twenty-five pounds a year for the education of his son at Jersey College. "Don't look on this as an ob-

ligation," Washington goes on to say; "and be assured from me it will never be known."

580. Washington and Lafayette.

Lafayette, in his memoirs, describes a review of Washington's army which he witnessed. "Eleven thousand men, but tolerably armed, and still worse clad, presented a singular spectacle; in this parti-colored and often naked state, the best dressed wore hunting shirts of brown linen. Their tactics were equally irregular. They were arranged without regard to size, excepting that the smallest men were the front rank. With all this, there were good-looking soldiers conducted by zealous officers."

"We ought to feel embarrassed," said Washington to him "in presenting ourselves before an officer just from the French army."

"It is to learn, and not to instruct, that I came here," was the apt and modest reply, and it gained for the young Frenchman an immediate popularity.

581. Gladstone's Tribute.

"I have almost idolized him for sixty years."

This tribute by Gladstone to Washington excels even his strong utterances in earlier years. Then he wrote:

"Washington is to my mind the purest figure in history;" and again, "I look upon Washington among great and good men as one peculiarly good and great; he has been to me for more than forty years a light upon the path of life."

582. First Government Office.

Washington's first government service was rendered in the capacity of official surveyor of Culpeper County, at a salary of fifty pounds—two hundred and forty-three dollars—a year. During this time he had to travel over "ye worst Road that ever was trod by Man or Beast." Sometimes he lay on straw, which "once catched fire," sometimes under a tent without covers, sometimes he was driven from the tent by the smoke.

583. Religious View of His Work.

A writer in the New York *Observer* gives an anecdote of Washington, which came to him directly from a relative who died in 1854, and who was a child in the family which Washington was visiting at the time of the incident narrated. On the morning of his departure for White Plains, just before the battle of Chatterton Hill, General Washington, in the presence of the members of the family and others, offered prayer, during which he quoted Joshua *22*:*22*: "The Lord God of gods, the God of gods, he knoweth, and Israel he shall know; if it be in rebellion, or if in transgression against the Lord, save us not this day." The Yonkers *Statesman* says of this incident: "When it is considered that the words were uttered by the Commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary forces at such a supreme crisis in the long struggle for independence, when the chances of success seemed more than doubtful, all that read them will regard this utterance as being eloquent and impressive to a degree not equalled by any other human expression of which history contains a record."

584. Washington's Discernment.

Washington had keen and sure discernment of men. He recognized the brilliant ability of Hamilton when he was young and unknown. The selection of Greene for the leader of the Southern campaign, in place of Gates, who had been chosen by Congress, turned a tide of disaster and made possible the ultimate complete defeat of the British.

585. Stuart's Portraits.

Gilbert Stuart came from England to America expressly to paint Washington's portrait, and an ample opportunity was afforded him. Stuart says that "no human being ever awoke in him such a degree of reverence. For a moment he lost self-possession, and it required several interviews to overcome this difficulty." He made two original portraits, of which one became the property of Lord Lansdowne and the other is in the Boston Atheneum. From these he painted twenty-six copies, which are now known as "Stuart's originals," and bear a high value. To these may be added the pictures by Pine and by Wertmuller, both of which are of less importance.

586. Washington Receiving the Sacrament.

When the Continental army was encamped at Morristown, New Jersey, in 1777, the Presbyterian church was converted into a hospital, and the congregation worshipped in the adjoining grove, with no covering but the sky.

The pastor, Rev. Timothy Johnes, had the privilege of administering the Lord's Supper there in the woods, on a certain Sabbath, to Washington and his generals. It may be contemplated with profit by all. "The Father of His Country," on whose shoulders then rested the liberties and destiny of this, yet to be, mighty nation, humbly acknowledging his divine Lord, in obedience to the command, "This do in remembrance of me," and seeking His superhuman aid in directing the great conflict to a successful termination! How devout, how humble, how sublime!—*Religious Telescope.*

587. At Washington's Death.

When Washington died Napoleon Bonaparte, then the first consul of France, announced his death to his army, and ordered all the standards and flags throughout the nation to be bound with crepe for ten days; and, what was more significant, the great British fleet, lying off the English coast, placed its flags at half-mast.

588. Washington's Great Strength.

"Pitching the bar" is a game of strength more than of skill, and is still played. Every boy remembers throwing the hammer at some field-day sports. In the time of Washington the young men liked to play it, to see which was the better man. Charles Wilson Peale, the soldier-artist, tells how on one occasion, while visiting at Mount Vernon, a party of young fellows were out on the lawn one bright, sunny morning, trying their strength at it, when Washington suddenly appeared among them and, without taking off his coat, held out his hand to claim a trial with the bar.

"No sooner," wrote Peale, in describing the incident, "did the heavy iron bar feel the grasp of his mighty hand than it lost the power of gravitation and whizzed through the air, striking the ground far, very far beyond our utmost limits. We were indeed amazed as we stood around, all stripped to the buff, with shirt sleeves rolled up, and having thought ourselves very clever fellows. On retiring, Washington pleasantly observed: 'When you beat my pitch, young gentlemen, I'll try again.'"

589. "And So He Had."

While President the Father of His Country made a trip through New England. One day a postilion came up and said with an air of injured dignity:

"Your excellency, as we were driving along a little way back we overtook a man with a loaded cart who

occupied the entire road. I asked him to stop his team that we might pass by. He declined. I then told him that President Washington was in the chariot. He again refused and said that he would not stop; that he had as good a right to the road as George Washington had."

To which the great man replied simply, "And so he had."

590. Washington.

Dear to his country in peace and in war,
Loved and respected at home and afar,
Ever to those whom he loved at his best,
Faithful to God in the duties that test.

Heroes may come and heroes may go,
Much to their courage we ever shall owe,
But in the national record of fame,
All hearts are stirred at the sound of his name. —*Z. I. Davis.*

591. Washington a Providential Gift.

It was a manifestly wise and benign Providence that placed at the very beginning of our nationality and through the years of our experimenting at government the sobriety and sagacity, the soldiership and statesmanship, the pure patriotism and decided Christian character of Washington. He was courageous without rashness, a warrior without one sign of bravado. He combined in a peculiar manner a kindliness that evoked love and a dignity that held in respectful obedience. Perhaps somewhat cold in temperament, he gained, without seeking it, the warm affection of all classes by simple devotion and duty.—*Rev. Denis Wortman, D.D.*

592. The Religion of Washington and Lincoln.

Washington, in his Farewell Address, professed his faith in God, and in the necessity of the Nation's having the same faith. These are his immortal words:

"Let us with caution indulge the supposition, that Morality can be maintained without Religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure—reason and experience both forbid us to expect that National Morality can prevail in exclusion of Religious Principles."

Lincoln made no secret of his trust in the God of Men and Nations; nor of his prayer before Gettysburg; nor of his invitation to sundry godly men to pray with and for him as man and President.

593. Washington's Modesty.

Washington would never have identified effective citizenship with prominence. The citizen who was never mentioned in the news-letters might be quite as great as the General and President. At Ipswich, Mass., on one occasion, Mr. Cleaveland, the minister of the town, was presented to him. As he approached, hat in hand, Washington said, "Put on your hat, parson, and I will shake hands with you." "I cannot wear my hat in your presence, General," said the minister, "when I think of what you have done for this country." "You did as much as I," said Washington. "No, no," protested the parson. "Yes," said Washington, "you did what you could, and I have done no more."

594. Washington's Advice.

On the fifteenth day of January, 1783, Washington wrote a letter to his nephew in which he said: "Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence. True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation.

"Let your heart feel for the affections and the distresses of every one,

and let your hand give in proportion to your purse; remembering always the estimation of the widow's mite; but that it is not every one who asketh that deserving charity; all, however, are worthy of the inquiry, or the deserving may suffer

"Do not conceive that fine clothes make fine men any more than fine feathers make fine birds. A plain, genteel dress is more admired and obtains more credit than lace and embroidery in the eyes of judicious and sensible-minded persons."

595. Washington's Courtesy.

The courtesy that was Washington's second nature could be imitated with profit by the rising generation. Walking through the streets one day with a brother officer, Washington met a negro—a slave who lifted his hat to the General in passing. Washington immediately responded by raising his own. "What!" said the brother officer "do you lift your hat to a nigger?" "Would you have me less polite than a negro slave?" was the General's calm reply. It is said that Washington was not only the kindest of masters to his own slaves, but that he utterly repudiated the idea of slavery in principle. He once said he wished from his soul that his State might be persuaded to abolish slavery; adding with prophetic utterance, "it might prevent much future mischief."— *S. L. Tenny.*

596. His Death.

In nothing was Washington's service greater to his country than in his splendid example of patriotism, so marked by piety, courage and prudence.

When nearing the end of his life, when asked whether he desired anything, the great man responded with a smile, "I am certainly near the end, and I look forward to the hour of dissolution with perfect resignation." Thus expired in peace, George Washington, "the Father of his country," "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."— *M. R. Drury, D.D.*

597. Kindness to the Foe.

After Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown, Washington said to his army: "My brave fellows, let no sensation of satisfaction for the triumphs you have gained induce you to insult your fallen enemy. Let no shouting, no clamorous huzzaing increase their mortification. It is sufficient for us that we witness their humiliation. Posterity will huzza for us."

VIII. LENT

(Begins With Ash Wednesday and Ends Saturday Preceding Easter.)

598. The Remedy.

Not long ago our faithful chronometer, the clock, began to lose time. We tuned the regulator ahead. Again it lost time. We repeated the process, with the same result. By and by our forcing process was of no avail, and the clock stopped altogether. What the faithful timepiece needed was not stimulating, but cleaning. Our poor, worn, jaded social life needs the same redeeming process. We have tried every kind of stimulus and stimulant. We have multiplied our pleasures, made our amusements extravagant and fleshly, added to our games the zest of gambling, and in a thousand ways sought to satisfy a growing and

unnatural appetite by some new diversion that had in it no food for the intellect, and no inspiration for the soul. The machinery of our nobler spiritual manhood has refused, under this unnatural process, to do its work, and we need, as a people, to go to life's great Timekeeper to have it cleaned and reset and started again into normal, healthy, wholesome action.—*Dwight Mallory Pratt, D.D.*

599. Lenten Self-Denial.

The will of God is a path leading straight to God. The will of man, which once ran parallel with it, is now another path, not only different from it, but, in our present state, directly contrary to it: it leads from God. If, therefore, we walk in the one, we must necessarily quit the other. We cannot walk in both. Indeed, a man of faint heart and feeble hands may go in two ways, one after the other; but he cannot walk in two ways at the same time—follow his own will, and follow the will of God: he must choose the one or the other; denying God's will to follow his own, or denying himself to follow the will of God.—*J. Wesley.*

600. Needless Self-Indulgence.

Our lives are often enervated by needless self-indulgence. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes tells a very interesting story, and makes a very sane comment on it in illustration. During his recent visit to Palestine, at one point, when he happened to be riding in the carriage, he had a striking experience. "It was very hot, the sky was cloudless, the road was hard and white. Suddenly a Syrian, staff in hand, passed the carriage. Instantly I thought: 'There, that poor man, with flowing robe and turbaned head and sandaled feet, is dressed just as my Lord was dressed two thousand years ago. When he came up, as he did come up, again and again, from Jericho to Jerusalem, he had to trudge through the heat on foot, as that poor fellow is trudging. And here I am—professedly a disciple of his—riding up this hill in a carriage and pair. How dare I ride where my Lord walked?'" He felt it so much that he stopped the driver, got out, and walked the rest of the way to Bethany. Commenting upon his action, Mr. Hughes says: "That sudden impression was neither scriptural nor rational. There is nothing in Christianity that should lead any of us to decline the conveniences of life, provided always that we use for the good of men any energy we conserve. But there was this point of truth in the emotions which filled my heart. We do exceedingly need greater simplicity of life among all who name the name of Christ. We are too self-indulgent and luxurious in these days."

601. Indulgences Compress.

In a fable of the Magic Skin, it gave the wearer power to get anything he wanted, but every time he gratified his wishes, the skin shrank and compressed him into smaller dimensions until, by and by, with the last wish, life itself was crushed out. The magic skin is selfishness. It is a great thing to learn to say "No" to one's self, instead of indulging every whim and wish, even though there be nothing sinful in it. There was no necessary wrong to Moses in his inheriting the royal treasures and enjoying the pleasures of Egypt, so far as they were not in themselves sinful; but Moses had a high vocation, and these would have been hindrances; so he renounced them.—*A. T. Pierson, D.D.*

602. Slaves to Self.

Alexander could conquer the legions of Persia; but he could not

conquer his passions. Cæsar triumphed in a hundred battles; but he fell a victim to the desire of being a king. Bonaparte vanquished nearly the whole of Europe; but he could not vanquish his own ambition. And in humbler life, nearer home, in our own every-day affairs, most of us are drawn aside from the path of duty and discretion, because we do not resist some temptation, or overcome some prejudice.—*S. G. Goodrich.*

603. Victory Over Self.

A man that is born a conqueror over his own corruptions and over himself, he is greater than ever was the greatest conqueror; and it is better to be made in this kind a victor over his own passions than to be universal emperor of all the world. Saith Seneca, There are many men that have subdued principalities, kingdoms, cities, towns, and countries, and brought them under their own mastery; but there are few that have guided themselves, but still there is a tiger within them that disgraceth and obscureth their outward conquest by reason of four seethings and corruption in their own flesh: therefore, for a man to get the victory, and to overcome himself, is to get the victory, and to overcome all the world; for man is a microcosm, a little world, as St. Austin saith.—*Day.*

604. Practicing Goodness Lenten Duty.

There is an old and pretty legend about a handsome youth whose name was Narcissus. This young man never saw anyone that he thought was beautiful until one day he went to an open fountain with waters as clear as the light. He stooped down to drink, and saw his own image, which he thought to be some beautiful water-spirit living in the fountain. He fell in love with the image he saw—with himself. In vain he tried to kiss and embrace the beautiful spirit. He talked to it again and again, but met with no response. He could not break the fascination, and the story says that he pined away and died.

Narcissus is only a mythical being, but many a real flesh and blood man has fallen in love with himself. Lots of people around us every day do the same thing.

It is not a good thing to fall in love with self like that—a self that never helps another soul, but takes all it can get from everyone.

Narcissus, and all other selfish people, make a great mistake. They look at the wrong self. There is a better way. Forget yourself and think of others. There is a self that it would do you good to love—the self that we might be with the help of Jesus—by living as Jesus would live.

There is only one way to goodness of character, namely, by practicing goodness as Jesus reveals it to you.

Practicing goodness is a Lenten duty; yes, an every day duty.

605. Christ's Love Draws.

A man who had been converted from a sinful life gave this experience of his acceptance with Jesus: "I just crept to the feet of Jesus, and, greatly to my astonishment, He did not scold me—He knew I had been scolded enough; and He didn't pity me; and He didn't give me any advice either. He knew I had had plenty of that. He just put His arms around my neck and loved me. And when the sun arose I was a new man."—*Rev. H. O. Harbaugh.*

606. Win One.

Julia Ward Howe once wrote to an eminent Senator of the United States in behalf of a man who was suffering great injustice. He replied, "I am so

much taken up with plans for the benefit of the race that I have not time for individuals." She pasted this in her album, with this comment. "When last heard from, our Master had not reached this attitude."

If we have no interest in individuals, says an exchange, in this connection, then we have no real interest in Christ, and he who waits till he can save many souls will never save one.

607. Power in Christ.

When Munkacsy's picture "Christ before Pilate," was on exhibition in the lower part of Canada, a rough-looking man came to the door of the tent and said, "Is Jesus Christ here?" When informed that the picture was there, he asked the price of admission. Throwing down a piece of silver, he passed in and stood in the presence of the masterpiece. He kept his hat on, sat down on the chair before the painting and brushed off the catalogue. The one having the picture in charge had a desire to see how such a picture would move such a man. The man sat for a moment, and then reverently removed his hat, stooped and picked up the catalogue, and looked first at it and then at that marvelous face, while tears rolled down his cheeks. He sat there for an hour, and when he left, he said: "I am a rough sailor from the lakes, but I promised my mother before I went on this last cruise that I would go and see Jesus Christ. I never believed in such things before, but a man who could paint a picture like that must believe in the man, and he makes me believe in Him, too." It is a marvelous thing that there is power in a canvas when touched by a master-hand to save a soul. It is also marvelous that your life and mine may be so transformed that people can see in us Jesus Christ.—*Rev. C. F. Butterfield.*

608. Getting Our Voices.

There was a king of Lydia in olden times who had a son who had the misfortune to be totally dumb. The prince dwelt in the splendid court of his father, unable to utter a word. Then came dreadful misfortunes. The Persian fought the Lydians, and Croesus was overthrown. A soldier was about to kill the unhappy monarch, of whose rank he vas not aware, before the eyes of his son. In that moment of horror, fear and love did what human skill had not done. "Spare him; he is the king!" cried the prince. His effort to save his father had burst the string which tied his tongue. If we were as anxious to snatch others from eternal death as this poor prince was to save his father we should find that we too could speak; we should no longer be silent on the subjects of heaven and hell.

609. Salvation at Cost.

We are told in these days that if one is really a Christian the fact will show itself in his every-day living, and no statement is truer.

In the meetings conducted by one of our evangelists in a Texas city, a man definitely gave himself to Jesus Christ, then he said to his minister: "This will cost me something. I have a number of houses in this city used not only as saloons but as places of questionable resort. They have netted me a handsome income, but from to-night, with God's help I will give the whole thing up." The next morning he placed all his real estate in the hands of an agent, and said: "You must dispose of it for I have become a Christian and under no circumstances would I ever again do a thing that would so dishonor Christ."—*Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.*

610. "Ho, Every One."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's phrase, "The Gates Ajar" doesn't do justice

to the wide-open love and mercy of my Father's house of many mansions.

One of the poets makes us sing:

"Wondrous love! O, can it be
The gate of heaven's ajar for me?"

Isaiah fifty-five is not a gate "ajar." I remember how at one of the great State Christian Endeavor conventions I attended, in an immense skating-rink, the waiting crowd in front filled the sidewalk and the street, singing gospel hymns to pass away the time until the doors should swing open. And, when the ushers opened the doors, it was found that they stuck at the bottom, and would not swing back far enough. And the crowd was choked in the entrance until some one cried, "Take those doors off their hinges; lift them right up!"

And a dozen pairs of strong hands seized the obstructing doors; and they were raised aloft, right off the butt hinges, and set aside, and with a shout of delight the eager throng swept in.

If Isaiah found the "gates ajar," he lifted them off their hinges, in this wonderful chapter, and set them in the corner. Isaiah fifty-five might be called the "Ho, every one" chapter.—*Rev. John F. Cowan, D.D.*

611. Crisis Moments in the Spiritual Life.

There are critical hours that come into every life. Some of these have to do with worldly matters. "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune." If the astronomer wishes to see the transit of Venus, after his months of preparation there comes a critical hour when he must not sleep, but be awake and alert and watchful. There often comes a critical hour in sickness, as in a fever, when the life of the patient depends on the watchfulness of the nurse and faithfulness in the administration of medicine.

But let us not forget that there are critical hours in spiritual matters also. This is especially true in the matter of the soul's salvation. One may be very near to the kingdom of God and yet not in it.—*H.*

612. Blind Eyes Opened.

A little boy was born blind. At last an operation was performed; the light was let in slowly. Then one day his mother led him out of doors and uncovered his eyes, and for the first time he saw the sky and the earth. "Mother," he cried, "why did you not tell me it was so beautiful?" She burst into tears as she said, "I tried to tell you, dear, but you could not understand me." So it is when we try to tell what is in Christ. Unless the spiritual sight is opened by the Holy Spirit, one cannot understand.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

613. Blood in Science and Salvation.

It is known in chemistry that scarlet and crimson colors are ineradicable. They never wear out or fade away; but, with Christ's blood, "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." In science, blood is a bleacher; in medicine, by the transfusion of blood, a dying person recovers his life, for there is life in the blood. Therefore, it is not strange that, in the higher realm, the sinsick soul partakes of the divine nature through the blood of Jesus, so that he exclaims, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

614. Christian, Be Watchful.

A recent writer describes the strange alluring splendor of the beds of anemones which cover the floors of some Western seas. These gaudy, dainty flowers appear like blossoms from the garden of Paradise, so brilliantly colored are they. Yet, in fact, they are cruel, devouring monsters, for let a poor fish only touch them, and a

thousand poisoned threadlets dart out, seize the victim, and in a moment he is consumed by the innocent-looking blossom. So, under the secret attractions of much of our social commercial and religious life, there are deadly snares, and destructions, that lie in wait for the unwary. Many a fair-looking friendship, festivity and recreation hold a peril striking at the soul. We need the Divine wisdom to preserve us, for things are not what they seem.—*Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.*

615. Instant Decision.

A young woman once refused to come to the Saviour, saying, "There is too much to give up." "Do you think God loves you?" "Certainly." "How much do you think He loves you?"

She thought a moment and answered "Enough to give His Son to die for me." "Do you think if God loved you, He will ask you to give up anything it is for your good to keep?" "No." "Do you wish to keep anything that is not for your good to keep?" "No."

"Then you had better come to Christ at once." And she did.

616. Standing Between.

A Christian worker in the mountains of Kentucky was visiting the penitentiary. There he found a man imprisoned on the charge of murder. He tried to reach his heart with the gospel story, but seemingly without avail. On one visit the man spoke of his little boy. The evangelist saw his opportunity. "My brother," said he, "what would you be willing to do for that child of yours?" The rugged mountaineer's eyes flashed. With tremendous intensity he answered, "Mister, I'd stand between that boy and hell!" "Well, my brother," quietly replied the other, "that is exactly what Jesus has done for you."

Do you want to know what salvation means—the mystery of Christ's substitution. There you have it. Let Him be your Saviour.—*H.*

617. He Will Have Mercy.

The daughter of a poor widow had left her mother's cottage. Led astray by others, she had forsaken the Guide of her youth and forgotten the covenant of her God. Fervent, believing prayer was the mother's only resource, nor was it in vain. Touched by a sense of sin, and anxious to regain the peace she had lost, late one night the daughter returned home. It was midnight, and she was surprised to find the door unlatched. But she was told in the fulness of a mother's heart. *"Never, my child, by night, nor by day, has that door been fastened since you left.* I believed you would come back some day, and I was unwilling to keep you waiting for a single moment."

"For thou, Lord, art good, *and ready to forgive,* and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon Thee." Christ is as willing to receive you, as this poor mother was to receive her daughter.

618. Return, Ye Backsliders.

"My people are bent on backsliding from me." Slipping away from God is caused by not drawing close to Him. A little girl fell out of bed. When asked why, she replied, "I went to sleep too near the place I got in."

619. Human Ladders.

The story is told that one time the parsonage of Epworth, England, burned. The minister thought all his family were safe, when one of the children appeared at a window crying to be saved. Peasants made a ladder of themselves by standing one upon the other's shoulders, and the boy came to safety in this way. That boy was John Wesley. Think of it—a ladder to save a boy for such a work

as Wesley did in the world. Probably those peasants enjoyed telling, in after years, how they saved him. Now anyone who helps to save a soul for God has had the same privilege those men had.

620. Count On Me.

A college student who was uninterested in art, was once persuaded by his mother to visit an art gallery to view the painting of the "Man of Galilee." After viewing it from every angle, an attendant who had observed how earnestly and with what great interest he had studied the picture, said to him—"Great picture, isn't it?"—Yes, it is a great picture and is well named the "Man of Galilee."

Then the student again softly stepped up to the painting and said, "Oh man of Galilee, if I can, in any way, help you to do your work in the world, you can count on me"—"count on me."

May there be a response in our hearts as we look to the Christ. Will He be able to count on us?

621. How to Become a Christian.

A little girl was playing in her yard when she fell down a cistern. Her mother, who was near, quickly rescued her. Narrating her experience to a young friend, she was heard to say, in response to a question whether she was not frightened: "No, indeed; mamma told me to put my hands up as far as I could, and she reached down and did the rest." That is all God requires of us—to reach up the hands of faith as far as we can, and leave Him to complete His perfect work.

622. Enlisting For Christ.

One Sunday afternoon I had a service for a great crowd of men about eight miles from the front line. They were moving that day to the front lines to go into battle. I had tried to get some War Roll Cards, but there were none in that section. I had only one left in my pocket. After talking to the men, and singing for them, I told them about the War Roll Card. Then I told the Captain in charge of these men that I would give him the one I had, and any fellow who wanted to do so could make a copy of it, sign it, and we would be glad to send it in for him. The Captain took the little card, looked it over, took me off to one side and said, "Mr. Rodeheaver, if you don't mind, I'd like to sign this card myself. I have a wife and two babies back in the southland, and a dear old father and mother there. They all belong to the Church—they have always wanted me to join them, but, like so many men, I have simply put it off. I am going into battle to-morrow, and of course we never know what is going to happen. I would like to have the folks at home to have the satisfaction of knowing that I accepted this proposition and signed this War Roll Card."

That was the feeling of thousands of men in France who had no chance of signing a War Roll Card.—*Homer A. Rodeheaver.*

623. Only Two Choices.

Said an old salt to the young apprentice: "Aboard a man 'o war, my lad, there's only two choices. One's duty; t'other's mutiny."—*Rev. A. S. Woodburne.*

624. Christ Depended On for Salvation.

In a factory where delicate fabrics were woven, when the threads at any time became tangled the operatives were required to press a button and the superintendent would appear to rectify things. On one occasion, however, though a young girl had just a little while before touched the button for assistance, a woman who was an old hand at the work thought she "knew," and could get along without

this formality. The threads became inextricably mixed, and much damage ensued. To the superintendent she said, "I did my best." To which he replied, "Doing your best is sending for me." Doing our best is depending on Christ. Ask Him to save you. Ask Him to help you. Ask Him to empower you. Doing your best is depending on Christ.—*H.*

625. Whom Christ Receives.

A woman once came to Mr. Moody and said: "Mr. Moody, I would like to become a Christian, but I am so hard-hearted." He replied: "My good woman, did the Master say: 'You soft-hearted people, come?' Nothing of the kind. He said: 'Come unto me'—all black hearts, vile hearts, corrupt hearts, deceitful hearts—'all.' If your heart is hard, who will soften it? You can't. The harder the heart the more need there is for the Saviour; so come along and get rest. If you can't come as a saint, come as a sinner; if you can't run, walk; if you can't walk, creep to Him; but come."

The woman saw the force of Moody's words, and went away much comforted. In a few days she gave her hard heart to Christ.

IX. DECISION DAY

(Usually Observed in Lent, Shortly Before Easter.)

"Decision Day" is the day when an earnest effort is made to induce every unsaved person to accept Christ, and may be observed in the Sunday School, the Young People's Society, or in the church itself as a whole. If observed in the Sunday School the effort will be made to reach the scholars of the various classes who have not yet made an open confession of Christ; if in the Young People's Society, special attention will be given to the associate members; if in the church as a whole, the effort will be made to touch the whole community. The day is usually observed in February or March, during the Lenten season.

626. When He Answered.

A teacher in a mission school in Africa had just explained the parable of the king who invited people to his feast. One of the large boys said he wanted to follow Jesus, and the little boy said the same. "Have you felt for some time that Jesus has been calling you?" asked the teacher. "Oh, no; it is only to-day; but I listened right off when he called," was the sincere answer.

That is the time to answer, when you hear the call. Do it promptly. Do it at once. Accept the first offer. —*H.*

627. The Desert Gospel.

"The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And he that heareth, let him say, Come. And he that is athirst, let him come: he that will, let him take the water of life freely." In the deserts, when caravans are in want of water, they send a rider some distance ahead; then, after a little space, another follows; and then at a short distance another. As soon as the first finds water, before he stoops to drink, he shouts aloud, "Come!" The next one repeats the word, "Come!" So the shout is passed along until the whole wilderness echoes with the word "Come!" The whole Bible echoes with the word "Come."—*H.*

628. Immediate Decision.

I was taught a simple lesson by an old woman when we were in Scotland.

Mark had been preaching, and when he came down from the pulpit he saw this dear old woman with a bright face, and he asked whether she was a Christian. "Oh, yes," she replied boldly. And her boldness led Mark to suppose she had been one some time. So he continued: "How long have you been a Christian?" "Oh, just since you have been preaching." Wonderful decision of soul! She saw the truth and grasped it at once. How much we lose by not making a promise our own the moment the Spirit illuminates it to us! Oh, let us live up to the light we receive, and make instant decision of soul as soon as we see the truth!

629. Come All.

A lawyer serving on a draft board had occasion to help a young immigrant man fill out his questionnaire. He explained that as an alien he was entitled to claim exemption. The young man straightened himself, and with a high look replied: "When I came to America, I came all. If America needs Karl Klausen, Karl Klausen is ready!" Shall we not do as much for Christ—"come all"?

630. The Father's Telegram.

I read the other day that a father in Watford last year was greatly troubled about his son, who had gone wrong and was ill and despondent. The boy wrote to the father tremblingly and fearfully, as if to ask whether there was any hope. The father sent a telegram to him, and the telegram consisted of one word; the one word was "Home," and it was signed "Father." Now the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ is God's telegram to the sinful world, summed up in one word, "Home," and signed by one name, "Father."

631. Witnessing.

Miss Havergal tells of going away to a boarding school shortly after she joined the church. When she entered the school she found that she was the only Christian among one hundred girls. Her first feeling was that she could not confess Christ before gay and wordly companions. Then the thought came, "I am the only one He has here." The thought strengthened, and she was rewarded for her courage.—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

632. Silent Partners.

Many business firms have what are called silent partners. These partners are interested in the firm, but they do not work for it, do not come to business, and very often are not known to the public at all. A business man once came to a preacher and said that he wished to become a Christian, but he wished to be a silent partner, that is, he did not wish any one to know that he was a Christian. The preacher said that Jesus has no silent partners. If one comes to Him it must be openly. We must confess Him, tell others that we belong to Him, and work for Him.—*Rev. R. P. Anderson.*

633. Confess Because of Gratitude.

It is told of one of the children in a New York Hospital, who had been under the care of one nurse for a long time, that when the little fellow found out that he was to go home cured, he put his arm around the neck of the nurse and said softly in her ear:

"My mama will never hear the last of you."

Let us confess Christ out of gratitude for his saving work for us.

634. An Avowed Christian.

An automobile bears upon its hub the name of the firm that made it. Wherever the automobile goes it carries the reputation of its maker. It does not need to talk; every mile it makes writes a new advertisement a mile long. So as soon as a man takes upon him the name of Jesus Christ,

every good deed he does is an advertisement of Jesus Christ, whether he says anything about religion or not, just because it was done by an avowed Christian.—*Rev. R. P. Anderson.*

635. Mistaking God.

The story is told of a small boy, whose mother had told him he must not walk on the lawn as the policeman would get him. A little later his mother told him he must not shout and whistle on Sunday, as the Lord would not like it. And then the little boy said, "Mother, what a good time I could have if it were not for the policeman and the Lord." A great many people are like this boy, and think if they served the Lord it would take away all their enjoyment in life. They do not realize that "his ways are ways of pleasantness and all his paths are peace."

636. Last Call.

There is a pathos in the last of any series, and especially when it has involved anything worth while. The athlete is familiar with "Casey at the Bat,"—score tied, bases full, and two men out. The traveller is familiar with "The Last Call to Dinner" given with portorial eloquence. The bargain hunter is familiar with the auctioneer's "Fair warning—last call." The "go, going, gone" is an every day experience. There is such a thing as a last call in religion.

637. A Gentle Call.

Sometimes the Christian life begins very simply, especially with the young. Among those who have been under good influences in the home, the church, the Bible-school and have been living sweet and gentle lives, free from grosser forms of evil, it is unreasonable to expect any violent "experience" or marked change in manner of living. Failing to recognize this fact, many parents continue to wrestle with the Lord in prayer for the conversion of their children long after that change has really taken place; while the children and young people themselves, on account of the same mistaken impression, continue long in strong efforts and deep unsatisfied longings to become Christians after God has indeed accepted them and they are actually living devotedly in His service.

It is well for us all to recognize how simply and quietly the Christian life sometimes begins.

A thoughtful girl of sixteen years, living in the country at a distance from the church, which made attendance irregular, read, on a Sunday, the memoir of a Christian woman. On closing the volume, she said to herself, "That was a beautiful life." After a little thought, she added, "And I should like to live such a life." A few minutes later, she kneeled down and said, "Lord, I will try from this time." The decision was made. She went on steadily, and is still a useful and influential Christian woman, honored and beloved, and widely known for her beautiful and devout character.—*H.*

638. "I Couldn't Leave Him."

"What else could I do?" So said a frail young girl of seventeen.

The home of this young heroine, Miss Esther Fuller, is in Corpus Christi, Texas. The flood came in the fall of 1919, and she and her brother, a lad of eleven, found themselves in the water. The boy became unconscious, and for five hours before being rescued the girl swam about in the surging waters, supporting her little brother. Happily her favorite sport had been swimming, according to the account in the newspapers.

"I couldn't leave him, could I?" was the expression of the girl when her heroic conduct was being commended.

What a motto for those who are

seeking to win others for their Master's service!

Those who endeavor to "rescue the perishing" will find that the Lord will provide strength for their task. Pluckily and hopefully they may continue their labor of love. Unfaltering faith in the saving Christ leads the Christian worker to exclaim, "I couldn't leave him, could I?" Because of such holy daring many have been reclaimed from the ways of sin.—*Rev. W. J. Hart, D.D.*

639. A Diver's Decision.

A professional diver has in his home two oyster shells with a piece of printed paper fastened between them. While diving one day, he observed at the bottom of the sea an oyster on a rock with this paper in its mouth. He detached the oyster, and held the paper close to the goggles of his headdress and in reading it found it to be a little Gospel tract earnestly calling upon whosoever should read it to repent at once and give his heart to God. He said, "I cannot hold out any longer against God's mercy since it pursues me thus." And down there at the bottom of the sea, he repented and breathed out his heart to God in prayer.—*From the "Fisherman and His Friends."*

640. The Riveted Nail.

A laboring man, converted after a period of deep conviction, said to those around him, "Boys, what's the biggest wonder you ever saw?" He repeated his question, and then said, "Oh, isn't it to see an old grey-haired sinner like me saved at the eleventh hour? Oh, you are young—you are in the early hours of life's day! Come, it's far easier for you to get saved now than if you wait as I did. Oh, sin's a nail the devil drives into the heart; and when it gets riveted it's hard to pull out."

641. Give Christ Your Influence.

I know a young man who confessed Christ, and within a week his example and influence were instrumental in leading eighteen young men to do the same thing.

In the battle of life many a one falls because he cannot see the colors; because there is no one near to reinforce his failing courage; no one whose clear, strong convictions make the truth seem truer, and right more righteous, and Jesus Christ more real. He who tries to serve Christ secretly is robbing the world of a certain influence which it sadly needs.

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so," then, for their own sakes, for the sake of the unredeemed, but above all, for the sake of the Redeemer.—*Rev. Howard W. Pope.*

642. We Are Recruiting Officers.

During the war, some Canadian officers, commanding various units, adopted the following method in an effort to bring their battalions up to the required strength for over-sea service:

They turned their entire battalions loose for three days, having instructed the men to hunt up their relatives, their chums, and their acquaintances, in an effort to get them to enlist. The results were splendid, and the battalions were quickly brought up to full strength.

Do we realize that as soon as we enlist in the army of King Jesus He immediately commissions us as recruiting officers to bring our relatives, friends, and acquaintances into His Kingdom and service? And do we realize, too, that He expects us to engage in this work not simply for three days, but for life?—*Rev. T. DeCourcy Rayner.*

643. Let's Go Get Him.

"A few days ago, I was talking with an unhappy, mentally groping veteran of the A. E. F.," says R. D. Henkel,

"He was one of the last contingent to return from overseas: 'I've been away a couple o' years,' he said, 'and I got a kinda new perspective. Before I went away I thought things in this old country of ours were just about right; never could be improved on. But now I get worried. I know you will say I have been over there so long I got the European angle and am just copying them when they say:

"'"All the Yankees think about is money." But ain't that pretty much right? Hit most any of the folks here at home in the pocketbook and you hit a mighty tender spot. What they need most is a little more of the spirit of the boys who did the job in France: you know, "Hey, fellows, there's a buddy out there in trouble. Let's go get him." And you went, regardless of Jerry. I've been in churches since I got back, morning and evening, and I've heard some good sermons, but not one of them showed me the congregation was sittin' up listening for the whisper to "Let's go get him."'"

This boy was measuring the folks at home by the standards of unselfish devotion to comrades that are brought out on the battlefield. But was he so far wrong? A new sense of responsibility is spreading through the Church and through the devoted members of the Church. With awakened consciousness of this responsibility is coming a demand that it be manfully shouldered and that each member shall become instinct with the "Let's go get him" spirit.—*H.*

644. Serious Things To-morrow.

Many ages ago a Greek nobleman made a feast for his friends. In the midst of his mirth a messenger entered in great haste with a letter. It was from a distance, to tell him that a plot had been formed by his enemies to kill him that night. "My lord," said the messenger, "my master desired me to say that you must read the letter without delay, for it is about serious things." "Serious things to-morrow," said the nobleman, as he threw the letter aside, and took up his cup of wine. The delay was fatal. Before the feast was at an end, his enemies rushed into the hall and slew him.

645. The Touch of a Hand.

Some rude children in Madagascar were one day calling out, "A leper! A leper!" to a poor woman who had lost all her fingers and toes by the dread disease. A missionary lady who was near by put her hand on the woman's shoulder and asked her to sit down on the grass by her. The woman fell sobbing, overcome by emotion, and cried out, "A human hand has touched me! For seven years no one has touched me." The missionary says that in that moment it flashed across her mind why it is recorded in the Gospels that Jesus touched the leper. That is just what others would not do. It was the touch of sympathy as well as of healing power.

646. The Age of Conversion.

The testimony of one thousand converted Sunday school scholars in the United States, Great Britain and Canada: 128 scholars converted at age of from eight to twelve years. Three hundred and ninety-two scholars converted at age of from thirteen to sixteen years. Three hundred and twenty-two scholars converted at age of from seventeen to twenty years. One hundred and eighteen scholars converted at age of from twenty-one to twenty-four years. Forty scholars converted at age of from twenty-five to sixty years. Fifty-two per cent. by age of sixteen. Eighty-four per cent. by age of twenty. Ninety-six per cent. by age of twenty-four. Four per cent. at older age.

647. Not too Young to Be Christ's.

A little girl about ten years of age came to my house one night after school. She was seeking the Saviour, and told me how, for three nights, she had been afraid to sleep, feeling the weight of her sins, and from her constant weeping while with me I knew what deep distress that little soul had been in. Very simply I told her of Him who had died in her place and for her sins, and with a new light and a happy joy in her face she said, "Oh, I see it all now." The next day, meeting her mother, I told of her little girl's conversion, and her remark was, "I thought she was too young to be thinking of such things."

648. "I Want You."

A touching incident has been told of a sixteen-year-old girl who was a chronic invalid, and whose mother was a pleasure-loving woman who could not endure the idea of being much with her shut-in daughter. While the mother was travelling abroad in Italy, she remembered the coming birthday of her daughter, and sent her a rare and wonderful Italian vase. The trained nurse brought it to the girl, saying that her mother had sent it so carefully that it came right on her birthday. After looking at its beauty for a moment the girl turned to the nurse and said: "Take it away, take it away. O mother, mother, do not send me anything more; no books, no flowers, no vases, no pictures. Send me no more. I want you, you!"

Don't give Christ things—only things. He wants you. "Son, daughter, give me thy heart." That daughter wanted her mother. She wanted her presence, her companionship, her love. Christ wants you. He wants you first of all. He wants your yielded heart, your confidence, your trust, your union with Him. He wants your love, prompting you to give the best possibilities you have. He says, "I want you, you." Your heart fully given, He knows all else will follow. —*H.*

649. Past Redemption Point.

We do not know just when our children may reach the point of responsibility. It is said that in the Niagara River there is one point called "Past Redemption Point," and that if one reaches and passes this place, he is hurried on to the Rapids and the chances are all against his life being saved. We do not know what age our children may pass this point in their lives.

This being true, it is wise for us to present Christ to them as a Saviour very early in their lives. It is said that the cannon ball passing through a four-foot bore of the cannon receives its impulse for the whole course it is to travel. And the statement has been made that the Catholic authorities have said: "If you will give us your children for the first nine years of their lives, you can never win them away from us." It is therefore doubtless true that many a child receives impressions before he is ten years of age that determine the whole course of his after life. What an awful responsibility not to present Christ to him as Saviour and keeper.

The history of the church proves that many of those who have been the real pillars in the house of God came to an acceptance of Christ before the age of twelve years. So, whatever may be our individual opinion concerning the conversion of children, God has set his approval on the work and has said: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of heaven." —*Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.*

650. Without Struggle.

Spurgeon once set the way of salvation very simply before a young woman. She was a long time in grasp-

ing the truth, but when she did, and joy filled her heart, she exclaimed, "I never thought that people could find peace in this way! I always believed that one must almost go to hell to get to heaven."—*United Methodist.*

651. What Led Him to Jesus.

Dr. R. A. Torry tells a beautiful story of a man in Chicago, who had a sweet little daughter. He loved her dearly, but God took that little child away from him. The house was so lonely that he was so angry against God that he went up and down in his room into the night cursing God for having robbed him of his child. At last thoroughly worn out, and in great bitterness of spirit, he threw himself on his bed. He dreamed he stood beside a river. Across the river in the distance he heard the singing of such voices as he had never listened to before. Then he saw in the distance beautiful little girls coming toward him, nearer and nearer, until at last at the head of the company he saw his own little girl. She stood on the brink of the river and called across, "Come over here, father." That overcame his bitterness; he accepted Jesus and prepared to go over yonder where his sweet child had gone.

652. The Way to Win Hearts.

The way to win hearts is to show kind attention and utter kind sentiments. "You have called me brother!" cried the Russian beggar radiantly, who had just begged of Tolstoi without receiving anything. "I am sorry, my brother," said Tolstoi, "but I do not have a single copeck about me." "You have given me more than I asked for," was the joyous answer. "I asked for a few coins, and you have called be brother."—*Pilgrim Teacher.*

653. An Earnest Pastor.

In one school in Pennsylvania the pastor himself had secured the names of seventy-five of the scholars who had not accepted Christ, and with all the teachers on their knees he read over these names one by one until he could read no more, because of the sobs of those who filled the room, and he told me when the results were tabulated that he did not believe there was one of the seventy-five that had not taken a stand for Christ.—*J. W. Chapman, D.D.*

654. Lift Them Into Safety.

A little child fell from the path into the canal. A young woman, who alone saw the child, ran, threw herself upon the wall, and grasped the child's arm. She had not sufficient strength to lift him to the walk. Her utmost energy was taxed to keep his head above the water. For more than twenty minutes was she in this position, when a man heard her cry and raised the child to a place of safety. Yet the village, when the incident became known, applauded and honored the girl as the rescuer. Teacher, if you first succeed in keeping those boys' lives above the engulfing current of sensuality and vice by your utmost endeavors, some pastor or evangelist may come along and lift them into safety, and the community may call them his converts, but some day in heaven you shall be acknowledged as the rescuer of their lives.—*Forest E. Dager, D.D.*

655. Child Members.

The little son of a distinguished minister came to him one day to say that he wanted to become a member of the church. His father thought he knew the boy and said to him: "My son, you may not just understand what it means to join the church." The child, however, assured him that he did. Finally, the father persuaded him to accept this proposition. He said: "We are just now going away for the summer vacation. When we come back, if you still wish it, we will then

take you into the church." This was not according to the boy's desire, but he yielded. The summer passed, but said this minister, "When I came back in the fall I came back without my boy. He died in the summer days." Doubtless the child was accepted of Christ because of his desire, but I am firmly convinced that he ought to have been in the church, and the father believes it, too, to-day.—*J. W. Chapman, D.D.*

656. Decision Day Results.

On Easter Sunday fifty-six persons were received into my church. Of this number forty-four were by confession of Christ. Of this forty-four, thirty-nine were members of the Sunday school; and of the others who came on the same occasion, by letter and confession, a great majority, I think, were reached and brought in through the influence of the Sunday school and particularly as the results of Decision Day.—*Moore.*

657. Child Saving.

A farmer in North Carolina drove into a neighboring city with a spirited team of horses, stepped out on the street and suddenly the horses became frightened and started to run. He grasped hold of them and finally drew himself up until he had the bridle rein, but he could not stop them. On they rushed through the streets until they came to a barrier which made it impossible for them to go on. They sprang up into the air and stopped, but they came down upon the body of the man. Bruised, bleeding, dying, his friends drew him forth from beneath their feet and they said, "Why didn't you let them go? With a whisper he said, "Look in the wagon," and in the wagon was his boy. I can quite understand this, as fathers we would give up our very lives for our children.

658. Cost of Salvation.

"Mama," said a little child to her mother when she was being put to bed at night—"Mama, what makes your hand so scarred and twisted, and unlike other people's hands?" "Well," said the mother, "my child, when you were younger than you are now, years ago, one night, after I had put you to bed, I heard a cry, a shriek, upstairs. I came up, and found the bed was on fire, and you were on fire; and I took hold of you, and I tore off the burning garments, and while I was tearing them off and trying to get you away I burned my hand, and it has been scarred and twisted ever since, and hardly looks any more like a hand; but I got that, my child, in trying to save you." I wish to-day I could show you the burned hand of Christ —burned in plucking you out of the fire; burned in snatching you away from the flame. Aye, also the burned foot, and the burned brow, and the burned heart—burned for you. "By His stripes we are healed."—*T.*

659. Conditions of Salvation.

One of the passengers on board the Atlantic, which was wrecked off Fisher's Island, was Principal J. R. Andrews, of New London. He could not swim but he determined to make a desperate effort to save his life. Binding a life-preserver about him, he stood on the edge of the deck waiting his opportunity and when he saw a wave moving shoreward, he jumped into the rough breakers and was borne safely to land. He was saved by faith. He accepted the conditions of salvation. Forty perished in a scene where he was saved. In one sense he saved himself; in another sense he depended upon God. It was a combination of personal activity and dependence upon God that resulted in his salvation. If he had not used the life-preserver, he would have perished; if he had not cast himself into the sea, he would

have perished. So faith in Christ is reliance upon him for salvation; but it is also our own making of a new start in life and the showing of our trust by action.—*President A. H. Strong, D.D., Rochester, N. Y.*

660. Penitent's First Effort.

In every building the first stone must be laid and the first blow must be struck. The ark was 120 years in building; yet there was a day when Noah laid his axe at the first tree he cut down to form it. The temple of Solomon was a glorious building; but there was a day when the first huge stone was laid at the foot of Mount Moriah. When does the building of the Spirit really begin to appear in a man's heart? It begins, so far as we can judge, when he first pours out his heart to God in prayer.—*R.*

661. Right About Face.

A young soldier, who had led a careless life, but had become afterwards a Christian, described very well the change that had been wrought in him when he said—"Jesus Christ said to me, Right about face! And I heard and obeyed Him in my heart." That is exactly what we call "conversion." It is a turning about of the face—from the world to God. But with the face it is a turning also of the heart.—*C. A. Salmond.*

662. How Christian's Die.

The French nurse who was present at the deathbed of Voltaire, being urged to attend an Englishman whose case was critical, said: "Is he a Christian?" "Yes," was the reply, "he is, a Christian in the highest and best sense of the term—a man who lives in the fear of God; but why do you ask?" "Sir," she answered, "I was the nurse who attended Voltaire in his last illness, and for all the wealth of Europe, I would never see another infidel die."—*Rev. Geo. F. Pentecost, D.D.*

663. Decision.

It was said by a celebrated orator in the House of Lords a century ago, that an Englishman's house is his castle, that the winds of heaven might enter by every window, that the rains might penetrate through every cranny, but that not even the sovereign of the land dare enter into it, however humble, without its owner's permission. God treats you in the same way. He says: "Willingly open your heart to Me, and I will give you every blessing; but I must be made welcome."—*G. Warner.*

664. Surrender.

The foreman of a certain works in the north had often heard the Gospel, but he was troubled with the fear that he might not come to Christ. His good master one day sent a card round to the works: "Come to my house immediately after work." The foreman appeared at his master's door, and the master came out, and said somewhat roughly: "What do you want, John, troubling me at this time? Work is done, what right have you here?" "Sir," said he, "I had a card from you saying that I was to come after work." "Do you mean to say that merely because you had a card from me you are to come up to my house and call me out after business hours?" "Well, sir," replied the foreman, "I do not understand you, but it seems to me that, as you sent for me, I had a right to come." "Come in, John," said his master, "I have another message that I want to read to you," and he sat down and read these words: "'Come unto Me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Do you think that after such a message from Christ that you can be wrong in going to Him?" The poor man saw it all at

once, and believed, because he saw that he had good warrant and authority for believing.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

665. Only Way.

A man recently gave directions to another who stopped to ask him the way to a certain street. "That's the best way, is it?" asked the inquirer, a little doubtfully. "It is the only way," was the quick answer. "The other road will land you back where you started."—*Sunday School Times.*

666. Acknowledging God.

When the old Spanish mariners, in their explorations, touched any new land, the first thing they did was to run up the flag of Ferdinand and Isabella to the masthead on the highest point that they could reach on the new land. Every new shore was claimed for Spain. The sovereigns that encouraged the explorations of these Spanish mariners were acknowledged when the first foot touched the new shore. Ah, man! when you get your new situation, when you set up your new home, when new circumstances arrive in your life, it is grand to run up the flag of God's Son, and say: "This new situation—this new era in my life—will be the acknowledgment of God in the person of His Son."—*John Robertson.*

667. Secret Disciples.

The boy was expressing the opinion of many older than himself when he said to his mother: "I should like to be just such a Christian as father is, for no one can tell whether he is a Christian or not." This father is like the clock attached to a certain church, which possessed neither face nor hands, but which was wound up by the sexton on Sundays and continued to tick year after year, affording an apt illustration of the religion which many are content to possess. The movements of the clock were as regular and accurate as anyone could desire, but, inasmuch as it kept the time to itself, no one was the better for its existence.—*C. H. Robinson, D.D.*

668. Irresponsive to God.

A man cannot get these Divine blessings if he does not want them. You take a hermetically sealed bottle and put it into the sea, it may float about in mid-ocean for a century, surrounded by a shoreless ocean, and it will be as dry and empty inside at the end as it was at the beginning. So you and I float, live, move, and have our being in that great ocean of the Divine love in Christ, but you can cork up your hearts and wax them over with an impenetrable cover, through which that grace does not come. And you do do it, some of you.—*A. Maclaren, D.D.*

669. Christ the Way Through.

A distinguished artist lately, speaking to some students on artistic composition, declared it to be a wrong thing pictorially to have a picture of woodland or forest without showing a path leading out of it. When the true artist paints a landscape he invariably gives some suggestion of a path which can carry the eye out of the picture. Otherwise the tangle of trees and undergrowth would suffocate us, or the wide, trackless spaces dismay us. So God ever provides a Way of escape for His children.—*Sunday at Home.*

670. Flood-Tide.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

Planting must be done in seed-time. Tending the field must be done in growing time. Harvesting must be done when the crop is ripe. We must make hay while the sun shines. We must grind our grist while the water

is flowing by the mill. We must teach the child while he is the child. We must show love while the loved ones are still with us. We must prepare for the future while it is still to-day. —*H. C. Trumbull, D.D.*

671. His Answer.

There was an old turnpike man in a quiet country road whose habit was to shut his gate at night and take a nap. One dark, wet night I knocked at his door crying, "Gate! Gate!" "Coming," said the voice of the old man. Then I knocked again, and once more the voice replied, "Coming." Then I knocked again, and once more the voice replied, "Coming." This went on for some time, till at length I opened the door and demanded to know why he cried, "Coming," for so long and never come. "Who's there?" said the old man in a sleepy voice. "What d'ye want, sir?" Then, awakening, "Bless yer, sir, and yer pardon; I was asleep. I get so used to hearing them knock that I answer 'Coming' in my sleep, and take no more notice about it." So it is with too many hearers of the Gospel, who hear by habit, and answer God by habit, and at length die with their souls asleep.—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

672. Decision Day Hint.

Hold your scholars to the main question—the character and claims of Christ. Always you can show them that deciding for Christ means trusting Him for all things, the honest intention to obey Him in all things, and saying this before men.

673. Faith and Believing.

Faith and believing are two different things. Dr. Arthur Pink, the Bible teacher, has helped to make the difference clear. How did we get our eyesight? he asks. By our own will power or activity? No; our sight is God's gift. But how do we see? We see by using our sight. We decide for ourselves when we shall see and when we shall not see. Our will power enters into it. Seeing, therefore, is an act of ours; sight is God's gift. Seeing is our voluntary use of the gift of sight. So of faith and believing. Faith is God's gift to us. Peter writes (2 Peter 1:1) "to them that have obtained a like precious faith with us in the righteousness of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ." Obtaining, here, is not attaining or achieving; it is receiving a gift. But, after God has given us the gift of faith, it is our responsibility to decide whether we shall use it or not. When we use the gift of faith we believe. So we may rightly speak of "the will to believe." Many a child of God is failing to enjoy God's richest blessings in Christ because failing to use for those blessings the gift of faith already received. By simple will power we may, and we should, believe all that God's Word says is true for us in Christ Jesus our Lord and life. Are we believing with our faith? —*Sunday School Times.*

674. Interest of Church Members.

Even those members of the church who are not directly connected with the Sunday School can do much for the success of Decision Day. They should join with the parents and Bible-school workers in especial prayer for God's blessing upon the efforts put forth in behalf of the children; they should be as solicitous for and as active in behalf of the spiritual welfare of the little ones in the household of faith as they are for the physical and intellectual welfare of the children in their homes.

675. An Active Faith.

Belief is the acceptance of a map. Faith is the taking the voyage.—*Rev. J. H. Jowett, D.D.*

676. Loss from Delay.

An aged nobleman who had lived his life as a man of the world, was visited by God's grace when he was past four-score and became a truly changed man and spent the remainder of his life in humble faith and hope. When Christian friends congratulated him on the wonderful mercy and forbearance that had been extended to him by God who had spared him, a look of sadness would come over the old man's face as he replied, "Yes, my dear friends, thank God my soul is saved, but my life is lost, my life is lost."

677. Immediacy of Religion.

"Immediately—I sent to thee." Acts 10:33. One word reveals the man. He did not dilly dally about his soul's welfare. When Roosevelt was President, he said that when he wanted a thing done he sent for a soldier. That is how he got the Panama Canal dug. The earnest man never delays. This type of man compels success. Never loses a moment in attending to things, especially in matters of the soul. General Frank P. Blair after listening to a sermon in a Fifth Avenue, New York, church stood up before the congregation and said, "I want to accept Jesus Christ as my Saviour here and now, and confess Him before men." That was the splendid soldier of it for you. Cornelius sent for his friends. In Washington, Secretary of State invited Billy Sunday to his house to tell the old, old story, and he sent for his friends in the official life of the capital. Cornelius was the "big man" of Cæsarea. He was a Roman, rich and influential. You may be sure all the invited ones were there. Cornelius is one of the most refreshing men in the Book of Acts.—*R.*

678. Decision for Christ.

The habit of indecision is one of the hardest of all habits to overcome. A weak will weakens the whole life. Decision is needed to conquer any bad habit; how much more the habit of indecision!

The only safety when we have anything that we should do is to do it at once. Every day's delay makes it harder to do.

When we once decide for Christ, every other good decision is instantly made easier. No other decision is so economical of effort as that one.

679. To-day.

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—Ps. 95:7, 8. It is a solemn thing to say to-morrow when God says to-day, for man's to-morrow and God's to-day never meet. The word that comes from the eternal throne is *"now,"* and it is man's own choice that fixes his doom.—*Duncan Matieson.*

680 Indian Girl's Decision.

India has decision Sabbaths as well as America. We are told that on one such day thirty girls in Bengal signed the following stanza, which they can sing if they will to the air of "Just as I am." Thus:

"Just as I am, young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come."

Fourteen of these girls have since been baptized and others are ready to take this step.

681. Join the Church.

There is a strange tribe of natives in Africa. It is said that they never count. They know nothing of arithmetic. A gentleman asked one of them how many oxen he had. "Don't know," replied the native. "Then how do you know if one or two are missing?" The reply was striking and beautiful. "Not because the number would be less, but because of a face that I would miss." Is yours the missing face of the flock?—*H.*

682. Winning Others to Christ.

The difference between a salesman and a clerk is tha· the salesman finds customers while customers must find the clerk. In business for God are you a salesman or a clerk? Must sinners find you or do you find them? Does your church find men or must men find your church? One good salesman is worth a dozen clerks. In business for God, which are you, salesman or clerk?—*H.*

683. Gospel Invitation.

"But they made light of it." Matt. 22: 5. It was the King's invitation. "They made light of it." They thought they were judging the King. They were not. Who were they judging? Listen. A tourist went to "do" one of the picture galleries in Florence. He went round looking at this picture and that, and then when he came to the door to go out, he said to the old man who had kept the pictures for many a year, "I do not think much of your pictures." "Oh," said the old man, "that does not matter, sir; the pictures are not up for judgment, but the visitors are." Yes, my brethren, Jesus Christ is not up for judgment and criticism, but the visitors are.—*H.*

684. Child Christians.

An evangelist was talking to a meeting of children. He brought out a row of candles on a board; a very long candle was at one end, a very short one at the other. Between the long one and the short one were candles of various heights. He said that by these candles he wanted to represent the grandfather, father and mother, boys and girls, and the baby of a fami'y who never heard of Christ until a missionary came—whom he represented by a lighted candle—and then they all gave their hearts to Jesus, and from that day loved and served Him. He then asked which candle they thought represented the grandfather, the mother, and so on. They all thought that the tallest candle, would be the grandfather, but he told them, "No, that stands for the baby, the youngest member of the family." Presently one little boy said: "I know why; he has the chance to shine the longest for Jesus."

685. Opportunity Now.

When the great bridge in St. Louis was nearly completed, it was found that the two halves of the structure would not quite meet in the center. An engineer was sent to New York to consult authorities in the emergency. While he was trying to ascertain where the error lay, he received a telegram, telling him that the warmth of the sun had expanded the iron so that the two ends had come together. As quickly as the telegraph could carry the message he sent back word, "Clamp them;" and it was done.

When the Holy Spirit works in the Church, then is the time to take advantage. Now is the time. Now is the time to get into the kingdom those for whom you have been working so long, as also many others in the community.

686. No Neutrality.

The story has been told of a soldier who was missed amid the bustle of a battle, and no one knew what had become of him, but it was known that he was not in the ranks. As soon as opportunity offered, his officer went in search of him, and, to his surprise, found that the man during a battle, had been amusing himself in a flower garden. When it was demanded what he did there, he excused himself by saying, "Sir, I am doing no harm." But he was tried, convicted and shot. What a sad but true picture this is of many who waste their time and neglect their duty, and who can give no better answer than, "Lord, I am doing no harm!"

687. There Is Hurry.

There was a fire in a terrace of houses in the middle of the night, and one man, discovering the fire, cried to his bed companion, "Get up at once, the house next door but one is on fire!" "Oh, wait till it gets next door," growled his sleepy friend. No one wishing to be saved can take that attitude.—*H.*

688. Hopeful Cases.

Some of the most hopeful features of a soul's condition may be accompanied by the most threatening and awful dangers. One is lest the soul slip back again from this hopeful state. Do you "remember Lot's wife"? God told us to do so. In Bunyan's "Pilgrim Progress," the reader will recall, one of the company came suddenly upon a pillar of salt, which they told him was Lot's wife. Do you remember that Pilgrim's name? Think a moment, for the name is very suggestive. The name is just Hopeful. Hopeful was the one who needed the lesson of Lot's wife most. How many of these hopeful cases have we seen, young men and young women, older men and older women, who at the critical moment turned back—gave up their efforts to follow Christ. A hopeful state is a state with grave dangers.

Another danger is lest the awakened soul be content to stop at the spot that has been reached. Not far from the kingdom is not in the kingdom. Almost saved is not altogether saved. It is altogether lost. The man in the snow storm on the Dakota prairie was "lost in sight of home." After safely circumnavigating the globe the "Royal Charter" went to pieces on the coast of Wales, almost into the harbor. Nearness is not possession. Almost saved is not saved. It is a dangerous thing for an awakened sinner to stop where he is.—*H.*

689. The Need of Decision.

A prominent merchant in one of our great cities said that one Sunday he went to church in Cleveland and heard the minister preach about accepting Christ. It was no new theme to the merchant. He had meant to do it all his life and he had always thought of it. He wondered whether the minister would say anything new about it, anything that would make it more feasible. Nothing was said but what he had heard a hundred times before. And then it dawned upon him that probably nothing ever would be. It had all been said. Any new element that could come into the situation could come only from action on his own part. Man enough to see the point he shut the door on his thoughts. He had more than done justice by them. They had had his attention for more than thirty years of his life, and he was now a man of fifty and not saved. Without another thought he went to the minister then, after that service, and told him that he accepted Christ, and that as soon as it could be arranged he would do it publicly. After his action there was plenty more to think about. Thought was no longer a dull, brooding, poisonous, stupefying process. All first rate thought is more than half action. And there was nothing lacking in this man's decision because it was done suddenly. The suddenness of it was the saving thing.

And so all of us, in a dozen different directions, are administering an opiate to ourselves by professing that we wish a longer time to think a matter over. We fancy we are dealing delicately and finely with the matter when, in reality, we are blunting and coarsening the fine capacity for action, and when that is dulled life has no more zest. Shakespeare gave us Hamlet as the visible summary of the miseries of the indecisive soul who can no

longer act, but only see and think and ponder.—*Sunday School Times.*

690. Joining Jesus Christ.

Remember that in joining the church you are not joining any man or any set of men; you are joining Jesus Christ. It is His church, dominated by His Spirit. In joining it you show your loyalty to Him, and not to His unworthy followers.

691. Faith and Obedience.

Mr. John R. Mott, while on his missionary tour around the world, received a letter from Kumamoto in Japan, inviting him to come there, and asking how many persons it would take to form a Christian Association adding that there were only three Christians in a college of seven hundred students. Mr. Mott wrote back that three were enough to form an association if they were only united. He also said that he would visit the college. He found, when he reached Kumamoto, that the three Christians had grown to fourteen. Five years later he visited them, and learned that they had grown to be one of the strongest associations in Japan. He found that they went every morning at daybreak to a place they called "Flowery Hill" and held a prayer service. He also found a crowd of the class most difficult to reach at that time of the day, but before he left fully two hundred students had accepted Christ. Those men obeyed God's command to launch out into the deep of faith and let down the nets of prayer and work.

"Though it is against all precedent and against good judgment, yet if you say so, Lord, I will do it."

Do you remember how, when you came to the pasture gate, you used to have to get out of the buggy and go ahead to open the gate? They are making a new sort of contrivance these days. All you have to do is to drive right at the gate, and it opens of its own accord. In some way the weight of the horse, as he steps on the platform, releases a lever, and the gate swings open. Often we are unable to see just how God's commands are going to be obeyed. If he says, "Go ahead," or "Let down the net," it is safe to do it.

When he tells you to start out on the Christian life it is safe for you to do it.—*H.*

692. No Decision Is Decision.

At the battle of Gettysburg a general reported to Longstreet, the commanding officer, that he could not bring his men up again. Longstreet answered sarcastically, "Very well; never mind, then; just let them stay where they are; the enemy's going to advance, and that will spare you the trouble." In the same way, while we are delaying to take a stand against the enemy of our souls, he is steadily advancing upon us.

693. This Is Decision Day.

You are at a railroad station and a train is just ready to leave for the place where you want to go. You wait to consider whether to go on that train, and just by waiting you decide that you will not go, for the train leaves you behind. In the same way you cannot put off decision for Christ without deciding against Him to-day.

694. Must Decide.

A farmer, who was far along in life, was one evening leisurely driving his cows home from pasture, when his thoughts ran like this: "Here I am getting old, and yet I am not a Christian; when is this matter to be settled? I fear never, if I don't commence soon to think on the subject." And then the thought came up, "Why not settle it at once? Why not be a Christian without further delay?"

This came so forcibly home to his conscience that he exclaimed, "I will

be a Christian now! This night shall decide it;" and, strange as it may appear, he was at once enabled to give his heart to God and go on his way rejoicing.

Sometimes it appears, as in this case, that all that is needed is decision. And, in any case, when the point of decision is reached, the blessing comes, for with decision comes the willingness to give up all for Christ.—*American Messenger.*

695. No Fooling Now.

The following entry was found in a boy's dairy: "September 21, 19—. Made up my mind to-day to be a Christian. No fooling this time." There is a suggestion here for all who profess surrender to the blessed Lord.

696. Decide Now.

An old Scotch farmer had been approached again and again by the local representative of a fire insurance company to protect his farm against fire. "Na, na!" the old man would reply, with a wise shake of his head. "Ma fairm 'ull nae gang on fire!" Then one fateful day the unexpected happened. The neighbors were astonished to see the farmer racing up and down the village street instead of helping to put out the flames. As he ran he shouted: "Sandy! Sandy! Whaur's that insurance chap? It's awfu' that ye canna find a body when ye're needin' him!" That was no time to decide. The time for you to decide for Christ is now.—*H.*

697. Now! Now!

The steamship Central America, on a voyage from New York to San Francisco sprung a leak in mid-ocean. A vessel seeing her signal of distress bore down toward her and the captain of the rescue ship cried, "Let me take your passengers on board now." But it was night and the commander of the Central America feared to send his passengers away in the darkness, and, thinking they could keep afloat a while longer, replied, "Lie by till morning." About an hour and a half later her lights were missed. All on board perished, because it was thought they could be saved better at another time. "Now is the accepted time."

698. Now, Though Young.

A young girl visiting the country was following the farmer's wife along a winding, half overgrown path amid a winding tangle of wild flowers. The young visitor exclaimed at their variety and beauty. "I mean to gather all I can carry when we come back and have a little more time," she said. "Better pick them now, if you want them," said the elder woman. "It isn't likely we'll come back this way." It was one of those simple, homely incidents that sometimes seem to epitomize life. We must pick now if we want them at all, the flowers of grace and salvation that God scatters along our way.

699. Opportunity Now.

In a certain church, on a summer Sunday, was a Bible-class enrolling sixty members. The next Sunday only eighteen were living. Forty-two had gone into eternity. They had learned their last Bible lesson, and improved or neglected their last opportunity for salvation. How earnestly would that elder have taught, how earnestly would that class have listened to God's truth, had they known that it was, for two out of every three of them, the last time! The Bible-class was in Johnstown, Pa. "The night cometh" for all.

X. PALM SUNDAY

(Last Sunday in Lent, Sunday Preceding Easter.)

700. Christ's Triumphal Procession.

In September, 61 B. C., the most magnificent triumph ever seen in Rome was given to Pompey. For two days the grand procession of trophies from every land and a long retinue of captives moved into the city along the Via Sacra. Brazen tablets were carried, on which were engraved the names of the conquered nations, including one thousand castles and nine hundred cities. The remarkable circumstance of the celebration was that it declared him conqueror of the whole world. So the triumphal procession of Christ into Jerusalem was but a faint shadow of the coming of the Prince of Peace, whom all nations and the wealth and glory of them shall take part in His glorious triumph. And we are glad to believe the day is rapidly approaching.

701. Christ Standing Above the City.

One of the saddest episodes in all Christ's life occurred during this triumphal procession. Luke tells us about it. As our Lord came within view of the Holy City, shining in its beauty below him, glorious with its memories of a resplendent past, He wept at the sight, and broke out in lamentations.

Does He not do the same as He stands upon the Palisades of the Hudson and looks down upon New York, in many ways the greatest city of the world? Does He not say, "If thou hadst known in this day, even thou, the things which belong unto peace!" If the men of Wall Street and the women of Fifth Avenue could see Him standing there, would they turn from their money-getting and their pursuit of pleasure? They could see Him, if they would.—*Amos R. Wells, D.D.*

702. The King's Reign Desired.

One of the morning prayers of the Synagogue Liturgy reads: "We hope in Thee, O Lord our God, that we may speedily behold the glory of Thy might, when Thou wilt remove the abominations from the earth, and the idols will be utterly cut off, when the whole world will be perfected under the Kingdom of the Almighty, when all the children of flesh will call upon Thy name, when Thou wilt convert unto Thyself all the wicked of the earth. Let all the inhabitants of the earth perceive and know that unto Thee every knee must bow, every tongue must swear. Let them all accept the yoke of Thy kingdom, and do Thou reign over them speedily and forever."

703. The King of Kings.

When Alexander the Great set forward upon his great exploits, before leaving Macedonia he divided among his captains and nobles all his property. On being rebuked by a friend for having, as he thought, acted so foolishly in parting with all his possessions, reserving nothing for himself, Alexander replied: "I have reserved for myself the hope of universal monarchy; and when by the help of these my captains and nobles, I shall be monarch of the world, the gifts I have parted with will all come back to me with an increase of a thousandfold."

704. The Prince We Want.

A woman in India had learned that she was a sinner, and that God is holy and cannot pass by sin. She often

said, "I need some great prince to stand between my soul and God." After a while she heard that the Bible contained the account of a Saviour who had died for sinners. So she asked a Pundit to read the Bible to her. He began at the first chapter of Matthew, and as he read the list of names in the genealogy of Christ, the woman thought, "What a wonderful Prince this Jesus must be to have such a long line of ancestors." And when the Pundit read, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins," the woman exclaimed, "Ah, this is the Prince I want! This is the Prince I want! The Prince who is also a Saviour!" This is the Prince we want—the Prince we need.—*H.*

705. Rebuking an Emperor.

Emperor Theodosius denied the Deity of Christ. When his son Arcadius was about sixteen he decided to make him a partner with himself in the government of the empire. Among the great men who assembled themselves to congratulate the new wearer of the imperial purple was a Bishop named Amphilocus. He made a handsome address to the Emperor and was about to leave when Theodosius exclaimed: "What! do you take no notice of my son?" Then the Bishop went up to Arcadius and putting his hands upon his head, said: "The Lord bless thee, my son!" The Emperor roused to fury by this slight, exclaimed, "What! is this all the respect you pay to a prince that I have made of equal dignity with myself?" Amphilocus replied, "Sire, you do so highly resent my apparent neglect of your son, because I do not give him equal honors with yourself. Then, what must the Eternal God think of you when you degrade His co-equal and co-eternal Son to the level of one of His creatures?" The Emperor judged the rebuke to be just.

How are we treating Christ, God's Son? There is a new call to-day for the enthronement of Christ to His place as Son of God—deity.—*H.*

706. Crown Him Lord.

One of the best crowns is love. When the late King Edward, of England, opened the new docks at Cardiff, the press reported the following reception: "Almost simultaneously with the entry of the Royal yacht at one end of the dock, a couple of steamers, crowded from stem to stern with little children, the inmates of various local benevolent institutions, swept in at the other. On one of the steamers were hundreds of trimly-clad waifs and strays; on the other were many deaf and dumb children, on whose behalf a large banner conveyed a message to His Majesty in these simple but eloquent terms: "We cannot shout, we cannot sing, but we love our gracious king!" Some hearts cannot demonstrate as others, but they can love. But others of us can shout. Let us join with the children of the first Palm Sunday and say "Hosanna in the highest" and also "crown Him Lord of all."

707. Historic Entries into Jerusalem.

The Orient has ever been the region of the barbaric display of splendor and luxury in jewels, weapons, horses, tents, and armed men. Jerusalem has often been the goal of such cavalcades, preceded by a great preparation of the highways at the fords, at the steep ascents from rivers, and over the rocky hill-country of Judea. The coming of the Queen of Sheba to listen to the wisdom of Solomon; the coming of Helena, wife of Constantine, to find the Holy Cross; the arrival of the Crusading Kings to rescue the Holy Sepulchre, were all occasions when the pomp and splendor of the world dazzled and impressed all who

came toward Jerusalem. Heralds and royal messengers thronged the highways, proclaiming peace and pardon, promising rewards to those who were loyal, or issuing warnings and threats to those rebelling against the coming conqueror.

The most wonderful and impressive sight of modern times at Jerusalem was the coming of the German Emperor several years ago. It was planned with all the spectacular paraphernalia of both Orient and Occident, including both the traditional preparation for an ancient monarch and the added glory of the most enigmatic of modern kings. The royal messengers came, followed by the toil of thousands in preparing smooth paths for the royal cavalcade, which numbered thousands of men, soldiers, horses, tents, and banners, with a display perhaps never to be seen again by anyone now living. At the moment of his royal appearance the heralds were there, but they had no message; the question was on every lip at the time and has been ever since—"Why has he come?" The world understands now why he came.—*Rev. F. E. Hoskins, D.D.*

708. A New Sort of Triumph.

How different was this processional from the return in victory of Rome's generals! Here was the conquest of human hearts by the acts of service, tenderness and care. Here was the Prince of Peace riding in the midst of His friends. Under the spell of that matchless personality rich Simon the Pharisee, outcast Zaccheus and the poorest Samaritan peasant could walk side by side. What a tribute to the Character of Jesus that they could see, even for a day, the Anointed of God in the village Carpenter of Nazareth, the wandering Preacher of Galilee, the genuine Democrat who looked impartially on Dives and Lazarus, the Man who had not where to lay his head!

Jesus enjoyed their appreciation, though not for one moment did He overestimate its value. Jesus always prefers the "Amen Hallelujah" of the impulsive to the cold sarcasm of the cynical Pharisee. The great problem to-day, as then, is to combine warm enthusiasm with reasoned loyalty that will stand the practical tests of life. Too many of our rallies and revivals are as temporary in their effects as the zeal of those well-meaning Jews.—*Rev. G. D. Allison.*

709. Clothes to Tread On.

Plutarch mentions it as a circumstance of respect to Cato the Younger upon a particular occasion by the soldiery, that they laid their garments for him to tread upon as he marched.

710. A Victorious Christ.

Quintus Fabius Maximus Verrucosus was made dictator of Rome and was pitted against Hannibal in the Second Punic War. His method of warfare has given rise to the term, "Fabian Policy." It consisted in delating and wearing out the enemy. That was satisfactory neither to his men nor to Rome herself. Was he granted a triumph? No, indeed. On the contrary, another man, the commander-in-chief of the cavalry, was raised to an equal share in the dictatorship. Fabius gained brilliant victories in the end. But there was no triumph granted while he was delaying. Jesus Christ gained a victory that was commensurate with the triumph which He assumed for himself, and which was readily allowed by His followers. Those who had made the temple a place of personal gain were driven therefrom as unworthy occupants. A prayer-house changed into a thief-den was too shocking to be permitted when the King put on His royal robes. It is time to cast out

those who enjoy the revenue and neglect the service.—*Religious Telescope.*

711. In the Orient.

Over a year ago, as we approached one of the Oriental churches on Palm Sunday, one of a group of boys pointed to Dr. Howie and said, "The preacher came! the preacher came!" However, there was no preaching that day. The large edifice was packed with children, some of them in arms, holding up a forest of olive and palm branches, gaily decorated with tapers, ring-shaped cakes (made of white flour and grape syrup), beautiful bunches of roses and other flowers, and gilt hazelnuts and walnuts. The whole multitude present, in and outside were in their best and brightest attire, and the service, which could scarcely be heard for the cries and hubbub of the children, was held and is held annually, in commemoration of Palm Sunday.—*Mrs. Ghosn-el-Howie.*

712. Meeting the Lord's Need.

One of the most triumphal features of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem happened before the great procession started; it was the request for the colt, "The Lord hath need of him," followed by the willing surrender of the animal.

A professor in Albany College, Ore., was about to resign because the trustees could not give him a necessary increase of one hundred dollars in salary. Thereupon David Torbet, professor of mathematics, with a salary of eight hundred dollars a year, asked the trustees to reduce it to seven hundred, because "he was so grateful to God for his prosperity" in having been able to save several thousand dollars. Then the hundred dollars could be applied to the salary of the other professor.

Every deed of glad self-sacrifice like that is a contribution to Christ's triumphal march through the ages. Mounting upon it, the Lord of lords rides in royal state. No one of us but has some colt to yield when the message comes, "The Lord hath need of him."

713. Christ the Dominant Note.

The true "Oratorio of the Messiah" is the Bible. In every great musical composition there is a diapason, a concordant, a unitive, a dominant, a pervasive, note. It thunders in the bass, it now is lost in the treble, it then reappears and is heard as the song closes. Jesus Christ is the diapason of the oratorio of the Bible. His name is the harmonious note in this glorious song of the ages. The unity of the Bible is not external, but internal; it is not mechanical, but essential; it is not material, but spiritual. Throughout all the Bible the name of Christ echoes, and the glory of Christ shines. Through the corridors of the Bible, as a revelation of God the footfalls of Christ reverberate, and the music of His name resounds.

In England, as in America, audiences uniformly rise when the choirs sing the "Hallelujah Chorus" in the "Oratorio of the Messiah." In Albert Hall, London, a great audience was assembled, and Victoria the Great and the Good was in her royal box. The audience rose, but the noble queen remained seated. Soon every eye was directed to the royal box in which sat the aged and somewhat enfeebled queen. On rolled the magnificent chorus; but the queen remained seated. Higher still rose the lofty song; onward swept the glorious music. Loftier still rose the celestial notes. Now the song reached the part of the chorus where Christ is praised as "King of kings and Lord of lords." The swelling song thus puts the crown of universal dominion on his divine-human brow. Then the queen arose, stepped to the front of her royal box, and stood with bowed head, as if she would

put the crown of the world's mightiest empire at the pierced feet of her divine Lord.

Creation and revelation, art and science, song and story, learning and genius, and all earthly rulers reach their noblest heights when they bend in lowliest reverence at the feet of Jesus Christ, and crown Him "King of kings and Lord of lords."—*R. S. M.*

714. Casting Their Garments.

For ordinary journeying on the stony bridle-paths, the donkey was as quick as a horse, and was besides more sure-footed and easily handled. A white Jerusalem donkey of good pace and pedigree still costs as much as a horse. The saddle was easily improvised by folding up several of the large felt-like cloaks, and these could be held in position by fastening a sash round the body of the animal. The casting of garments in the path made a procession of honor such as would be prepared for royal personages and great conquerors. Of these the extreme instance is the living carpet of honor which is provided when men lay themselves down in closely packed tiers across the road and are slowly ridden over by the horse of a Moslem sheikh who has returned safely from the Mecca pilgrimage.—*G. M. Mackie, D.D.*

715. Recent Triumphal Entry.

Our boys coming home were welcomed. General Pershing coming home was welcomed. We especially recall the entry of General Allenby into Jerusalem, December 10th, 1917. W. T. Massey, who was there, thus wrote about it.

"I write this after witnessing the official entry of General Allenby, his staff, and military commanders of the detachments of French and Italian troops. It was a ceremony fully worthy of the cause for which we were fighting. There was no great pageantry of arms, no display of the pomp and circumstance of a victorious army. The Commander-in-Chief had a small staff guard, less than 150 all told, of allied troops. There was the quiet ceremonial of reading the proclamation of military law and of meeting the notables of the city and the heads of the religious bodies, and the official entry was over.

"At eight o'clock in the morning the Mayor of the city and Chief of Police came out under a flag of truce. The Mayor, who holds his high civic position as a member of the Husselny family, which possesses documentary proof of direct descent from Mohammed through the Prophet's daughter, offered to surrender the city. The formal surrender was arranged for at noon on December 8.

"Between the offer to surrender and the formal acceptance there was sharp fighting in the outskirts of Jerusalem, the Turks fighting more stubbornly than at any period of the operations, and meeting bayonet with bayonet. Troops were operating from the south and east and drove the Turks down the Jericho road. This was the military position on December 9, at noon.

"At noon through the suburbs the people flocked into the highway and welcomed the Commander-in-chief's representative by the time immemorial method of clapping the hands, while old women and girls threw flowers and palm leaves on the road. The ceremony of surrendering the city was very brief. The General gave the Mayor instructions for the maintenance of order, and had guards placed over the public buildings outside the Holy City, but no soldier of the King passed within the walls that day. Though the sound of guns had hardly ceased the people felt secure and happy.

"From the outskirts of Jerusalem

the Jaffa road was crowded with people who flocked westward to greet the conquering General. Armenians and Greeks stood side by side with Moslems dressed in the brighter raiment of the East.

"The flat-topped roofs and balconies held many people crying aloud a general welcome, but it was in the streets where the cosmopolitan crowd had assembled that one looked for and obtained the real feeling of all the peoples.

"General Allenby entered the town on foot. Outside the Jaffa Gate he was received by the Military Government and a guard of honor. Drawn up on the right of the gate were men from English, Scottish, Irish, and Welsh counties. Opposite them were fifty men afoot, representing the Australian and New Zealand horsemen. Inside the walls were twenty French and twenty Italian soldiers from detachments sent by their countries to take part in the Palestine operations, Allenby entering by the Joppa gate which is known to the Arabs as "The Friend." Inside the walls was a crowd more densely packed in the narrow streets than that outside.

"The Commander-in-chief, preceded by aides-de-camp, had on his right the commander of the French detachment, and on his left the commander of the Italian detachment. Following were the Italian, French, and American military attachés and a few members of the General Staff. Guards of honor marched in the rear. The procession turned to the right into Mount Zion and halted at the Citadel.

"On the steps at the base of the Tower of David the proclamation of military law was read in four languages in the presence of the Commander-in-chief and many notables of the city. The terms of the proclamation promised that every person could pursue his lawful business without interruption, and that every sacred building, monument, holy spot, shrine, traditional site, endowment, pious bequest of customary place of prayer of whatsoever form of the great religions of mankind would be maintained and protected according to the existing customs and beliefs of those to whose faiths they were sacred. It clearly made a deep impression on the populace. While the proclamation was being read, guns were booming to the east and north and the droning of airplane engines overhead told of our flying corps denying passage for observers in enemy machines to witness the event which gladdened the hearts of all Jerusalem.

"Reforming, the procession moved up Zion Street, to the Barrack square, where General Allenby received the notables and heads of religious committees. The presentations over, the procession returned to the Jaffa Gate, and Allenby left Jerusalem."

716. Celebration of Triumph.

When the people of Bethlehem, during the war between Turkey and Egypt, in 1836, sought the protection of the British consul, they "spread their garments in the way" of his horses, in order to do him honor. A noble carpeted all the way when a Persian king visited him, "besides the garments which loyal persons in the crowd spread here and there." On another occasion seven miles of road were covered with superb silk cloths, over which the king, and a prince whom he wished to honor, rode.

717. Examples of Triumphs.

David was welcomed with singing and dancing women, out of all the cities of Israel, as he came back from the slaughter of the Philistines. Herodotus records that when Xerxes was passing over the bridge of the Hellespont, the way before him was

strewn with branches of myrtle, while burning perfumes fill the air. Quintius Curtius tells of the scattering of flowers in the way before Alexander the Great when he entered Babylon. Monier saw the way of a Persian ruler strewn with roses for three miles; while glass vessels filled with sugar were broken under his horse's feet,—the sugar being symbolical of prosperity.—*Prof. Isaac Hall.*

718. The Coming Triumphal Procession.

Jesus riding in this triumphal procession was an object lesson, a living parable, setting forth the fact that He was a king; that His kingdom was at hand; and also "the spiritual dignities and glory of the reign of Christ." All the ideas that were incarnated in His career, and emblazoned in His final sufferings and death and resurrection, are destined to be triumphant.

Palm Sunday also prefigures the entire history of the church here below. The history of the church is the march of the glorious Lord Jesus across continents and centuries. He advances on the earth as on the road to Jerusalem, with the calm majesty of a sovereign; He takes possession of things and of men; He makes them His instruments and His servants, just as on Palm Sunday He used the ass which did not belong to Him, and drew forth a glorious homage from all those mouths which on that day had no voice but for Him. Saluted by the songs of all the churches in all the countries where His name is known, advancing from nation to nation, He marches towards the final domination of the whole world.

The commerce, the railroads, the printing press, the inventions, the wealth, the whole of our civilization, are aiding His triumph, paving His way, and advancing His glory.—*P.*

719. A Noble Enthusiasm.

Those hosannas! Nothing else like them in the entire Bible except the convoy of the ark to Jerusalem by David and the song of Moses and the Lamb in Revelation. It is good to see that men and women and children can be so caught out of themselves by a noble enthusiasm.

Once a man who was a warm admirer of the great preacher, Spurgeon, had visiting him a friend who had never heard that master of Christian oratory. Of course the visitor was sent to the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and when he returned his host asked him eagerly, "Well, what did you think of Him?" "Nothing," was the disappointing answer. "No, nothing," he said again. But after a minute, his eyes filling with tears, he added, "All I can think of is the preacher's Saviour!"—*Amos R. Wells, D.D.*

720. Welcoming the King.

Did you ever happen to be in the city of Washington when a President of the United States was being inaugurated? It's a great sight. The country has seen a great many such demonstrations. One of the greatest of them all was the celebration in New York City and harbor when Admiral Dewey returned with his ships from the Philippines. Admiral Dewey had won a great and glorious victory at Manilla, one that was destined to change the map of the world and the history of nations. The people of the United States were filled with a rioutous enthusiasm for him and also the splendid officers and men that were with him at the battle of Manilla. When that battle-worn fleet came back to New York harbor the nation seemed to lay down the tools of industry and grasp a flag and wave in rejoicing. Any one who saw that parade in the streets of New York will never forget it nor the apparently limitless crowds who cheered their heroes. New York

harbor probably never saw such a crush of boats of all kinds and sizes as filled the harbor and the Hudson.

It was worth something to see Dewey and Fullerton and Gridley on the bridges of the very warships where they had stood in battle. The thunderous salutes of cannon that echoed from the tremendous buildings of the city and echoed from the hills of New Jersey were music of praise to the men we honored. The harbor, all ablaze with electric lights and fireworks, was another signal of applause.

The world has seen many such days, but none so significant as that shouting crowd that accompanied the King of kings when He entered Jerusalem to endure and conquer the hosts of death.

721. The Hosanna Spirit.

Charles Spurgeon had the Hosanna spirit and that is what made him a great preacher. Read any of his sermons and you will have evidence of a man wholly absorbed in a glorious affection. Phillips Brooks had the same spirit of triumphal entry. He was crossing the ocean with a friend when one day the friend sought him, and found him on his knees in his stateroom. His clasped hands were raised, his eyes were full of tears, and he was crying out, "Jesus! Jesus!" That is why Phillips Brooks was a great preacher. Once he was seen walking down State Street in Boston at the noon hour when that notable street was crowded with men of finance and their clerks; and as he walked, entirely unconscious of the throng, he pealed out at the top of his magnificent voice one of the great hymns of the church. Phillips Brooks had a Hosanna soul.—*Amos R. Wells, D.D.*

722. Passing Popularity.

There is scarcely a day but the newspapers tell of the death in obscurity, and often in poverty, of some former popular favorite. What does the world care for the man who can no longer interest or amuse it. One of the sad sights in Washington, to me, is to see old men who had once held a prominent place in the political world now forgotten by the public they served and filling some little bread-and-butter position.—*R.*

723. The Lord in His Temple.

Now nearer and nearer draws the throng,
Redoubling as it moves along.
It climbs the steep; the "Golden Gate"
It passes, pleased to celebrate
That meek Prince riding to His throne—
While rings in ever rising tone,
"Hosanna!"

Still the same motley groups appear,
Blind, lame and poor are ever near;
Still venal traders plot for greed;
Stalk priest and scribe of slippery creed.
Oh, for the Christ, and Christ-like men;
While sweet child-voices plead again—
"Hosanna!"

724. Christ as King.

When Mr. Dawson was preaching in South Lambeth on the offices of Christ, he presented Him as prophet, and priest, and then as the King of Saints. He marshalled patriarchs, kings, prophets, and apostles, martyrs, and confessors of every age and clime, to place the insignia of royalty upon the head of the King of kings. The audience were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, and, as if waiting to hear the anthem peal out the coronation hymn, the preacher commenced singing "All hail the power of Jesus' Name." The audience rising as one man, sang the hymn as perhaps it was never sung before.

725. Triumphal Procession to Come.

There is to be a great triumphal procession in which Jesus will one day be the leader; for in that day He will call forth all His resources, and will march in real triumph! The great procession of the universe is yet to come; for the day is coming when the Son of man will return to this earth "in His glory, and all the holy angels

with Him." The apostle John tells us, "I saw heaven opened, and behold, a white horse; and He that sat thereon, called Faithful and True." "And the armies which are in heaven followed Him on white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and pure, and He hath on His garment and on His thigh written a name, KING OF KINGS and LORD OF LORDS.

Commerce, railroads, printing presses, inventions, wealth, civilization are aiding His triumph, paving His way, and advancing His glory. All are cast down before Him in His onward march. And all the redeemed, ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, are singing hosannas to Him, and joining in the song, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." Jesus still weeps over those who refuse to come to Him to be saved. But His triumph is increasing and soon—

"The gospel banner wide unfurled
Shall wave in triumph o'er the world;
And every creature, bond and free,
Shall hail the glorious jubilee."

726. Palm Sunday.

Where Zion's temple lifts on high
Its golden splendors toward God's sky,
What comes this way with loud acclaim?
A strange processional, aflame
With fresh green boughs and waving palms,
Round one most kingly, chanting psalms—
"Hosanna!"

Hear now the sweet-voiced children sing,
Whose unstained hearts best know the King.
Here wait sad groups of blind and lame,
In eager hope of Him who came
To heal all ills—of flesh, of souls—
While joyously that chorus rolls—
"Hosanna!"

Once more the day of palms is nigh,
God's holy temple still lifts high
Its blue-arched dome, its sunfilled sky;
Nay, Lord, Thy temple-fane am I—
Thy dwelling-place! Abide in me,
O Christ, and let me sing for Thee—
"Hosanna!"

Come to my temple, Lord—Thine own.
Scourge out the sin and take Thy throne.
Heal Thou my eyes, that I may see;
My feet, that I may speed for Thee.
Dwell in this temple, O my king.
So, with the children will I sing
"Hosanna." —*S. T. Kidder, D.D.*

727. We Would See Jesus.

A clergyman found one Sunday on his Bible a slip of paper, placed there by some member of his congregation, on which was written, "Sir, we would see Jesus." The pastor felt distressed, but was not offended. He set out to examine himself humbly and sincerely. The result was that he made the sad but happy discovery that the people were justified in making the above request. He thereupon "went into the desert place," and within a short time he found in his pulpit another slip of paper with the following words, "Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord."

728. Quick Reverses of Feeling.

The human heart is a strange thing. How it can love, and how it can hate, and sometimes, oh sometimes, that which it loves to-day it comes to hate to-morrow. It ought not to be like that in this world. The "Hosanna" song, if sung from any life, should never be forgotten; its echoes should never cease to sound. Love ought to last, devotion ought to endure, constancy is a rare jewel.

Palm Sunday was the day of overflowing emotionalism. It was a wild, unbalanced crowd that surged over Olivet from Bethany and out to Olivet from Jerusalem. Emotionalism wins no battles, subdues no passions, checks no evils, rights no wrongs. The emotions that can be excited to wild cries of Hosanna, Hallelujah, can also be excited to cursings and maledictions. The figure that emotion sets upon the colt to-day, it will hang upon the cross to-morrow. The lips that will cry "Hosanna to our King" to-day, will cry to-morrow "We have no king but Cæsar."

729. Raleigh and the Queen.

This strewing of garments in the way was somewhat on the principle

that actuated the heart of young Sir Walter Raleigh when, on Queen Elizabeth coming to a miry part of the road, and hesitating for an instant how to step across, he "took off his new plush mantle, and spread it on the ground. Her majesty trod gently over the fair foot-cloth."—*James Morison.*

730. The Orient To-day.

"Took the branches of the Palm Trees, and went forth to meet him." More than two centuries before the Palm Sunday events, Simon Maccabæus, having compelled the submission of the enemy which held the fortress of Jerusalem, "entered into it—with thanksgiving, and branches of palm trees, and with harps, and cymbals, and with viols, and hymns, and songs."—*Howie.*

731. Welcoming Monarch's Approach.

Going out to meet an approaching guest, and escorting him to one's house with a show of honor, is a common custom throughout the East. A ruler of any sort, or a conquering hero, is welcomed in that way as a matter of course. Thus it was that Abraham was welcomed by the kings of Canaan when he returned from his pursuit of Chedorlaomer; that Jephthah was welcomed by his daughters and her companions; that David was welcomed by singing and dancing women, out of all the cities of Israel, as he came back from the slaughter of the Philistines.

732. Two Royal Progresses.

The immense host which accompanied Xerxes in his attempted conquest of Greece—a concourse gathered together from the Indies to the Lybian desert; a sea of nations rolling on the serried waves, with turbans and helmets of brass and steel, of silver and gold—were seven days and seven nights without intermission, and under the stimulus of the lash, in crossing the boat-bridges of the Hellespont; and as they took up their line of march, they all moved on with exultation, and strewed branches in the pathway of their king. But what a contrast in spirit, in purpose, in result, between that occasion and this. There a vast army, held together by the hands of military force, and moving in abject submission; here, a spontaneous multitude, kindling with the impulses of wonder and love. That, marching to the work of terror and of desolation; this, celebrating the achievement of a healing and restoring goodness. Here, among a rejoicing people, with eyes that had been blind, turned toward him in beaming gratitude; with tongues that had been dumb, crying hosannas to His name; with hands that once were impotent, strewing branches and garments in His path, comes the King of Israel, the Saviour of mankind, in humble raiment and wayworn sandals riding upon an ass.

733. Riding Asses in the Orient.

"Fear not, Daughter of Zion: Behold thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt." Some Orientals have had reason to fear their kings, who came riding on war horses and chariots, as much as their conquerors. Hints of this may be detected in 1 Kings 12: 11; 2 Kings 21: 16; 23: 35; 15: 20. But the fact of riding a colt is the sign of meekness, is a sign that there is nothing to fear and everything to hope. The religious leaders of the Druse sect still ride on asses, as a matter of conscience, but others also find the ass quite sufficient for riding purposes. A well-kept ass shoulders a burden of two hundred pounds, and carries it a distance of twenty miles in six hours.—*Howie.*

734. The Enthroned Christ.

In the beautiful cathedral of Orvieto, among its brilliantly decorated orna-

ments of sculptures and paintings, is one of Fra Angelico's greatest works, "Christ Enthroned." By his left hand he steadies the globe. His right hand is raised in divine supremacy. But in that hand is the print of the nail. And it is the wounded hand that is so raised; it is by that hand that he controls the world! Ah, it was by His sufferings that He became the enthroned Christ. His earthly crown was the crown of thorns. And our beloved who have gained their crowns —kings and priests and conquerors they—owe their victory to His cross alone. The disciple is not above his Master; but every one when he is perfected shall be as his Master. Sharing with Him labor and sacrifice, they are enthroned with Him. "Ye are they that have continued with Me in My trials; and I appoint you a kingdom, even as My Father appointed unto me, that ye may eat and drink at My table in My kingdom; and ye shall sit on thrones."

With the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, and the noble army of martyrs, they lift their praise to Him who loved them and washed their sins by His blood. If now they could speak to us from their illuminated homes, they would admonish us to be faithful unto death, and would assure us of the crown of life, of which they well know, but concerning which we vaguely wonder.—*Burdett Hart.*

735. Queen's Jubilee Procession.

For the Queen of England's jubilee (beginning June 20, 1897), to celebrate the completion of her sixtieth year as queen, the longest reign in English history, and the most glorious, the greatest preparations were made for the procession through London. Single houses along the route were rented for the occasion at $50,000, and single windows at $150 apiece. No Roman triumph was ever so magnificent, or meant a millionth part as much for good. The whole empire was enthused; Princes of India and premiers of the eleven self-governed colonies, with their suites and soldiers brought brilliancy to the show, and demonstrated the extent of the military resources of the empire. The six-mile route of the procession was embellished with the costume of Zaptiehs from Cyprus, Houssas from the Niger, troopers from the Cape, mounted riflemen from Australia, artillerymen from Canada, and Sikhs and Ghoorkas from India, following the open state coach of Britain's queen. Throughout the gala week bonfires were lighted on the hilltops of the United Kingdom, London was illuminated like Paris for a fete night, there were court ceremonies and military and naval reviews at Aldershot and Portsmouth, and in brief, nothing was left undone to stir British pride and stimulate British loyalty. And yet far greater was the "choir invisible"; far more glorious the religious, moral, literary, and scientific improvements made to bless the people which invisibly accompanied every procession.

736. Casting Our Garments.

As those people cast their garments before Jesus as he rode in triumph, so we should cast our talents, our money, our time, our deeds of love, all that we have and are, before Him, and do all that we can to aid His cause, and hasten His success. He is riding in triumph even now through the ages, and through all lands.

"Ride on triumphantly; behold, we lay
Our lusts and proud wills in Thy way."

737. The Invisible Procession.

If Christ had opened the eyes of those looking upon this scene as the eyes of Elisha's servant were opened, so that they might see the invisible, and hear the inaudible, no pen could picture the real triumphal procession.

They would have seen the vest multitudes whom He had healed and comforted and saved from sin,—Lazarus and Bartimeus, the ten lepers, the widow of Nain's son, the ruler's daughter, Peter's mother-in-law, a host of those whom He had raised from the dead, those from whom He had cast out devils, the blind He had made to see, and the lame that now walked, the lepers He had cleansed, those who had been delivered from the bondage of their sins and brought into the light of the gospel. There would join them the angels who sang at His birth, Moses and Elijah, who appeared on the Mount of Transfiguration, and the twelve legions of angels He once said were ready at His call. Heaven would swiftly have emptied itself, and all its choirs would joyfully have come down to do Him honor, and sing their songs of joy over many sinners brought to repentance.

The triumphs of Cæsar and Pompey were but child's play to this. Not all of earth's monarchs together could have summoned such a procession. Imagination fails to paint the picture of Christ's real triumphal procession.

738. Smooth the Way

It mattered little to Jesus whether the Jews welcomed Him as their King or not. It matters everything to Him whether we welcome Him as Lord into our hearts or not. Let us greet Him as Lord of our lives with shout and song. And let us make smooth the way for Him to become Lord of our commerce, our politics, our industry, our homes, our relationships with men, our international order, our whole realm of life. Let us shout, "The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ."

739. Christ Offers Himself.

The scene on the first Palm Sunday tells us of Christ's definite and final offer of Himself as King. The "colt" was the symbol of royalty and peace. Riding on the "colt" Christ announces Himself to be the Prince of Peace. This Matthew declares to have been in fulfillment of Zachariah's prophecy. But the full and final completion of Zachariah's prophecy depended upon the nation's acceptance of the King.

This the nation refused to do. The multitude acclaimed Him King, but the Jews as a people refused to accept Him. Their own Scriptures were abundantly fulfilled on this Palm Sunday, but their prejudices blinded them and the last opportunity that they had passed from them.—*Rev. John F. Carson, D.D.*

740. The Blessedness of Being Needed.

"The Lord hath need of him." Mark 11:3. "No, I can't go this vacation," said the young teacher. "I'm the eldest daughter, you know, and when I'm out of school there are endless things to be done at home. Mother isn't very strong, help is hard to get and unreliable, and the children are always needing something." Was there a touch of impatience in her tone? Her friend, older by many years, watched the healthy, capable girl as she turned from one task to another —ready to help father with the gathering up and arranging of his papers, deftly tying the bows and managing refractory buttons for the little ones, then donning a big apron for the kitchen and "the gingerbread that nobody makes like Millie." The whole household turned to her. "Oh, you fortunate girl!" breathed the friend between a smile and a sigh. "I wonder whether you realize the most blessed thing in all this world is to be needed."

Oh the blessednes of being needed! The Lord hath need of thee!—*H.*

741. The Kingly Christ.

Jesus accepted the acclaim of the multitude, but He was not surprised at the denial of that claim by the Jews. He knew that He would not be received in Jerusalem as King. On this very day, when the multitudes were shouting His praises, He wept over Jerusalem and announced its impending destruction. That shows that He had no thought of being received as King. He had clearly made known to His disciples that He knew all that was awaiting Him; the treachery and the betrayal; the forsaking and the loneliness; the cruel scourging and the bitter agony of the cross; the heartbreak and the death. He knew it all and was calm. The people shouted their hosannas, but He was not elated. They hailed Him as King, but He was not exalted. It was not the calmness of indifference, or insensibilitly, or despair. He was calm because of His consciousness that His hour was fast approaching. His heart responded to the tribute of the people, but it was deeper touched by their needs. Amid all the excitement Jesus rode on, not to the crown, but to the cross.

"Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die!
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power and reign."
—*Rev. John F. Carson, D. D.*

742. Garment Givers.

Have you not sometimes wished that you had been there to see our dear Lord as He rode into Jerusalem on that long-ago day, while his followers out of their love and loyalty "spread their garments before Him"?

In a better, dearer way you may see Him this year, as "along the King's Highway" He goes forth with our missionaries to enter heathen cities and homes across the sea.

And you may show your love and loyalty to Him by spreading at His dear feet some of your garments (or the value of them). Will you?

743. Spreading Your Garments Before Him.

Long ago Sir Walter Raleigh spread his cloak (a handsome one, no doubt), before his queen to protect her feet from the mud and soil of the street. What about the coat you will buy this season? Could you send the worth of it to protect our queens, brave missionaries, girls who "for the sake of the Name" fare forth to walk mid the filth and slime of heathenism?

The second coat, the second blouse, the second suit! How their worth would protect these queens—from the wild animals as we wall their compounds, from poisonous insects as we screen their houses, from sun rays as we build their verandas, or from disease as we remove unsanitary conditions!

Is it too much to hope for the worth of some sets of furs? Why not? The second set would warm your heart as the first could not begin to warm your shoulders!

If not coats of fur, what about the pretty shoes that have been your pride and delight. The second pair "spread before Him" would entitle you to that sweet old compliment, "How beautiful ....are the feet of him that publisheth peace!"

Then the gloves—oh, the gloves—short, long, silk, kid, washable, wearable, "givable." Why not hundreds and hundreds to spread before our King?

Still He rides on, pausing now and then "to sit over against the treasury" and to note the women and girls who share with Him the best garment they can afford. Still he says:

"I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given to Me?"

744. The Two Epiphanies.

There were two manifestations of our Lord to the Gentiles. One took

place at the beginning and the other at the close of his life. The Magi, the wise men of the East, came to the cradle of Jesus; the Greeks, the wise men of the West, came to His cross. The old world of the East, with its exhausted history and completed revelation, came to the cradle of the Child of Promise to receive a fresh impulse, to share in the new creation of God and rejuvenescence of the world. The new world of the West with its mobile life, its ever expanding history, its glowing hopes and aspirations, came to the cross of the Redeemer that it might receive a deeper earnestness and a higher consecration.—*H. H.*

745. Promise of Much Fruit.

"And there were certain Greeks," etc. John 12:20. The trivial request was as a narrow window through which Jesus' yearning spirit saw a great expanse—nothing less than the coming to Him of myriads of Gentiles, the "much fruit" of which He immediately speaks, the "other sheep" whom He "must bring." The thought must have been ever present to Him or it would never have leaped to utterance on such an occasion. The little windows shows us, too, what was habitually in His mind and heart. He, as it were, hears the striking of the hour of His glorification; in which expression the ideas of His being glorified by drawing men to the knowledge of His love, and to the cross being not the lowest depth of his humiliation, but the highest apex of His glory—as it is always represented in this Gospel—seems to be fused together.—*Rev. A. M. McLaren, D.D.*

746. Riding On an Ass.

Not with the pomp and ceremony of a conquering hero, but humbly riding on an ass, the mode of conveyance of the common people, with grief and tears over the prophetic vision of unrepentant and unbelieving Jerusalem overrun and destroyed at the hands of despoilers, has the King come to His own and His own received Him not. For, although so many hailed Him as the anointed and the coming One, the Jewish hierarchy, priests and elders, scribes and Pharisees, rejected Him, were even then plotting His destruction, and soon most of the volatile crowd would be submissive spectators of His crucifixion. The first Palm Sunday had been inaugurated, but its events, soul-stirring and momentous as they were, had in them the beginning of the agony in Gethsemane, the death on Calvary, the tomb in the garden, and the revivifying gladness of Easter.

747. East and West Coming to Christ.

This is a companion picture to the visit of the Magi—science and thought seeking Christ. The Magi, on the one side, are the representatives of the world's godly scientists, the forerunners of the Galileos, the Keplers, the Newtons, and the Faradays, who never stop at laws but reach to their Giver, "from nature rise to nature's God;" who refuse to see the world as a stage only on which man may stand or strut, may display his energy or magnify his energy or magnify his pride, but who sees it as an "altar-stair that slopes through darkness up to God," and on which it becomes man to kneel and pray. The Greeks, on the other side, are the representatives of the world's godly philosophers, the theistic thinkers; they are the forerunners of the Augustines, the Aquinases, the Anselms, and the Pascals—the men who rescue philosophy from being the painted priestess of pride and purify her to be the sweet handmaid of Christ. "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" "Sir, we would see Jesus."—*G. M. G.*

748. Homage and Praise. Matt. 21: 1-17.

If obedience enters essentially into a triumph, homage and praise must have just as important a place. If all the Russians were as cold and desperate as some of the revolutionists, what profit would there be in holding the nominal title of czar? It is the joyful acclaim of the lips and the warm support of the heart that make kingship mean something. Jesus was not without this essential part. The spreading of the garments and the branches was expressive of an adoration befittingly accompanied by the oral praise of the Galilean multitude. In fact, this support, of the royal claims of Jesus came chiefly from the people of the northern province, while the Judeans for the most part mocked or looked on in silent contempt. Some, it is true, were roused from their apathy and asked what was the meaning of all the commotion. "This is Jesus the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee," was the answer. A recognition of superiority must always go along with a granted triumph. —*Religious Telescope.*

749. The Inquiring Greeks.

"And there were certain Greeks," etc. John 12: 20. These Greeks belonged to those numerous Gentiles who, like the Ethiopian eunuch (Acts 8), had embraced Judaism and came to Jerusalem to keep its festivals. They must be carefully distinguished from the Jews (Hellenists), speaking the Greek language, who dwelt in heathen lands. The spacious court of the Gentiles was devoted to these proselytes according to the words of Solomon (1 Kings 8: 41-43). If these strangers witnessed the entry of Jesus and were present at the expulsion of the sellers —an act by which Jesus restored to its proper use the only part of the sanctuary open to them—we can all the better appreciate their desire for nearer acquaintance with such a person. Assuredly they did not, like Zachæus, want merely to see Jesus with their bodily eyes; for such a purpose there was no need of Philip's intervention, since they might have seen Him as He passed through the court. Besides, the solemnity of our Lord's reply obliges us to attribute a more serious intention to this step. What they desired was to have a private conversation on religious subjects. How do we know even whether, having witnessed the opposition He encountered from the rulers of his own nation, they did not desire to invite Him to turn to the Gentiles who would better appreciate such a sage than these bigoted Jews? Eusebius has preserved the memory of an embassy sent to Jesus by Abgarus, king of Edessa, in Syria, to invite Him to take up His abode with him, and to promise Him such a royal welcome as should compensate Him for the obstinacy with which the Jews rejected Him. This fact is not without resemblance to the one in the text, and in which we behold, in one of the first demonstrations of the heathen world in favor of the Gospel, the first indication of that attraction which its moral beauty was soon to exercise over the whole human race.—*F. G.*

750. The Tears of Jesus.

Strangely mysterious are these tears! But they were as real as they are mysterious—solemnly and awfully real—the bitterness that ever descended from a grief-stricken countenance. They were the tears of a man, but the expression of Deity; and viewing them in the light of the ancient love and peculiar complacency with which Jerusalem and its inhabitants had been divinely regarded, we may designate them as the tears of disappointed affection. How briny and how many have been such tears, as they have fallen, hot and scalding,

from the eyes of broken-hearted weepers! There are the tears of the father, welling up from the depths of parental love, in thinking of his prodigal boy. There are the tears of the mother, wept over a lost daughter—tears that had been less bitter had the green turf received them instead of a memory of shame. Bitter, indeed, are such tears, but not so intensive of sorrow as "the tears of Jesus wept over lost souls." I have read somewhere of a traveller who found the fragment of an arch among the ruins of Jerusalem; and by calculating on the principles of architectural construction, he proved that the arch, when complete, must have spanned the gulf that was near the city, and have rested on the other side. That ruined arch, to the eye of that traveller, indicated what it originally was, as contrasted with what it then was. Sin in the soul reveals the same thing. In man, apart from sin, we see what the soul was made to be. In sin we see what the soul is—a noble thing in ruins.—*G. H. Jackson.*

751. The King Needs Something I Have.

"And found the colt tied," etc. Mark 11:45. Whenever He sends word that He has need of something: a colt, an upper room for a meeting and a feast, a life—either your own or your child's—to be spent in some distant land, an income to be put back of somebody's life so sent out, a life to be lived, gently and strongly for Him, in social circles at home,—whatever it be, we will say with a glad ringing voice, "the King needs something I have. What a delight! He needs something. I have it. He asks for it. Isn't it splendid that I am able to give what He asks!"

752. The Triumphal Christ Blessing Men.

The lesson of the triumphal entry will fail of its purpose if it leaves unsaid and unwritten the facts of His glory being proclaimed to-day in hearts and lives made better, sweeter by His words of power; and we proclaim Him King when we offer for His use time, talents, wealth, character, and, in fact, all we have and are!

A Persian fable says: One day
A wanderer found a lump of clay,
So redolent of sweet perfume
Its odors scented all the room.
"What art thou?" was his quick demand;
"Art thou some gem from Samarcand,
Or spikenard in this rude disguise,
Or other costly merchandise?"
"Nay, I am but a lump of clay."
"Then, whence this wondrous perfume, —say?"
"Friend, if the secret I disclose,
I have been dwelling with the rose."
Sweet parable! and will not those
Who love to dwell with Sharon's Rose,
Distill sweet odors all around.
Though low and mean themselves are found?
Dear Lord, abide with us, that we
May draw our perfume fresh from Thee.

753. Our Lord's One Earthly Triumph.

There is something pathetic and deeply significant in the incidents of Palm Sunday. On that day our Master, entering Jerusalem, enjoyed His one earthly triumph. And what a triumph was His!

No kingly equipage, no body-guard in glittering helmets, with spears at rest and swords clanking by their sides; no obsequious courtiers, no royal purple, no golden canopy. But the King of kings came riding on the humblest of beasts; and it was only the humblest of people who spread their garments, and cast the palm branches before Him. But yet it was a triumph wonderfully typical of Him. The common people acclaimed Him, though the Pharisees and rulers and mighty ones had no part in the triumphal entry. The rough garments of the laboring men over which He rode were more significant than the costliest rugs would have been, for they told of the love of the common people.

The branches stripped from the wayside trees for the occasion told the

world for all time that not costly jewels and waving plumes and marble pavements were necessary to do honor to the Lord of all, but only the gifts that any one can give, prompted by the heart's love of the giver.

Such is one of the great lessons of Palm Sunday.

454. The Kingdom That Is to Come.

"Behold thy King cometh unto thee." Zech. 9:9.

When Queen Victoria, on the fiftieth anniversary of her coronation, walked the aisles of Westminster Abbey, she crossed the grave of Livingstone, on which are inscribed the words of Christ, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." These words on that heroic grave are surely a great, sweet prophecy of the gathering of all nations beneath one spiritual banner. Of that majestic kingdom whose outlines already appear, the Universal Book is the harbinger, symbol, and molding power, more luminous, attractive, and divine than our present imperfect and divided Christendom.—*Rev. J. H. Barrows, D.D.*

755. Making Our Churches His Own.

"And Jesus entered into Jerusalem and into the temple." Mark 11:11. The Baptists have a wonderful mission in Korea. One poor woman, living outside the town, heard what wonderful things happened at this mission place where the name of Jesus was preached, so she walked into the town to attend the services. Not knowing where the mission hall was, nor by what name it was called, she asked if any one could show her the way to the place where they cured the broken heart; and she was directed to the Baptist mission. If men and women came as strangers into our town, and asked to be directed to the place where they cured the broken heart, would the people of our streets say: "I know the place you mean; it is the church yonder. The Healer of men, the good Physician, is always there?" The temple in our Lord's day was not such a place. May He make our churches His own. May we on this Palm Sunday resolve anew that we will try to make the individual church we know and attend a place for the Lord's abode and working.—*H.*

756. Easy Hope of the Kingdom.

"Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, that cometh in the name of the Lord." Mark 11:10. A similar ecstasy of indolent hope was created in the Turkish Empire a few years ago by the proclamation of a constitution with equal citizenship for all creeds and races within its bounds. But when the call came for united effort on behalf of the empire it was found that the old hostilities of race and religion were still there, and special interests clamored and intrigued for private advantage though the empire as a whole should break up and disappear.

A similar infatuation of vain hope is being repeated to-day in Judea. The Zionists, by means of abundant funds at their disposal, have been buying up lands, houses, and shops, and taking over local industries in Jaffa, Jerusalem, and other towns in Palestine, and have thus aroused the angry suspicions of Arabic Moslems and Oriental Christians. A movement was originally planned for providing a quiet place of refuge for distressed Russian Jews suddenly became a fantastic political ambition for setting up Jewish national rule in the land. Colleges and schools for teaching Hebrew were established, Hebrew stamps were secretly issued, Hebrew posters were set up in public places in various towns, and in various ways the inhabitants were made aware that the conquest had been completed, and that they must come to

terms with their new masters. As a mob riot was imminent, and as international complications would follow, seeing that most of the Jewish immigrants were foreign subjects, the Turkish Government has decided that Zionism must be suppressed.—*Rev. G. L. Mackey.*

757. Boys and Girls in the Procession.

No one is too humble, too young, too poor, too ignorant to join in this hosanna to the Redeemer. Once a missionary was called to an obscure village of India to baptize and receive into church fellowship sixty or seventy converts from Hinduism. The proceedings were eagerly watched by a lad of fifteen who sat in the rear of the room, and who came forward when the examination of the others was complete. The missionary, on learning that he also wanted to join the church, sought to dissuade him on account of his youth, fearing that he might backslide and so bring discredit upon the church. The missionary said he would return in about six months, and he advised the boy to wait till then. At once all the men and women sprang up and cried, "Why, he is the one who has taught us all we know about Jesus Christ!" And it was so.

Doubtless there were boys and girls in that triumphal procession in Jerusalem. Certainly there were many poor and humble folks.—*A. R. Wells.*

758. Garments and Flowers.

The roadway of the far East are and always have been rough, rutty and unsightly with refuse. We welcome a foreign notable by putting at his disposal a private car; the people of our Lord's time covered the highways with their garments, their robes being not unlike our lighter rugs. When Lafayette re-visited our shores he was welcomed by multitudes of children who scattered roses in the way before palms. But the palm has been from his steed. We have more roses than time immemorial the emblem of victory in the East, its long, pendulous fronds carried in the hand giving beauty and grace to a popular reception.—*H. D. Jenkins, D.D.*

759. Temple-Cleaning.

"When He had looked around." What did he see? You are His temple; what does He see? In these temples of His He sees all kinds of "business" that has no business to be there. And which wouldn't be there if Christ should come in. The minute Christ comes in things are bound to happen. Out go the "merchants," and ofttimes these long-intrenched rascals cause great commotion and excitement in their going (Luke 9:42).

760. "Lo, the World Is Gone After Him."

Even the critics of Jesus were alarmed at the demonstration. But they were mistaken; the world had not taken up his real program at all. The world has not gone after Him yet, though for two thousand years His "Follow Me" has sounded more or less clearly above the jangled discords of human affairs.

Crowning Christ King was no such simple matter as the Galileans imagined. There were selfish interests to be overthrown. There was entrenched wrong in the church as well as in the state. They themselves completely failed to realize what Jesus meant by his efforts. To put Him on a throne at Jerusalem was no part of His method at all. Their own hearts were not right.

You can't welcome the King without welcoming the kind of Kingdom that He stands for. They sang "Blessed is the Kingdom that cometh," but they thought it would be like David's. These things understood not even His disciples.

Jesus looks down upon us as we sing and wave our palms and says again, "Why call ye Me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

761. The Lesson of the Triumph.

As a symbolic fact this triumphal entry has a great lesson. It was a prophecy (and probably intended as such by Jesus), of his ulitmate triumph over the cities of the world. To me one of the great proofs of Jesus' unique divinity is His Godlike prescience. In the midst of apparent failure of His cause He saw its sure and ultimate triumph. Only a few became His disciples, but he knew that some day millions would call him Lord.

762. Palm Sunday.

The day was a sunburst in the life of Jesus. For once the people let Him know their feeling and let Him hear their praises. It was the day of the triumph of the lowly Nazarene. Around Him thronged the multitudes, waving palms and shouting, "Rejoice, O daughter of Zion, thy King cometh unto thee."

The scene on this first Palm Sunday is a prophecy. It foreshadows the triumph of the Day when Jesus shall come in power and great glory as the King. Then the acclaim, "Hosanna, to the Son of David," shall sound forth in its true and full expression and significance. The temporary triumph of the first Palm Sunday points to His ultimate triumph when He shall be King over all and blessed forever. —*Rev. John F. Carson, D.D.*

763. Honoring the King's Approach.

"And many spread their garments in the way." Mark 11:8. It was customary to make a great to-do when kings visited cities of their kingdom. The people often made a new road for the king, and frequently carpeted it, making it appear that the ground was not good enough for their king to walk or ride on. So now, the people accompanying Jesus became suddenly moved by an impulse to the thought that He was a king and that He must be treated as such; that the roadway must be carpeted for Him. Some threw off their loose robes and laid them down before the ass, and others cut off branches of the palm trees, or other trees by the wayside, and laid them down as a carpet.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

764. Children's Hosannas.

Of all the voices in the multitude, none pleased Christ more than the children.

"An angel paused in his onward flight,
With a seed of love and truth and right,
And said, 'Oh, where can this seed be sown,
Where 'twill yield most fruit when fully grown?
To whom can this precious seed be given?
That it will bear most fruit for earth and heaven?'
The Saviour heard, and said, as he smiled,
'Place it at once in the heart of a child.'"

765. The Word of a King.

"Where the word of a king is, there is power." Eccles. 8:4. Familiar is the story of the Oriental monarch from whom a condemned prisoner asked for a goblet of water. The king bade a servant provide the goblet of water and said to the thirsty man, "You shall not die until you have drained the glass." The moment the prisoner took the glass into his hand he emptied the water on the ground and defied the king to recover it. The king had given his word that the man should not die until he had drunk the water, and now he could never drink it. The king's word was inviolate. He had unintentionally commuted the death-sentence. It is said another monarch, to whom a favorite had applied for a great favor, inquired, "Is that not too much to ask of me?" The favorite replied, "Nothing is too much to ask of a king." Queen Elizabeth had a

courtier who hesitated to go on a mission, lest his business suffer in his absence. She said, "Do you suppose I would allow you to suffer loss while you are doing my work?" The word of a monarch is supposed to be inviolate, liberal and just. It was said of a Cæsar that he found Rome built of bricks and left it built of marble. The word of an emperor has power. Particularly was this true in the East, where most of our Scriptures were written. He who wrote this proverb may have thought only of human monarchs. There was another Biblical writer who spoke of the power of the Word of the King of kings: "The Word of God is quick and powerful."

Jesus thought of Himself as a King, and His thoughts were royal. How powerful too are His words! He promised that His words should never pass away, and spoke of His power as embracing earth and heaven. Was He deluded? Nay, He was a King. All other kings have been His vassals. And His word—is it not powerful? It has not passed away. It has power over the intellects, emotions, consciences and wills of men. The keenest minds and boldest souls of earth have been proud to be augmenters of Christ's empire. The universe is full of power, but the power of mind is superior to that of natural forces, and the power of soul is superior to that of mind. Christ breathed soul into this world and changed its chilly atmosphere to warmth. The power of Christ's word is the power of eternal purpose and eternal love. — *Rev. Charles C. Albertson, D.D.*

766. Christ Is King.

"All power is given unto me," etc. Matt. 28:18. For the various ills that afflict or threaten our nation one cure, and one alone, is sufficient, and that is—God; not soldiers and battleships and submarines and aeroplanes and shrapnel and money and education and good laws—but God. * * * We find Him in the Son. To the rulers it is, "Kiss the Son." In the kingship of Jesus over the nations we find the solution of our national problems and the source of national safety.

767. The Foregleams of a Deeper Appreciation.

Jesus was more profoundly stirred by the report of the coming of Greeks desiring to see Him than by all the shouts and palms of the multitude. The crowd wanted a kingdom that cometh with observation, with eclat, much palm-strewing and seats on the right hand and on the left. But these strangers from afar only said with reserve, "Sir, we would see Jesus." They had been attracted by reports of His teaching and spirit.

Jesus foresaw a great world-wide inquiry into the principles of His life. God in His own good time would build His Kingdom of consecrated souls. Those who hoped for a kingdom immediate, spectacular, secular, would put Him to death. But the good seed would spring up everywhere, not only among the Jews but among Gentiles, to the transformation of the earth.—*Rev. G. B. Allison.*

768. Glorifying God.

"And they that went before, and they that followed, cried, Hosanna; Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." It is a part of our business to praise God. One businessman criticized another's wearing a flower in his buttonhole, as being unbusiness-like. The other replied: "My business in the world is to glorify God, and I can do it by appreciating the beauty of a flower. I buy a flower and wear it. You buy a weed and smoke it. Which is the more business-like?"

769. Garments in the Way.

"And many spread their garments upon the way; and others branches

which they had cut from the fields." In 1834, when some of the inhabitants of Bethlehem, who had participated in a rebellion, were imprisoned and in deep distress, Mr. Farrar, the English Consul at Damascus, was met at the entrance of the city of Bethlehem by hundreds of people, who implored him to interfere in their behalf and afford them protection. All at once, by a sort of simultaneous movement, they spread their garments in the way before his horse.—*Dr. Edw. Robinson.*

770. Drew All Eyes.

Usually Christ withdrew Himself from public notice. Much of His time was spent in remote parts of Palestine, not unfrequently abiding in the wilderness. Here and here only, Christ appears to drop His private character, and of His own choice to call attention to Himself. He deliberately makes a public entry into Jerusalem at the head of His disciples. He voluntarily rides into the Holy City in kingly, triumphal attitude, surrounded by a vast and exulting multitude. The eternal Son of God was about to suffer death. The atonement for the world's sin was soon to be made. We are taught the unspeakable importance of the death of Christ by the fact that He so ordered that it was eminently a public death. The triumphal entry drew all eyes to Him and insured that when He should die it should be in the sight of many witnesses.

771. Palm Sunday.

The way to capture the city for Christ is to go for the multitude. They will respond to the truth. This is the way to capture the villages and the country too. The common people heard Jesus gladly, and millions have enthroned Him in their hearts since that memorable march of the first Palm Sunday. Lust of gold, of greed and place, uncontrolled appetites and passions are dooming some cities of the world to destruction. Oh that Christ's heart of love may turn the great cities of the world into His triumphal procession!

772. The Triumphal Entry.

The Object of this Riding into Jerusalem was to set forth as in a living parable that Jesus was the Messiah, the expected king, and to present Himself to the Jews for their acceptance. It was the final offer to those who had rejected Him as a teacher, that they might accept Him as the Messiah, and save themselves and their nation from destruction.

773. The Prince of Peace.

He came as a king, but not on a war-horse, heralded by trumpets and clad in gorgeous array, for that would have caused the Jews to misunderstand the nature of His kingdom as if it were of this world, and would, as Dr. Gibson says, "have raised the standard of revolt against the Romans, and been the signal for tumult, bloodshed, and disastrous war." But He rode in the simplest fashion on an ass, the symbol of peace.

The humblest persons, the humblest things are transfigured with glory and joy, when made the instruments of our Lord's triumph. Jesus is the King of the whole earth; but He is the Prince of Peace; His victories are by the weapons of peace.

774. The Impulsive Ones.

"Took the branches of the palm trees, and went forth to meet Him, and cried out, Hosanna."

While traveling on a Pittsburgh day express, here is what I saw: A long line of freight cars uncoupled from each other. These are pushed up a grade by a powerful locomotive. Then one by one they are given a final push over the top of the grade. They run along well from the force of the

power that started them. They seem to keep up the speed for a while, but they are going down hill, running slower and slower until at last all are sidetracked at various places along the way. Some people are like that. They get going; but they are not coupled to the Holy Spirit, and so they go slower and slower until they are sidetracked along the way.

Let us learn on our Palm Sunday to couple up with God, not for a momentary impulse but for life.—*H.*

775. The Hosanna Spirit.

"Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold thy King cometh unto thee." Zech. 9:9. Christ puts the hosanna spirit into His people. I have read that when the late Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, the celebrated Brooklyn divine, was visiting the famous London preacher, the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, that after a hard day of work and serious discussions these two mighty men of God went out into the country together for a holiday. They roamed the fields in high spirits like boys let loose from school, chatting and laughing and free from care. Dr. Cuyler had just told a story at which Pastor Spurgeon laughed uproariously. Then suddenly he turned to Dr. Cuyler, and exclaimed, "Theodore, let's kneel down and thank God for laughter!" And there, on the green carpet of grass, under the trees, two of the world's greatest men knelt and thanked the dear Lord for the bright and joyous gift of laughter.

Thank God, the Christ has put the hosanna spirit into people. His Gospel is a Gospel that sings, and shouts, and rejoices.

776. Palms and Thorns.

Life is a mixture of palms and thorns. They grow in the same garden, and are often cultivated by the same hands. This is largely a matter of choice. It requires no more effort to grow one than the other. Palm culture is the most satisfactory occupation in which one can engage. It is an effort that never fails. With thorns this is not true. They pierce the very hands that aid their growth. An evil habit is a thorn that one plants in the garden of his own life. It may seem insignificant at the first, but the possibilities of hell are in its roots and branches. The worst habits are mental. Their roots are buried deep within the soul. Envy is of this class. There are more thorn points upon the roots of envy than upon its branches. No envious man is ever happy. There are too many prosperous people for his comfort. One meets this type of humanity so often. It finds a reason for all success outside of honor. That man has planted a thorn within his own heart. It may give another pain; it certainly will react and pierce him. Sin is the generic name for thorn culture. There are different species all traceable to the one common stock. He who sins dies to his own manhood. He fosters a thorn that is yet to pierce him through.

Palm growth finds its highest efficiency in the Christian religion. The ancients said that from the blood of Hycainthus sprang a flower. The thought illustrates a beautiful truth. From the blood of the Christ sprang a thousand palms, with which we may beautify and render more joyous this way of life. We all have in a measure the happiness of others within our own hands. Whether they step upon a thorn or a palm lies with us. A kind word is a palm leaf. It costs nothing, and may mean so very much. It is an unfortunate experience, and yet one common to all, that we often find our palms, where the Christ did His, outside of Jerusalem.—*Presbyterian Journal.*

777. Jesus Welcomed.

Jesus' entry was much like the homecoming of the star on the debating team of a great university. Everybody turns out to meet him and to escort him, upon stalwart shoulders, to the campus where there is grand celebration-bonfire and speeches and songs. Hearts are full of joy and gladness for the great achievement and expression must be given in a very spectacular way. But in the case of Jesus' entry the people were celebrating not only His great victory over disease, deviltry and death, but also what they fully expected Him to accomplish in the future—the leading of the Jews to national independence and glory.

778. The King Accepted, Rejected.

"Behold thy King cometh unto thee." Zech. 9:9. "Behold thy King cometh unto thee," asking the homage of heart and possessions and life. Which shall it be—joyous songs of acceptance? or the gloomy, set silence of rejection?

779. The Growing King and Kingdom.

"He sat upon him." Mark 11:7. How the resplendent Roman soldiers and the gay public must have laughed. How the cavaliers of Charles laughed at George Fox and his Quakers. How the sporty, fox-hunting preachers laughed at John Wesley and his Methodists. How smug London laughed at William Booth and his slum "soldiers." The world's real kings usually come on a humble mount.

780. The Royal Approach.

Mark 11:7, 8. So now He is going up to Jerusalem, the royal city, to present Himself as King. And He was going in proper royal fashion. The ass was the royal beast of His people. It was the fitting thing that the king should use a young ass on which no one had ever yet sat. So Jesus approached His royal city in royal fashion. This was quite clear to the rulers. They recognized instantly that by so riding in He was claiming to be the nation's King. It was a royal approach.

XI. GOOD FRIDAY

(Day of Christ's Crucifixion. Sixth Day of Holy Week.)

781. Story of Love.

A native priest came to Bishop Warren in India to ask what this gospel was that he was preaching. For answer the Bishop told him the story of Jesus' prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The priest listened with increasing perturbation, and at the end of the story sprang up and cried, "Get out of here! Get out of India! You will convert all our people if you talk to them in that way. We have in all our religions no story of love like that!"

There is no other such story as that. It is the story which if rightly told will convert the world, for Christ Himself said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."—*H.*

782. Invisible Wounds.

There was a picture published recently showing a company of wounded soldiers at Lakewood going through calesthenic exercises, but the title struck a deep note of sympathy. "The invisibly wounded." Their scars in battle were hidden, but awfully real. The empty sleeve did not dangle at their side, nor the frightful furrow of shrapnel glare from eyeless sockets—their wounds defied the scrutiny of the

curious. The patients felt the ache from racked nerves and deranged digestion growing out of barrage fire, gas attacks and trench fevers, and the doctors knew the stupendous price such had paid for liberty and would continue to pay for years, but only the very thoughtful could doff their hats at the sight of these martyrs for a race's emancipation. The "five bleeding wounds of the dear Saviour" were very visible yet as one has said, "The suffering of Christ's soul was the soul of His sufferings."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

783. Christ Gave Himself.

During the great war some men of the West Yorkshire Regiment were marching through the long, narrow street of a village near Rheims, when a man suddenly dashed out of a house-door on the right. Immediately a number of rifles cracked in front of the troops, and the man fell dead. He proved to be a man of the Royal Irish Regiment who had been taken prisoner the previous day, and was held in the house, where the Germans were in ambush. Although he knew that the slightest movement on his part would mean death, as soon as the British were near enough he made the rush, which, being followed by the firing of the rifles, disclosed the enemy's ambush. His body was carried into a house until the fighting was over, and then the men buried him. One who took part in the ceremony said: "There wasn't a dry eye among us when we laid him to rest in that little village."

Jesus gave His life for others, that is what Good Friday means.

784. The Way of the Cross.

As we travel through Switzerland, especially in winter time, we notice as we climb over the paths, some of them near the precipice, that the path is marked by a great cross. As we look ahead a little there is another cross. Yonder another. Look across the valley, there is the cross. You can find your way along the pathless way if you just keep your eyes fixed on the cross that you see in front. All the way in the Christian life the Cross is before us. It is there at the beginning, and when we get a little farther it is the Cross still, and when we are near the goal, it is the Cross still. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Our only hope is in the Cross.—*Sunday at Home.*

785. "It Is Finished."

A faithful Christian neighbor was telling over again to a friend the truth of Christ's completed work, and the friend always replied, "Yes, but I've got to do my part." The latter had just delivered a gate that he had made to the order of the former. The Christian said: "Well, John, I will fix up the gate and make it all right. It needs some additional work that I shall have to do. Leave it. I'll work on it." But the gate-builder remonstrated. "I never heard the like! You never treated my work like that before. I finished the gate. I defy any man to prove that it is not finished." And then the believing neighbor took up the word and said: "Well, John, I was only trying to point out to you about the 'finished work of Christ.' You must see now how He feels because you do not believe Him that His work for you is 'Done and forever done.' You can't add to it. It dishonors Him even to think of that." "Oh, I see it!" cried the other. "The Lord forgive me. I'll not disbelieve any more. I do not dare add a bit to what He has done. I am now happy."

786. A Christian Leper's Testimony.

When I heard a Christian leper in India say, "I thank God that He laid leprosy upon me because of the lepers

I have been able to lead to Christ," I thought, "How like Christ, who let God lay on Him the leprosy of my sin."—*George Innes.*

787. Victory of the Cross.

When the people in Central Africa speak of the death of Christ, they always say, "The victory of Golgotha." Before leaving Africa I said to one man: "Now, before I go to England, just you tell me what that means. I cannot understand it. When the very God became man and died the death of a felon, I cannot see how your people see anything but defeat in it." And then that man said something that made me proud that my days had been spent in Africa. First of all, he took a little bit of stick and held it up and said: "Here is the cross." Then he took another little bit and laid it across the first one and said, "Just here at the cross when Satan did his very, very worst, just here, just then God did His very, very best. At the Cross the very worst and the very best meet."—*Dan Crawford.*

788. Real Work of the Cross.

One day a school inspector was visiting a school and he rose to give a talk to the boys and girls. He chose the subject of "Patriotism." As he proceeded he pointed to the American flag that was draped on the wall, and asked impressively, "What is that flag hanging there for?" A boy replied readily, "Please, sir, it is to hide the dirt." So many people wear the badge and emblem of Christian discipleship, —the banner of the cross,—just to cover up some blemish, weakness, or fault in their lives. The real work of the cross is to blot out, not to cover up.

789. The Korean Placards.

In Korea great placards are placed at crossroads, on which are written this request: "If any of the Jesus people come this way, let them stop and tell us the story." The hunger for the story of salvation is the same in civilized America as in heathen lands. Every one who knows the story by experience is responsible for telling it either here or there.

790. Dealing with the Cause.

I know a man who in the weekly prayer-meeting was always confessing the same sins. His prayer seldom varied. One day when he was praying, he used this figure of speech: "O Lord, since we last gathered together the cobwebs have come between us and Thee. Clear away the cobwebs that we may again see Thy face." Then a brother called out, "O God, kill the spider!" You know very well that you may sweep cobwebs away, but if you leave spiders in the same room you will have cobwebs again to-morrow morning. The best way to get rid of the cobwebs is to deal with the cause—to kill the spider. That is exactly what Jesus Christ did when He died on the Cross. He not only dealt with the effect, but he dealt with the very cause of sinning.—*Rev. E. L. Hamilton.*

791. Where Fire Has Burned.

The prairie fire is a never-to-be-forgotten sight. If the wind is blowing very strongly, the prairie fire will travel faster than a horse can gallop. Those who have settled on the prairies see the devouring flames come, and they know they cannot run away from them. What do they do? They burn a large space in the vicinity of their home; in a short time a large piece of ground is absolutely cleared and blackened. Then they go and stand on the ground where the fire has been already. When the great devouring prairie fire comes up it stops there—it can go no further—there is nothing to burn. There is one place of safety

for us. It is where the fire has already been. That is the Cross of Calvary, the Cross of the Lord Jesus Christ.—*Sunday at Home.*

792. Light on the Cross.

Sam Hadley, of the Water Front Mission in New York, once said, in telling of the kind of people that the mission was trying to help, "We don't want anyone here who is welcome anywhere else." If the Lord Jesus had come to save those of us who were so good that we were worth saving on that account, how many of us would be in fellowship with Him to-day? God did not wait until we were good, then send His only begotten Son to improve our condition, but while we were yet sinners Christ died for us.

There is the glory that shines from the cross. Did you ever see Inness' painting of the Crucifixion? You are standing at the foot of Calvary looking up a long slope, the rough cliff of Golgotha at your right. A few persons are gathered near you at the foot of the slope, some bowed with grief, others evidently talking together quietly. At the left is a great crowd just across the valley; and to the right up the deserted slope toward the crosses there are dimly seen two horsemen on guard at a considerable distance apart. They are the only figures to be seen on that slope except the dim figures on the three crosses. Great clouds are sweeping up over the scene, but there is a shaft of light shining softly on the central cross like the touch of a rainbow, covering it with a glow of golden light. Oh, how we need that light on the cross in these very days! And the glory of that cross is the love of God in Christ for us sinners for whom He died.

"Upon that cross of Jesus,
Mine eyes at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me.
And from my smitten heart, with tears,
Two wonders I confess—
The wonder of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness."
—*Philip E. Howard.*

793. Win to Christ.

"Will you go into the prayer-meeting with me?" said a gentleman to a stranger. "Yes, I think I will," was the answer. From that time the stranger began to go to church, and came to see Christ as his Saviour. "Do you know," he afterwards said to the gentleman, "that I have been seven years in this city? In three days the grocer and milkman found me out. But you were the first who ever said, "Come to the house of the Lord." We who know of Christ and His saving grace ought to be using our influence every day.—*H.*

794. Knew He Died.

A little English girl in South America wrote this note to her father: "Dear Father, you never told me that Jesus died for me. But I am sure dear Father, you can never have known that He did."—*Archibald MacIntyre.*

795. Unresting and Resting.

There are certain birds seen at Constantinople which are said to be always on the wing. No one ever saw them rest, but they are forever poised in mid-air. The natives call them "lost souls," seeking rest and finding none. How like the men who have no gospel to rest upon, but who change their creed from week to week, listening to every voice but the voice of God. The crucified Christ invites us to come to Him and rest.—*H.*

796. The Shadow of the Cross.

In the city of San José, California, close by a pretty little park where palm trees rustle and a tinkling fountain sometimes gently plays, stands Trinity Church. My eager steps often lead

me along the street where the dim shadow of the cross upon the church tower slowly changes in response to the swing over the heavens of the glowing sun. I love that shadow and what it represents though it be beneath my feet. It depicts the cross that typifies the divine love of Christ down in the haunts of busy men.

On cloudy or stormy days we do not see the outline on the pavement, but always above us is the cross itself. Just so in the dull and bitter days of life we lose sight of the shadow if we look for it, but when we cast our eyes toward heaven we perceive the reality of the great event of 1900 years ago—we see the glory and the hope of the tree on which Jesus died. — *W. C. Allen.*

797. Faith in the Crucified Christ.

Charlotte Elliot came to Cæsar Milan and asked how she could become a Christian. The old man replied, "My dear, it is very simple. You have but simply to come to Jesus." And she said to him, "But I am a very great sinner, will He take me just as I am?" "Yes, He will take you just as you are and no other way." And then she said, "If He will take me just as I am, then I will come," and she went home to her room, sat down at her desk and wrote the beautiful words of the hymn,

"Just as I am, without one plea,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

This is the way that Charlotte Elliot came to Christ, and thousands of others since, in the words of her hymn.—*Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.*

798. Forsaken.

When "Rabbi Duncan" discoursed on the crucifixion with his students, he would rise from the professor's chair, and walk up and down the platform, saying words like these: "Ay, ay, d'ye know what it was—dying on the cross, forsaken by His Father? d'ye know what it was? What? It was damnation—and damnation taken lovingly."

A missionary was once asked what was the greatest sacrifice he had to make in going to the foreign field. He hung his head thoughtfully, then looking up replied, "God forbid that I should call anything I have done a sacrifice when I see the sacrifice of Jesus on the cross." Christ was forsaken of the Father, but the missionary in far-off lands has the assurance, "Lo, I am with you alway."

799. He Swapped with Me.

A clergyman was speaking to the fisherman on the shore at a town in the east of England. His subject was justification, and he was trying to make it plain to the men what Christ's work on the cross really was. At last he cried: "Now will one of you tell me, in your own words, what the Lord Jesus did do there?" An old salt looked up, and with tears streaming down his weather-beaten face, said, "He swapped with me!"—*William S. Rainsford, D.D.*

800. Killing Their Saviour.

"For your lives!" cried the Portugese captain of a Spanish slave ship to a band of naked negroes, as he pointed to an English ship which had been in hot chase of him for some hours. "Fight for your lives!" he cried out, as he gave each man a weapon. And the deluded and terrified negroes did as they were told, and in doing so, they killed and wounded their best friends, who had come to deliver them. So Jesus came to set the captives of sin free; but the Pharisees rose against Jesus, and the very men he loved and came to free they urged on to kill Him.—*Rev. B. Waugh.*

801. That Is for Me.

The boys were marching down the long street between lines of eager folks who had gathered to say farewell. One young officer had told his wife and mother that their farewells had better be said before his company passed in review down the street, because, he explained to them, when he marched by with his men, although he would see just where his loved ones were standing, he would only perhaps smile at them, and give them a nod as he passed, for he must look straight ahead, as he expected his men to do, on this day when they were starting for the front.

When the troops passed on and on through the crowds, many a man or woman looking at them was saying, "That is for me. They are going in my behalf. They are going to do what I cannot do, but it is for me and others like me." Well, who with any heart would not feel that way? Such a sacrifice as that comes home to us with a directness that we cannot deny.

And yet—and yet—every sacrifice that any man has ever made pales into a faint suggestion of sacrifice, when we lift our eyes to the cross of Jesus. We honor a man who lays down his life for a cause, and rightly so. What shall we say of one who gathered up unto himself the bitter sin of the world and bore the guilt of it away from us as far as the east is from the west? After all, it is not so much what we say about one who did that, as what we say to Him right now. Do you keenly recognize to-day that Jesus was on the cross for you? Are you just a passerby in the throng with no heart for what He did for you?—*Philip Howard.*

802. The Flowing Tide.

A story is told of a woman who came to a minister, carrying in her hands a mass of wet sand. "Do you see what this is, sir?" "Yes, it is wet sand." "But do you know what it means?" "No, I cannot say that I do. What does it mean?" "That is I," she answered, in great distress, "and the multitude of my sins, which cannot be numbered." The minister spoke calmly to her, and inquired where she had got the sand. "Down on the beach." "Go back there," he said, "and take a spade with you. Heap up a big mound of sand; pile it as high as you can. Then stand back on the shore and watch what happens to it when the tide comes in." Of course when the tide flowed in it completely swept away the pile of sand. And so when God forgives sin, He takes it away as completely as the incoming tide carries away the heaped-up sand.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

803. The Heart of Christ.

In one of the battles of Scotland, Douglas, the leader of the Scottish freemen, saw that his clansmen were wavering. He had carried to the battlefield in a sacred urn, the heart of Robert Bruce, the founder of the Scottish nation. Suddenly he sent for this precious relic and standing in front of his troops, he cried, "Soldiers, this is the heart of Bruce. I follow it, and whosover loves it, let him follow me." Then he flung it as far as his giant strength was able, right into the thick of the enemy, and plunged after it. Instantly the clansmen rallied and followed their leader to rescue the heart of Bruce from the hands of the enemy, and needless to say, they won the day. So Jesus Christ, our Glorious Leader, is going before us. His heart of love and self-sacrifice is far in advance of our slow and timid steps. He is calling to us. "Who loves Me, let him follow Me." He has gone before us into the place of service, into the slums of sin, into the

lands of darkness. What though others may choose to live for pleasure, ease, or earthly ambition, let us hear Him calling. "What is that to thee? Follow thou me."

804. Took the Sting.

A little child was in the garden with his mother, when a bee stung his mother on the palm of her hand. The child huddled close to the mother and cried, for fear the bee would sting him too. "Look," said the mother, "the sting of the bee is in the palm of my hand. He cannot sting you also." And so Jesus has suffered the sting of death for us.

805. And Him Crucified.

An Indian chief told this story: There came a preacher who wished to show us that there is a God. We answered, Do you think we don't know that? Go back where you came from." Another came and said, "You must not steal, you must not get drunk, you must not lie." We answered, "You fool! Do you think we don't know that? Teach that first to the people you belong to." After that came Christian Henry Rauch to my hut and said, "The Lord of heaven bids me say he will make you blessed and deliver you from your misery; for this purpose He became man and shed His blood." As soon as he had done speaking, he lay down quietly by my bow and tomahawk and slept as sweetly as a child. Ah! I thought, what a man is that! I could strike him dead, but he has not a fear. I could not forget his words. I dreamed in my sleep of the blood of Christ shed for me. Thus through grace the awakening among us began. Therefore, I say, preach Christ, our Saviour and His birth in Bethlehem and His death on Calvary, and His redeeming grace, if you would find an entrance among the heathen.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

806. The Cruel Scourging.

Dr. Alexander Whyte tells the story of a man who dreamed that he saw Jesus tied to a whipping-post with a soldier scourging Him. He saw the whip in the soldier's hand,—and when the dreamer rushed forward intending to stop him, the soldier turned around and the dreamer recognized—himself!

We often think how cruel those men must have been who scourged and crucified Jesus, but whenever we do wrong, we, too, cause the heart of Jesus to bleed with sorrow and pain.

807. But the Doctor!

A great surgeon operated on a poor boy, whose foot was twisted out of shape. The operation was successful, and a friend came to take the little invalid home. He said to the boy, "What a beautiful hospital you have been in!" "Yes," said the boy, "but I like the doctor best." When he brought the boy home his mother was charmed to see her son again. She fell on her knees and looked at once at his foot. "Why, it's just like any other boy's foot now," she exclaimed with delight. All the time the lad was saying to her, "Mother, you ought to know the doctor who made me walk." There is not one of us for whom Jesus has not done a thousand times more than the surgeon did for that boy. Yet we have rarely spoken of Jesus and insisted on making Him known to others.

808. Across the Chasm.

Over a deep gorge in Arizona lies a great tree, forming a natural bridge. Ages ago it fell in its prime, apparently a failure. Yet, gradually changed, it is now a tree of solid agate. It has become of noble use and great value, being used by countless human feet to cross the chasm.

Christ Himself seemed a failure, yet He has become the bridge between earth and heaven on which His re-

deemed may pass over. Once rejected—now honored.—*J. R. Miller, D.D.*

809. Not Disfigured, Decorated.

Mrs. Burton French, society leader and war worker, told in Paris a story about a soldier.

"All disfigured soldiers," she said, "should have the spirit of a lad I saw in a hospital in Chateau-Thierry. His face was a mass of bandages, and I said to him gently,

"You poor, poor boy."

"Don't pity me, ma'am," replied the soldier. "Pity my buddies over there who got hit where it ain't going to show."

"Then," I said, "you don't mind being disfigured?"

"Disfigured," scoffed the soldier, "I ain't disfigured. I'm decorated."

This is the answer to those who wince at the "bloody" cross, and shy at singing about "the print of the nails in His hand" and the wound of the thorns on His brow; to whom the cross in its bald literalism smacks of the shambles. The blood, the wounds, the agony on the face of Jesus are not disfiguring; they are the royal decorations which the King of heaven bestows on the Prince of Glory after He has met the enemy and won the fight.—*Rev. John F. Cowan, D.D.*

810. A Substitute.

The story of the Napoleonic campaigns is familiar to all, how in the early wars a man was drafted in France, and being unable to go to the field himself hired a substitute and paid a good price for him, who went to the war, and fell on one of the battlefields. In a subsequent draft the same man was drafted again. He went to the recruiting office and produced his papers, proving he had hired and paid for a substitute, who had died on the field; and entry was accordingly made against his name: "Died in the person of his substitute on the battlefield of Rivoli!"—*A. T. Pierson, D.D.*

811. Jesus Crucified.

Three men died: one for sin, one to sin, and one in sin. These three prepositions cover the whole human race. "Do not die in sin. Die to it, by receiving as your Saviour Him who died for it in your stead."—*George Guille.*

812. Love on the Cross.

"Love" is stamped in flaming and sacrificial letters upon the cross of Christ. It is the largest, loftiest, divinest expression of love that the cross reveals. That love is so compelling that it brings a loving response from those who realize its glorious and eternal worth. An old countryman was wandering around a picture gallery, when in one of the rooms he came upon a picture of the Christ. For some minutes he stood in silence, gazing raptly at it; and then, unmindful of his surroundings, he exclaimed aloud: "Bless Him! I love Him!" Standing near was a man who overheard him; and grasping his hand, he said, "Brother, so do I!" A third and a fourth followed, and soon there was gathered a little company before the picture, complete strangers to one another, but drawn sympathetically to one another by outflowing love to Jesus Christ.—*H.*

813. Comforted in the Cross.

Mr. E. J. Cooper, whose wife was a martyr of the Boxer persecution, in a letter to his mother, writes, "You will have learned by cable that dear Maggie has fallen asleep in Jesus. I may as well tell you the worst first. She died at Ying-shan, about 100 miles from Hankow, on August 6, after a month's pain and suffering for Christ.

"Billow after billow has gone over me. Home gone, not one memento of dear Maggie even, penniless, wife and child gone to glory, Edith lying sick with diarrhœa, and your son weak and exhausted to a degree, though otherwise well. I have been at the point of death more than once on the road. In one village, after a heavy stoning with brick-bats, they put ropes under me and dragged me along the ground, that I might not die in the village itself. And now that you know the worst, mother, I want to tell you that the cross of Christ, that exceeding glory of the Father's love, has brought continual comfort to my heart, so that not one murmur has broken the peace within."—*Rev. A. E. Glover.*

814. On Sand or Rock.

A Welsh lady, when she lay dying, was visited by her minister. He said to her, "Sister, are you sinking?" She answered him not a word, but looked at him with incredulous eyes. He repeated the question, "Sister, are you sinking?" She looked at him again as if she could not believe he would ask such a question. At last, rising a little in her bed, she said, "Sinking! Sinking! Did you ever know a sinner sink through a rock? If I had been standing on the sand, I might sink; but, thank God, I am on the Rock of Ages, and there is no sinking there." —*Charles Spurgeon.*

815. Length and Depth of God's Love.

"How much do you love me?" was the playful question of a mother to her little girl. The child was puzzled for a moment how to answer. Then as she looked out of the window, at the bright stars on a moonless night, she beautifully said, "All the way from here to the stars and back again." Christ, it has been said, "loved us all the way from heaven to the cross and back again."

An illustration by Dr. Alexander McLaren presents this thought pointedly. "When a coal-pit gets blocked up by some explosion," he says, "no brave rescuing party will descend to the lowest depths of the poisonous darkness until some ventilation has been restored. But this loving Christ goes down, down, down into the thickest, most pestilential atmosphere, reeking with sin and corruption, and stretches out a rescuing hand to the most abject and undermost of all the victims. How deep is the love of Christ! The deep mines of sin and of alienation are all undermined and countermined by His love. Sin in an abyss, a mystery, how deep only they who have fought against it know; but

"'O Love! thou bottomless abyss.
My sins are swallowed up in thee.'"

816. The Theology of the Cross.

They were talking and writing about Billy Sunday in a certain section of this country where the ministers and churches have gotten away from the heart truths of the Gospel. "Billy Sunday is fine," they said enthusiastically. "He is doing a great work; the facts speak for themselves. If he would only leave out his theology there would be little to criticise; apart from that his work is extraordinary and admirable."

What would you think of the people who examined the trolley system of a city, rode in the cars, studied the time-table and routes, and then made this report: "The trolley system is doing an admirable work; it is meeting the needs of the city; if you will simply leave out the power-house there will be little to be desired."

The ministers and laymen who say that Billy Sunday's work is all right except for his theology do not realize that they are speaking as foolishly as those who commend the trolley system provided the power-house were left out. Without his theology Billy Sun-

day's preaching and results would collapse in powerlessness. His theology is the heart of it. For his theology is the cross of Christ.—*C. G. Trumbull.*

817. How Long Since Jesus Died?

A missionary in India tells of preaching in a village where the Gospel story was unknown. The people eagerly listened. He was asked to repeat the story again and again. One heathen said: It is so new to us, and we are slow to understand." After the missionaries had gone on their way, they were overtaken by a messenger asking how long it had been since Jesus died,—one, or two years? "Do you wonder," said the missionary, "that I was ashamed to tell them how many centuries had passed since God had manifested His love to the world?" His shame ought to be ours also. "How shall they hear without a preacher?"

818. How to Be Saved.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

A blessed work of grace has been going on in various parts of Scotland. Many had accepted God's "great salvation" and rejoiced in their newly-found Saviour. Among these was a Mr. Murray, an office-holder in one of the churches and for fifty years a professor of religion, without, however, the "one thing needful." One day as Mr. Murray was reading a Gospel paper he came across the following statement: "The Gospel brings us not a work to do, but a word to believe about a work done." "I see it all," said he to his wife. "I have been working away at the keyhole and the door has been open all the time. My fifty years' profession goes for nothing, and I get salvation through simply accepting Christ." — *From "Love Wins."*

819. Better than Sermonizing.

A little boy confided his experience to his mother after a church service. "Why, mother, when the minister was telling about Calvary, I could just see Jesus going up there, and the cross, and the people: and just when I was most interested, the minister stopped, —and went on with the sermon." May it not be true that some of us as preachers or teachers rest too lightly upon the unadorned Gospel narratives, in our eagerness to find devices that will create interest in the story? It may be that some to whom we are seeking to carry the Gospel lose interest when we "go on with the sermon."

820. Jesus Our Redeemer.

The story was told of a ladder run up against the Woolworth Building in New York. It reached to the fourth floor—the fire was in the forty-third! It was only thirty-nine stories short! There is no other way of salvation from hell hereafter and from sin now than through the blood atonement of Jesus Christ. Imitation of the sinless life of the Son of God even cannot save. The Bishop of Durham used to say, "A Christ not quite God is a bridge broken at the farther end."

821. Crown of Thorns.

Among the wonder-plants of modern floriculture is one called "The Crown of Thorns." This plant itself bears the form which gives it its name, and is studded thickly with thorns. The flower is both delicate and beautiful. But the most significant feature of this unusual plant is that it blooms continuously. And this is a parable too. The only crown which ever blooms is a crown of thorns. Sacrifice is the most fructifying thing in the world. There are few joys like the joy of a great renunciation. One does not need to trust the future to prove the truth of Jesus' word about finding one's life by losing it. He who

lavishly gives any part of his life to his child, his friend, his age discovers that he has "found" by "losing." The joy of Christ is perfectly plain. It is the joy of giving up; a joy that none can take from us because none can ever deny us the ability to give. The crown of thorns always hurts; but, worn heroically, it always blossoms. That is true for us. And Christ bore His crown of thorns for us.

822. The Central Cross.

At the palace of Justice at Rome they take you sometimes into a chamber with strangely painted frescoes on the ceiling and around the walls and upon the floor in all kinds of grotesque forms. You cannot reduce them to harmony, you cannot make out the perspective; it is a bewildering maze of confusion. But there is one spot upon the floor of that room, and only one, standing upon which, every line falls into harmony; the perspective is perfect, the picture flashes out upon you, instinct with meaning in every line and panel. You see at that point, and that only, the design of the artist who painted it.

I believe this world in just as bewildering a maze looked at at every point except one. I look back upon the records of history; I endeavor to gaze into the future of this world's career; wherever I turn I am opposed by the mysteries that hem me in and crush me down, until I take my stand at the foot of the Cross. Then darkness and discord become light and harmony, the mystery is solved; the night that shuts me in becomes radiant with the Divine light and glory. At the foot of the Cross, art, science, literature, history become at once to me a Divine, a glorious, and a blessed thing. And so I claim for my Lord His rightful dominion over all the works of His hands. We will gather the beauties of art, all the treasures of music, all that is brightest and best in this world, and we will lay them down at His feet; for, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive might, and majesty, and riches, and power, and honor, and glory." His is the sceptre, His is the right, His this universal world.

823. Impulse From the Cross.

At the Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance held in Oberlin, Ohio, we had a solemn consecration service on Sunday morning. A theological student rose and read these lines, "'Jesus, I my cross have taken!' No," he said, "I never took any cross for Christ. 'All to leave and follow Thee!' I never left anything for Christ. 'Naked, poor, despised, forsaken..' Yes, my Saviour was that, but I am not."

Is the same true of us? Is this the secret of the world's unevangelization?

824. Devotion to the Cross.

A brave warrior of the olden days being delayed, prayed to the gods that the battle might not be ended before his arrival. Is it because we are not as brave as we ought to be that we shrink from the heat and strife of battle? Is it because we do not have implicit trust in our Father that we shiver and sway so when the wild billows surge about us? It must be so, and yet the Lord pities our weaknesses and begs us to come unto Him, and receive rest and comfort. No matter how stormy may be life's sea, there upon the rugged shore, we may find the Rock of shelter, hidden in its cleft we may always find safety.—*Ernest Gilmore.*

825. Droop Sacred Head!

Droop, sacred head,
  Upon that breast divine,
The strife is o'er,
  The victory is thine.

Hush, sounds of earth,
  Sink, sink, thou mournful sun;
On Calvary's cross,
  Lo, mercy's work is done.

Gaze, mortal, gaze,
The Saviour hangs for Thee,
Silent in death,
Upon the accursed tree.

Love, holiest love,
Shall earth and heaven atone,
In fadeless day,
From Christ's eternal throne!
—*Shapcott Wesley.*

826. A Divine Necessity.

The seed must die if a harvest is to spring from it. Sacrifice is the law of life everywhere. We only "quicken" as we "die." Christ saved others, Himself He could not save. Without the shedding of blood there could be no remission of sin. The cross was a divine necessity.

827. Under the Cross.

It is recorded that while Christ was agonizing on the cross, another tragedy was going on beneath it. The rabbis "derided Him"; the soldiers "cast lots for His raiment"; and the people "stood beholding."

Out of heaven God was calling, "Come!" and the emphasis put on the invitation, then and there, was as if God had taken the very heart out of His bosom and given it to agony and death for them.

Yet cool, indifferent, or hostile, all alike were answering "I will not."

And this is the tragedy which is ever going on; men and women, with heedless or deliberate hands, closing against themselves the only door that ever opened into life.

"O foolish Galatians, who bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you?"—*Rev. D. J. B.*

828. Christ Unrecognized.

It is said that one of the most magnificent diamonds in Europe, which to-day blazes in a king's crown, once lay for months on a stall in a piazza at Rome labelled, "Rock-crystal, price, one franc." How often is Christ unrecognized, undervalued by men?—*H.*

829. God So Loved.

"I have nothing to give you to make your heart happy," said Popebah, as I was leaving for vacation, "but I send my best love to your mother, because she did not keep you at home." Have you thanked God because He did not keep His Son "at home"?

So writes Isabel Crawford in "Kiowa."

830. "Did He Get In?"

In Holman Hunt's picture called "The Light of the World" the Saviour is represented as standing before a closed door, His locks wet with dews of night. He has a lantern in His hand. He is clothed in the garb of a king; but His crown is a crown of thorns. He knocks and waits in vain.

On the back of the original canvas the artist wrote, "Lord, pass me not by." But there is no danger of that. The Lord passes no one by. The danger is that the door may be forever closed against Him.

A child who saw the picture of "The Light of the World" looked at it long and earnestly and then, turning to her father asked with a pathetic tremor in her voice, "Did He get in, father; did he get in?"

Knocking, knocking; what, still there?
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair!
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crowned hair
Beam the patient eyes so tender
Of thy Saviour waiting there.

Shall He come in? Never unless we open unto Him. It is for us to say whether He shall enter and sup with us.—*D. J. Burrell.*

831. In the Fire for Me.

I sometimes tell about a little boy who was playing with his mother's finger, on which she had a beautiful ring. As he was twisting it around, he noticed an ugly scar on the back of her hand. "Oh, mother," said he, "what an ugly hand that is!" Her

eyes filled with tears. "Charlie, would you like to have me tell you about that hand?" "Yes, mother," said he. "Well, when you were a little boy, you were romping about the room one day, and you struck your toe against the fender and fell into the fire. I dropped my work and pulled you out of the fire with that hand. It was the hot bars and coals that made that scar upon it." "Oh, mother, said he, "that is the loveliest hand in the world, because it is the hand that was in the fire for me." And the loveliest object to-night for a guilty sinner is the bleeding Saviour, the dying Son of God, who passed through fires for us. —*Record of Christian Work.*

832. Has Gone Before.

Douglas threw the heart of Bruce among the enemy, and cried, "Lead on, brave heart; I follow thee." That is the right spirit.

Some travellers in the far West in earlier days came across a narrow trail, and Indian trail, that looked as if but one man had passed that way. The experts knew better. They knew that the chief had passed that way first, and that all his followers had carefully set their feet exactly in his tracks, till the path was worn as if by one man. Thus was the fact silently published that the loyal tribesmen had gone after their leader step by step.

So has our Great Chief gone on before us, "leaving us an example that we should follow His steps." How does the path look? Does it seem as if but one had passed that way? Is there here and there a swerving track which shows a departure instead of a steadfast and perfect following? These are tokens of our imperfect steps. Yet, it is something, after all, if the trend and direction is always the same, and if, in some degree at least, we keep to that single track, and do not strike out on a path at right angles with it, making a cross that shall bring pain and lead us out of the way. There can not be leadership without loyalty in following. How is it with us whose Chief has gone before?

833. The Heart of Christ.

I read the other day that the heart of Kosciusko, which is buried in a bronze urn in Switzerland, is about to be taken back to his native Poland for whose liberties he fought so faithfully in 1791 and 1794. The act is natural and beautiful. The dreams that Kosciusko dreamed more than a century ago are now coming true, and the removal of the heart to Poland will encourage all patriots to believe that justice and truth must triumph in the end.

But I want to apply the thought to a greater than Kosciusko. The heart of Christ is with His people, has never left them for a moment through all the reeking centuries. "I am with you," he said, and He has made good His word. The heart of Christ is in the midst of His people's struggles—with Jews murdered in cold blood; with the Armenians martyred by Turkish hatred; with every sufferer, every worker, every servant. And His heart is not dead and dumb, but alive and full of tender speech. It keeps alive our faith. It comforts us in our sorrows. It brings us life in the midst of death. It is the heart of His great forgiving, redeeming—His great unfailing love.—*H.*

834. "Father, Forgive Them."

I have read of a soldier who was about to be brought before his commanding officer for some offense. He was an old offender, had often been punished. "Here he is again," said the officer, as his name was mentioned, "everything has been tried on him." Just then a subordinate officer stepped forward, and apologizing for the liberty, said, "There is one thing that

has never been done with him yet, sir." "What is that?" said the officer. "Well, sir," said the other, "he has never been forgiven," "Forgiven!" said the colonel, surprised at the suggestion. He thought a moment and then ordered the culprit to be brought in, and asked him what he had to say to the charge. "Nothing, sir," was the reply, "only I am sorry for what I have done." Turning a kind and pitiful look on the man, who expected nothing else than his punishment would be increased with the repetition of the offense, the colonel addressed him, saying, "Well, we have tried everything with you, and now we have resolved—to forgive you."

The soldier was struck dumb with amazement. Tears started to his eyes as thanking the officers he retired—to be the old refractory, incorrigible man? No, from that day forward he was a new man. It is said that from that day on a better conducted man never wore the uniform.

Christ's death and provision for pardon pledges us to love and loyalty and service.—*H.*

835. Message of the Cross.

In a sermon in Mansfield Chapel, Oxford, Dr. Selbie told this daring story: "There was a young Frenchman who loved a courtesan. This woman hated her lover's mother, and when in his passion he offered her any gift in return for her love, she answered, 'Bring me then your mother's bleeding heart.' And he, in his madness, killed his mother, and plucking out her heart, hurried by night through the streets, carrying it to the cruel woman to whom he had given his soul. But as he went he stumbled, and fell, and from the bleeding heart came an anxious voice, 'My son, are you hurt?' Not even murder could kill that mother's love; it lived on in the torn heart. And this is the message of the cross.

836. Saving Love of Christ.

It is said that when Edward I. of England was wounded with a poisoned arrow, his wife Eleanor put her mouth to the wound, and thus risked her own life to extract the poison. But the love of Christ was deeper than this when He knew that He was risking all that He had, and yet did not fear to invest it all in order that He might bring us unto God.

837. Atonement, Difficulty of Defining.

I can only just draw out the Scripture statements and leave them. As to the Atonement, I am like the man who was required to explain what God is—*"I know if I am not asked."—T. Binney.*

838. The Saving Stream.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John 1:7. In the old fighting days between England, and Scotland the English soldiers were hunting the fugitive Robert Bruce, and they hit upon a clever scheme to discover him. They put on his track his own bloodhounds, and Bruce soon heard their deep baying. Then his solitary attendant heard the sound, and said: "We are lost. The English have unleashed the hounds, and they are on our trail." "No," answered Bruce, "It is all right. They will not catch us yet. There is a stream yonder. We will plunge into it, and the dogs will lose our scent." So when the hounds came to the water they lost the trail, and the attempt to discover Bruce failed. And so with our sins. Steadily they pursue us, and the only way to free ourselves is to plunge into the cleansing fountain of Christ's blood, where we shall be made whiter than snow. The blood of Christ is a saving stream.

839. The Saving Lamb.

On a little church in Germany stands a stone lamb which has an interesting history. When some workmen were engaged on the roof of the building, one of them fell to the ground. His companions hastened down expecting to find him killed. They were amazed, however, to see him unhurt. A lamb had been grazing just where he struck the ground, and falling upon it, the little creature was crushed to death, while the man himself escaped injury. He was so grateful for this wonderful deliverance, that he had an image of the lamb carved in stone and placed on the building as a memorial. The lamb saved his life by dying in his place.

840. Repaid Life With Life.

Chapman D. Young, a rich farmer of Union, Ia., dug Dr. E. S. Kaufman out from beneath the physician's overturned auto, saving him from suffocation in eighteen inches of mud and water.

"I wish I could repay you, but I never will be able to," said Dr. Kaufman to the man who had saved his life.

His chance to repay came and he has repaid life with life.

Young was suddenly stricken with intestinal trouble that required an immediate operation of a dangerous and difficult sort. Dr. Kaufman was notified and raced his automobile at terrific speed to the farmer's home and back to a local hospital, where Young was immediately placed upon an operating table. Dr. Kaufman himself performed the operation, which was successful.

"There will be no charge; I've merely paid my debt," said the doctor.

He repaid life with life.

841. Bought with Blood.

A boy of a mechanical turn of mind made himself a toy motor-boat to sail upon a stream of water that flowed near his home. On taking it to the stream he found it was defective, and it sailed away from him far beyond his reach. After many efforts to recover it he was at last compelled to return home without it. To him it was lost. Not long after he was surprised to see in a store of his town a boat with a card attached: "This motor-boat for sale. Price, five shillings." It was his! He made his loss known to the then owner but it was futile. He could have it for the price of five shillings. He went home and told his father of his predicament. The father heard the story and said: "Here's the money; go and buy back your own boat." And when he at last received it from the vendor he hugged it to himself and said: "You are twice mine; I made you, and I bought you." So we are Christ's by twofold claim; He made us and He redeemed us. He made us His the second time by a great price.

This is God's appeal to us: "You are twice mine. I made you and I bought you."—*H.*

842. Present Christ as Saviour.

Said Bishop W. F. McDowell before the first national convention of Methodist men: "I would not cross the street to give India a new theology; India has more theology than it can understand. I would not cross the street to give China a new code of ethics; China has a vastly better code than ethical life. I would not cross the street to give Japan a new religious literature, for Japan has a better religious literature than religious life. But I would go around the world again, and yet again, if it pleased God, to tell India and China and Africa and the rest of the world—

"'There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.'"

843. Conquering to Save.

There is a story of a young knight, brave, manly, strong, who was victorious over every foe. In every combat he was successful, until he grew proud and self-confident. One day he went forth and stood before the gate of a great castle, and uttered his challenge. There came out a knight in armor, and after a brief combat defeated him. When the victor removed the armor he had worn, lo! it was a woman, clad in spotless white. From henceforth she became the guide of the young man's life, leading him to nobleness and glory.

The story is an allegory. The white castle is the castle of truth. The white garment is the symbol of purity. Truth and purity are the qualities that give strength and victory and blessing. We never can make anything truly worthy and noble of our life until we meet Christ and are defeated by Him, brought to acknowledge Him as our King and Master. He does not then show Himself, however, as our enemy, but as our friend. Beneath the conqueror's armor we find the heart of love. He subdues us that He may save us. When we yield to Him He becomes the guide of our life, leading us on to nobleness and glory.—*J. R. Miller, D.D.*

844. Blood of Christ.

Among the folk-lore tales of the American Indians, Mr. George A. Dorsey tells the following, found current among the Wichatas: "When darkness came, Afterbirth-Boy again looked around to see where his father had gone. He finally found his trail, and he followed it with his eye until he found the place where his father had stopped. He called his brother and told him to bring his arrows and to shoot up right straight overhead. The boy brought his arrows and shot one up into the sky. Then he waited for a while, and finally saw a drop of blood come down. It was the blood of their father. When the boys did not return, he gave up all hope of ever seeing them again, and so he went up into the sky and became a star. They knew that this blood belonged to their father, and in this way they found out where he had gone. They at once shot up two arrows and then caught hold of them and went up in the sky with the arrows. Now the two brothers stand by their father in the sky."

It is by the sign of the blood that flowed on Calvary that many souls have trusted to follow their great Forerunner to the land beyond the sky. The arrows we send thither are named Faith and Hope.

XII. COMMUNION SUNDAY

845. "I Accept."

Coming to the Communion is an acceptance of Christ. A pastor was recently telling his congregation how French women have been visiting the new-made soldier cemeteries near their villages, and how each one has been chalking over her signature on the rude wooden crosses the words, "I accept." It meant that these good women would be responsible for keeping green these graves of boys whose loved ones, who would otherwise perform this ministry, were far away in distant lands. The incident beautifully suggests to us, this pastor said, that the finished work of redemption is represented by a cross that stood near an open tomb, and upon which we must by faith inscribe those words of eternal import, "I accept."

846. A Reënlistment.

A beautiful gipsy girl was employed by a German artist to sit for one of his studies. She noticed in his studio an unfinished picture of the crucifixion, and asked who "that wicked man" was, and what His crime was to be punished so. The artist explained the picture, and in answer to her many questions, gave her a rather grudging account of the gospel story. He had no sympathy with Christian themes, and his cold manner roused her wonder. "Why," she said, "I should think you would love Him if He died for you!"

In this sacrament of the Lord's Supper let us renew our love and devotion to Christ.

847. Preparation of Heart.

When the great painter, Turner, was visited by two friends who had come to see his pictures, he kept these friends in a dark room for a short time before he told the servant to show them upstairs to his studio. He then apologized for the apparent discourtesy by telling them that they had to have their eyes emptied of the common glare before they could really see the colors of his pictures.

Our hearts and minds must be emptied of the world before we can see God—hence the place to find Him is not in the turmoil of the workaday life, but in solitude. It is well for us to prepare our hearts for the Communion service.—*H.*

848. The Crimson Thread.

Very many lives have been lost in the Alps and in other mountain ranges by the breaking of defective ropes. The Alpine Club took up the subject of insecure ropes, and has effected quite a reform in the quality of the material out of which they are composed and the manner in which they are made. The ropes that pass the inspection of the Alpine Club, and are guaranteed to hold, are marked by a crimson thread wrought into them. In climbing spiritual altitudes, the rope that is safe is the one that has the crimson thread woven into it, the stain of the Spotless Victim.—*The Christian Herald.*

849. The Blood Between.

A quaint man used to carry a little book, which he took very often from his pocket, and which he called his "biography." It had only three leaves, and there was not a word written on any of them; yet he said the book told the whole story of his life. The first leaf was black,—that was his sin; that was his condition by nature. He would shudder when he looked at it. The second was red,—that was the blood of Christ; and his face glowed when he gazed upon it. The third was white,—that was himself washed in Christ's blood, made whiter than snow. His book told the whole story of every redeemed life. Between the black of our sins and the white of redemption must always come the red of Christ's blood.—*J. R. Miller.*

850. United with Christ.

An aged Christian who spoke with so much confidence of her salvation that a friend thought to chide her a little for over-confidence. He said: "What would you think if you were to slip through the fingers of Christ, after all." "Oh, I cannot," she said, "I am one of His fingers." That was Scriptural: "Now ye are the body of Christ, and severally members thereof." He has constituted Himself our very selves, even including this body of ours; for, "Know ye not that your bodies are members of Christ." How even our physical bodies, together with our whole being, can be joined in literal union with the eternal Christ we cannot understand; but He plainly would have us accept this by faith. I

am not a material instrument He can lay aside or let slip. I am a member of the body of Christ. This is a blessed theme for meditation at the Communion service.—*H.*

851. Remembering the Living Christ.

A converted Mohammedan was called before the authorities for reading Christian books; but before judgment was passed he begged to be allowed to ask a question. "I am traveling," he said; "I look around for some direction and discover two men; one is dead, the other alive. Which of the two am I to ask for advice—the dead or the living?" "Oh, the living, of course," all cried out. "Well," he added, "why require me to go to Mahomet, who is dead, instead of to Christ, who is alive?" "Go about your business," were the words with which he was dismissed. In the Lord's Supper we are remembering the living Christ.—*H.*

852. Telling Him So.

Dr. Dale, when in Australia, speaking on one occasion of the relation of a pastor to his congregation, and pleading for a freer reciprocity of feeling between them, said that he often felt inclined to say to his own people, "'If you love me, tell me so." This speech reached England sooner than the speaker, and some months later, at the congregational "Welcome Home," almost the first object that met his eye was a large scroll, and these words, "We love you, and we tell you so." By observing the Lord's Supper we tell Christ that we love Him.—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

853. Getting the New View of It.

"It was just after the service of the Lord's Supper, and a girl stood silent and alone in the vestibule of the church. She was in the beautiful dawn of young womanhood, brilliant, attractive, a leader among her companions but some of the older church members were a bit anxious lest she should be a little too eager for the 'good times' that beckoned her from every direction; lest she should forget that she had once responded to the Master's voice saying, 'Follow Me.'

"But to-day her cheeks had lost a little of their color; and in her eyes was a new expression, a depth unknown before, even though they were very close to tears.

"'What is it, Miriam?' asked a kindly, gray-haired woman with motherly kindness; 'is anything troubling you to-day, or—?'

"'Oh, no, Aunt Lydia,' the girl answered eagerly; 'it is only that—I never knew what it meant before. Sometimes it has seemed almost foolish to me—you all taking that bit of bread so solemnly. But to-day it came to me, "In remembrance of me." "Oh, isn't it wonderful?'

"'Yes, dear,' said the other lady; 'and it will grow more wonderful the longer you live.'"

854. The Lord's Supper.

The Lord's Supper is at once a Memorial, a Covenant, a Communion, and a Call to Separation.—*William L. Pettingill.*

855. A Suspension Bridge.

The Lord's Supper has been likened to a suspension bridge, spanning this present age, conducting the sheep of the Great Shepherd from the cross to the glory, and through "the sufferings of this present time." It is like the beautiful Twenty-third Psalm, connecting the agonies of the Twenty-second with the triumphs of the Twenty-fourth. "As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till He come" (1 Cor. 11:28).—*Rev. W. L. Pettingill.*

856. God Speaks in the Communion.

We once had a trained nurse in our home taking care of a sick woman. She was very fond of her patient and extremely anxious to please her and to see her recover. All day long she would attend to her duties and then lie down at night to rest. What I noticed especially was this: her ears were always open for the ringing of her patient's bell or for the sound of her voice. No matter what she was doing or what other noises were made, she could always hear the call that was meant for her.

Is not that to be our attitude toward the call of God? In the midst of all the noises that surround us, our ears are to be open for one special sound—the sound of God's voice.—*S. D. Chambers.*

857. Are Any Omitted?

It was Communion Sunday in our church. My thoughts were of my own unworthiness and Christ's love to me, until the minister asked the usual question: "Has any one been omitted in the distribution of the bread?" And it seemed to me I could see millions on millions of men and women rising silently in China and Africa and India, and all the countries where they need the Lord and know Him not, to testify that they had been omitted in the distribution of the bread and wine. And they can take it from no hands but ours, and we do not pass it on.

858. The Communion a Proclamation.

The Communion Supper is in itself a proclamation: "Ye proclaim the Lord's death till He come." By sitting together at His table we are witnessing for Him. Those with whom we company we commend.—*Rev. John Timothy Stone, D.D.*

859. Peace.

"And they laid the pilgrim in an upper chamber whose windows looked toward the rising of the sun, and the name of that chamber was Peace."—*John Bunyan.*

That little room where weary ones may rest
Above all other room it is the best;
Here strife of tongues and noise and tumult cease,
They rest in quiet—they who rest in Peace.

From out the eastern windows broad and fair,
They rise and breathe the fragrant morning air—
There surcease of trouble when the sun
Begins once more his daily race to run.

Above they see the fleecy clouds that pass,
Below, the dewdrops sparkling in the grass,
No anger vexes, all their troubles cease,
They rest in quiet—they who rest in Peace.

So may I live in this wild world of care
That I may have of Peace a little share,
For surely he of all men is most blest
Who in that little room lies down to rest.
—*S. L. Frey.*

860. Communion a Remembrancer.

The eucharist is decidedly a remembrancer. It has in it an element of faith as well as hope. The ability to look forward is bounded by memory. Recognition of past goodness is indeed a commendable sweetness. The parent teaches the child to say "thank you" from its earliest hours. That was a master stroke in Odyssey where Penelope weaving her silken web recalls her absent lord. So in the eucharist does the church—the bride-elect—recall her absent Lord. "This do in remembrance of Me." Whenever a church or creed has forgotten one of the holy elements of its faith then does it begin to decline.

The eucharist is the connecting link in faith. It binds the present to the time of the crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord.—*Bishop Burgess.*

861. Till He Come.

In the celebration of the Lord's Supper we are commanded to observe it in remembrance of Christ. It is, however, no commemoration of defeat, for our Lord gained His greatest victory and His most signal triumph in His death upon the cross for the sins of

men. It was through His vicarious atoning death that He bore our sins and carried our sorrows. It was through the cross that He achieved for His people the great deliverance. In commanding His people throughout all ages to remember His death in this helpful sacrament, He is virtually saying: Commemorate My victory, My triumph over sin and death and hell. Do this that you may with faith and patience await My return. "For, as oft as you eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come."

862. "Sun of My Soul."

Tennyson was walking one day in his garden with a friend. The conversation turned to the subject of religion—a subject upon which Lord Tennyson was inclined to be very reticent. The friend asked him what he thought of Jesus Christ. The poet paused, pointed to a flower that grew by the path, and said, "What the sun is to that flower, Jesus Christ is to my soul." It was a beautiful answer. What the sun is to the flower Christ is to the soul that trusts in Him. He is its light and its life. And perhaps there is no place where the disciple comes so near to the Master, and realizes so fully what he owes to his Lord, as at the holy communion, where he recalls the dying love of Jesus, where he remembers Gethsemane and Calvary, and receives the consecrated symbols of Christ's broken body and poured-out blood.—*Rev. John Woods, D.D.*

863. In the Scales.

An instrument used for weighing gold in the assay office is balanced so delicately that, when two pieces of paper, of exactly the same size and weight are placed on the balances, it still retains the same poise. But if a name be written on one of the papers it will turn the scale. The name of Jesus on the heart turns the scale into peace and presence of God. It is the possession of His name thus written that spells "saved." It is the lack of it that spells "lost."—*D. R. McGregor.*

864. We Are Equal Here.

The Duke of Wellington once took part in the Lord's Supper in a country church. A poor countryman entered church and walked down the aisle, taking his place at the table next the duke. One of the pew-openers touched the old man on the shoulder and whispered to him to wait until the duke had received the bread and wine. The duke heard the whisper. He took the old man by the hand and prevented him from rising; then he said, "Do not move; we are all equal here." At the Lord's table we are all God's children, and He does not think whether we are rich or poor. We are just children.

865. Communing as Covenanters.

"This is my blood of the new covenant."

We should go away from the feast as covenanters. We have taken the new covenant in His blood, and the holy sacrament will be fresh upon our lips; and there must be something about us akin to the Scottish Covenanters when they emerged from Greyfriars Churchyard, having entered into holy bond and covenant with the Lord. There must be something in our very demeanor telling the world that we have been at a great tryst, and our lives must be bravely, grandly quiet, confident in the glorious Ally with whom the covenant has been made. There must be nothing dubious in our stride.—*Dr. J. H. Jowett.*

866. Holding On or Passing On.

A little leaflet has been recently published based on the supposition of a man holding on to the cup, at the Lord's Supper, instead of passing it

on. America has received it but has not passed it on as she should. "The heathen are perishing for want of that cup, but we do not pass it on to them: is that right?"

"Drink ye all of it." The minister asked the usual question at the close of the communion service, "Have any been omitted?" There was no audible reply, but to a woman there, like a flash, came a vision of vast multitudes of longing faces—millions upon millions stretching round the world—Chinese, African, Indian, with dumb lips, but saying with their reproachful eyes, "Yes, we have been omitted."

867. A Suggestive Painting.

Leonardo da Vinci's Fresco, in the Refectory of Sta Maria delle Grazie, at Milan, "was the most consummate outcome of his genius. Every other picture of the Lord's Supper is dwarfed into insignificance by the side of this. Christ Himself remains majestic in isolation, His wonderful majesty only slightly dimmed by sadness. The apostles are divided into four groups. 'At the right of the Saviour, Peter is leaning across the traitor Judas to whisper in the ear of the youthful and beautiful St. John that he should ask Christ whom He meant to indicate. Peter is ardent and excited; John is sunk in sorrow. Judas is grasping the bag in his right hand, while his left, half lifted from the table, shows that he, too, is alarmed. His face is powerful and bad, but not revolting. His arm has, at least, in Raphael Mengs' engraving, with evil omen, upset the salt cellar.' "—*Rev. F. W. Farrar.*

868. The King's Lesson.

George IV, wishing to take the sacrament, sent for the Bishop of Winchester to administer it. The messenger having loitered on his way, a considerable time elapsed before the bishop arrived, and some irritation had been manifested by the king. On the arrival of the prelate, his delay was complained of and its cause explained. His Majesty immediately rang his bell, and commanded the attendance of the messenger. On his entering the room he rebuked him sharply, and dismissed him from his service. Then, turning to the bishop, he said, "Now, my Lord, if you please, we will proceed." The bishop, with great mildness, but at the same time with firmness, refused to administer the sacrament while any irritation or anger toward a fellow-creature remained in the mind of the king, who, suddenly recollecting himself, said, "My Lord, you are right." He then sent for the offending person, whom he forgave and restored to favor in terms of great kindness and condescension.—*Free Methodist.*

870. The Heart-Warming Sacrament.

We cannot lose the marvelous, heart-warming experience of the Sacrament, when the soul is in accord with the Lord. We will scent His presence, hear His voice, feel His power. The soul will register the fact and the old miracle of fellowship will be repeated in us. With Whittier it will confess

"That it was well to come
For deeper rest to this still room,
For here the habit of the soul
Feels less the outer world's control;
The strength of mutual purpose pleads
More earnestly our common needs;
And from the silence multiplied
By these still forms on either side,
The world that time and sense have known
Falls off and leaves us God alone."
—*Rev. C. W. Laufer.*

871. What We Know in the Heart.

One night, when Dr. John G. Paton was writing late, he heard a knock at the door. He called out, "Who's there?" A voice softly answered, "Missi, it is Lamu." This was a woman who had been rejected from the Lord's Table, because of the sins of her former life. She said: "I

cannot sleep; I cannot eat; my soul is in pain. Am I to be shut out from Jesus? My heart is very bad; yet I know that it is my joy to try and please my Saviour." Mr. Paton tried to guide and console her, and she listened very eagerly. Then she said, "Missi, you and the elders may think it right to keep me back from the Lord's Table; but I know in my heart that Jesus has received me; and if I were dying now Jesus would take me to glory." Her look and manner thrilled the missionary. He felt that, if Christ were in his place, he would not turn the poor woman away, and a few days later he received her with nine others at the Lord's Table.

872. Note of Triumph.

We must not forget that even in this sad night there was the note of triumph. The feast ended with a hymn. What they sang probably was the concluding portion of the Hallel, the special group of Psalms assigned to the Passover. It would contain such verses as Psalm 116:13, "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord"; and Psalm 118:29, "O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever." The remembrance of what Christ has done for us should always fill our hearts with love and our lips with song. "The joy of the Lord is your strength."

873. Bread of the World.

Bread of the world, in mercy broken!
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed!
By whom the words of life were spoken.
And in whose death our sins are dead,
Look on the hearts by sorrow broken;
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And by Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.
—*Bishop Heber.*

874. Communion Attitude.

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross we spend;
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend."

Dr. E. F. Hallenbeck tells us of the deep impression left upon his mind and heart by Rubens' famous picture of the Crucifixion, which he saw in the Royal Gallery at Antwerp.

"While I stood before it everything else faded from my vision. There are many figures in the painting, but I saw only the loving, grief-scarred face upon that middle cross. My companions passed on, I was riveted to the spot. And when at length some one reminded me that the moments were slipping by, and I went on to view some of the other pictures in those celebrated corridors, it was to have everything else blurred with the vision of that matchless face. In a little while I was back upon Golgotha, bathing once more in my Saviour's love."

Well may we forget everything else and think what our crucified Saviour means to us.—*Rev. J. Y. Ewart, D.D.*

875. Our Shadowed Feasts.

So often in our gatherings in church or home, even on the most memorable occasions, we are not fully and wholly united. What is wrong? Some one has been betraying Christ? For Christ prayed then that His disciples might be one. We would do well to ask ourselves, or rather to ask our Lord, "Can it be I that am breaking the loyalty, the unity, of the cause of Christ?" The disciples were better than we; each inquired concerning himself. We are all too apt to look around at others and to forget to examine our own consciences. If the family group is unhappy, and some one is surely to blame, "Lord, is it I?" If the class is going to pieces, or the school is running down, and some one is neglecting duty, "Lord, is it I?" —*Christian Herald.*

876. The Upper Room an Institution.

The upper room is an institution in the social life of the East: the "upper

room" has become equally significant in the redemption life of the world. It is the trysting-place of privacy and intimacy, a "secret place of the Most High." To enter there is to withdraw from the lower room of worldliness and to be secluded in the "upper room" of the intimacy with God. The "upper room" was no mere accident or incident in the institution of the sacrament of the Supper; it was also a selected place, selected by the Lord's providence, which went ahead and sent the man with the pitcher to show the disciples the way.

The twilight is falling rapidly now. Things that were seen through the window are disappearing and those other things that one sees through the windows of the soul are beginning to come into view. That table there—I did not notice it until now. It is a strange looking table, set around the three sides of a square, and the guests are reclining upon couches. Is not that He? and surely, yes, that is John reclining upon His bosom, "far ben" with the Saviour. They are in the "upper room" of the world's redemption.—*Sunday School Times.*

877. The Covenant.

Once get the Oriental idea of a covenant, which was the idea of Jesus and His disciples, firmly fixed in the mind, and I know of nothing so satisfying to the soul, so helpful to faith, so stimulating to fidelity, or so hopeful for the final triumph of the Kingdom of Christ. It would mean to us that when we celebrate the Lord's Supper, we pledge ourselves and all that we are and have to Him and His interests, until we meet again on a like occasion to renew our covenant, and so on through life. On the other hand, our Lord pledges himself and all that He is and has to do for us, all the power in heaven and earth, and all that in Him lies.—*Thomas Douglas.*

878. Experience at the Lord's Table.

What if the Master had left us without instituting this Supper? How many precious lessons and experiences we would have lost. The scene is a most beautiful one when, reclining at the table with those who had been His nearest followers, he tells them the meaning of His love and sacrifice. This experience may be ours when we meet at His table.—*Rev. John Timothy Stone, D.D.*

879. Christ's Life by Blood.

A physician, Mary F. Cushman, M.D., of Farmington, Me., writes of a case described to her by a prominent and very skillful physician, when transfusion of blood was tried in order to save a life,—a little child, upon whom every art of the medical profession had been used in vain. Death was near, and seemed inevitable; and the infusion of healthy blood was suggested as a last resort. The child's father volunteered to give the blood needed; and with every precaution, slowly, but steadily, the life-current from a vein in the strong man's arm was conducted into the blood stream of the almost dying child.

The operation successfully completed, there came a surprise. The doctor said "The child was well at once. There was no convalescence. I never before saw such a recovery."

What an illustration this is of the soul's cure! Dying of sin, all other means ineffectual, receiving the life of God in place of the old polluted life, at once a new creation, alive unto God, the life more abundant throbbing in all its being. And the father's love, the father's sacrifice, just a faint suggestion of the cost of our new life!—*Charles G. Trumbull.*

880. The Eucharist.

The Supper is often called "The Eucharist," that is, "the Thanksgiv-

ing." A good name for it, too, since its Founder ordained it with the giving of thanks. Standing on the other side of the Cross, with the emblems of his own body and blood in his hands—that body so soon to be broken, and that blood so soon to be poured out—he yet "gave thanks"! For the joy set before him, he was about to endure the cross, despising the shame. If he could at such a moment give thanks, surely we may do so, on this side of the cross, having entered into His labors, and having by means of His cross been brought nigh to God.—*P.*

881. The Upper Room.

"The "upper room" is the power-house of the kingdom of God. Wherever in the world one may find things being done for Christ, if one trace back the lines of power, they will be found to start from some "upper room." These are days of great revivals. Great things are being done, and the power of God is falling upon multitudes of men, evil men of the world. The power is not in a man, not in an organization, not in a great aggregate of influences and conditions. It comes from the "upper room" in which the people are called to tarry "far ben" with God many days.—*Sunday School Times.*

882. The Goodman's House.

The unnamed faithfuls are the overwhelming majority. We know the few names of leaders. The great crowds who follow the leaders remain unknown. Who was this man in whose home the Lord's last passover and the first Lord's Supper were eaten? No one knows. What was he? Everyone knows,—a faithful personal friend of our Lord Jesus.

Those were serious days for friendship with Jesus. The plot against his life was definitely settled upon. Jerusalem was the center of the plot. Things there were at a fever heat. The utmost secrecy must be observed. This man had much to risk. He may likely enough have been a man of property and position. But the Master asks the use of his house. And he gave gladly what was asked regardless of the danger.

The Master knew his name, and has not forgotten it. He gratefully appreciated this simple token of friendship when things were at their worst for him. There is an advantage in being one of the unnamed faithfuls. We know within ourselves that whatever we do, we do for Jesus' sweet sake alone,—not for any credit. No crowds will know about us. But He will, and so the faithfulness may be purer.—*Rev. S. D. Gordon.*

883. French and Americans at Communion.

It was in the little French Presbyterian church at Sammur that I witnessed one of the most impressive scenes of my whole experience. Rev. J. L. Hood, the religious work director, had arranged with Pastor Dumas for a special communion service to which had been invited both the French congregation and the officers in training at the artillery school. Among the French congregation I saw only two men, and they were over 60 years of age. Pastor Dumas told me that practically all of the male members of his congregation had either been killed or were at the front. His own 17-year-old boy had just left the previous day to go into training. Mingled with this little flock gathered in the chancel to receive the holy communion I counted ninety-four American officers and a large number of enlisted men. It seemed to me that it was prophetic of a new day for the church both in America and in France.—*Rev. R. W. Veach.*

884. His Death and Life.

"As often as ye eat this bread, and drink the cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death till he come."

An old-time Quaker preacher had a strange experience at his conversion. He fell asleep and dreamed. He seemed to be dead, and laid out for his burial when a shining face came and bent over him, saying softly. "The man is dead." Then another came and laid a hand over his heart, and said, "It does not throb; he's dead." Then another came and laid a hand upon his flesh, "It is cold; he is surely dead." So one by one came angels and stood around his couch, till one of kindlier face than the rest came and looked upon him, lifted his hand, and said, "Nay, what is this? A nail-print in his palm, and a nail-print in his other palm. This man is not dead; he has been crucified! He has been crucified with Christ and lives with him!" He awoke and found the place in the Scripture where it is written, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, Christ liveth in me!"—*Sabbath Reading.*

885. Scourging Jesus.

"This Jesus whom ye crucified." Dr. Alexander Whyte tells the story of a man who dreamed that he saw Jesus tied to a whipping-post and a soldier was scourging him. He saw the whip in the soldier's hand, with its thick lashes studded here and there with bits of lead, which were intended to cut into the flesh. As the soldier brought the whip down on the bare shoulders of Jesus, the dreamer shuddered as he saw the marks and blood-stains it left behind. When the soldier raised his hand to strike again, the dreamer rushed forward, intending to stop him. As he did so, the soldier turned around and the dreamer recognized—himself. We often think how cruel those men must have been who scourged and crucified Jesus. But whenever we do wrong, we, too, cause the heart of Jesus to bleed with sorrow and pain.—*Christian Herald.*

886. The Broken Body.

Rev. Dr. John Kelman has told us an incident of the war. A friend of his was walking along a trench when he spied a soldier boy resting in his khaki overcoat. He spoke a friendly word to the lad but received no answer. Stooping down he saw the thin, red line of blood upon the face that told its own story. "Then," said he, "with an overwhelming rush the words swept over me: 'This is my body which is broken for you.'" Standing there by the ruined trench and the broken boy, the traveller got a new picture of the Upper Room. He understood the eleventh chapter of First Corinthians as he had never understood before. He saw Calvary in France. He had a flash-light vision of the cross that was clearer than all the time-exposures of the gospel story with which he was so familiar. —*Herbert Booth Smith, D.D.*

887. Communion Joy.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." It is a backward look to the cross, you say; yes, but for the Frenchman to look back to the route of the Germans at the Marne, and to look back to Verdun, and see General Joffre standing off the enemy with his famous declaration, "They shall not pass!" does that seem doleful to you?

It all depends upon whether the "goodman of the house" is getting the "guest-chamber" ready for the coming of the Guest. I love to think of this unnamed "goodman," when he received the announcement that next

Sunday would be communion Sunday; shall we say he read it on the church calendar? I love to think of him taking a little time from the hurry and bustle of life between that and Sunday to sweep and dust that room. And he saw that fresh tablecloths were laid, and he picked with his own hand a bouquet, and took a last loving glance about the room as he said, "I know it is not good enough for him; but, oh, it is such a joy to give him the best I have."—*Rev. John F. Cowan, D.D.*

888. It Rekindles Love.

Each recurring observance of the Lord's Supper rekindles love. You have a absent friend. You have not thought of him for a long time. But something starts a train of thought, and you allow yourself time to meditate. As you sit and think, how all his kindly ways and loving words and deeds come back to you, and you find your love for him burning warm and full. Your meditation of him is sweet. Going through your papers, you open an old letter. It is from a former and most forgotten schoolmate. But as you read and reflect that friend seems almost to be at your side again. Just as does the remembrance of Christ in the Lord's Supper bless us and quicken love for Him.—*H.*

889. Seeing Him Again.

Among my most treasured possessions is a pair of gloves which I gave to my mother on her last birthday. If I take one and breathe into it, immediately it assumes the form of her hand, the hand which was ever stretched forth to serve and soothe. I do not need such aids to recall my mother, but there is nothing which makes me thrill, as if in her very presence, like that glove stamped with the impress of her fingers. And so it is with this sacrament. The simple service is stamped with the impress of Jesus. In our minds we can reconstruct him.—*Sunday-School Chronicle.*

890. "He Took the Cup."

Some years ago there lived in a thatched cottage at the head of a Scottish glen a poor Highland widow. It was a poor home, but on a cupboard was an old cracked cup, covered with a glass globe, as though it were an object of considerable value. That old cup had a history. Years before, one autumn day, a carriage with a lady inside stopped at the door of the lonely cottage. The lady asked for a little water, and it was brought for her by the woman in this very cup. To the old woman's astonishment she afterward learned that the lady who used the cup was Queen Victoria. The fact that her lips had touched the rim of the old cup consecrated it, and made it an object of great value to the old widow. Since Christ's lips have touched the cup it has become sacred to us.—*Rev. William Hay, D.D.*

891. Have Any Been Omitted?

"Drink ye all of it."

One day in a large church the communion service was about to be concluded. As the last member served at the altar was about to retire, the minister asked: "Have any been omitted?" A woman kneeling at the board said that it seemed to her as the minister asked this question that she could see women arise from the countries of the earth,—from Japan, Korea, Africa, India, and China. They seemed to arise and cry out, "Yes, we have been omitted. No one has ever broken the Bread of Life to us."

"Sudden, before my inward, open vision,
Millions of faces crowded up to view;
Sad eyes that said, 'For us is no provision:
Give us your Saviour, too.'"

" 'Give us,' they cry, 'Your cup of consolation,
Never to our outreaching hands 'tis passed.
We long for the Desire of every nation,
And, oh, we die so fast!' "

—*The Revivalist.*

892. The Form without Spirit.

In our Communion we are to be watchful that we worship not in form alone without the spirit. In an old church at Valsbol the men for centuries followed the practice, when returning from the sacrament, of standing on a particular spot and bowing in a certain direction. Why they did it no one knew. But later, in cleaning one of the walls, a picture of the Virgin Mary was discovered. It had been covered up by whitewash four centuries before, and the worshipers continued to bow toward it long after every one had forgotten that it was there. Are we by mere habit bowing before the lost religious experience of youth, or the religion of a former age unexperienced by us?—*H.*

893. United Languages and Creeds.

Major Lauchlan Maclean Watt, who served as a chaplain in a sad hospital of France, who accompanied the Gordon Highlanders at the Somme, the Ancre, and the trenches above Armentieres, and who later served with the Black Watch at Ypres, and in the famous salient, has written some of those experiences in a book, called "The Heart of the Soldier." It is truly a glimpse into the hearts of those whom he served. As you scan through the book, you pause again and again at some rudely improvised table around which the men gathered to sit with their Lord before they ventured into the uncertain outcome of No-man's Land. In one chapter, entitled "Links with Home," eight out of the thirteen pages are devoted to such experiences. Let me give the gist of one. One hundred and twenty men of different languages and creeds had crowded into a dim, draughty hut to receive the Feast. They sat there as reverently as though it were "the chancel of some great cathedral, holy with the deepest memories of Christian generations." It was the night before they departed for the front. They began by singing the Twenty-third Psalm. That night there was an unusual power and sweetness in that song. "They sang it very tenderly, for it spoke to them of times when they had held their mother's hand, and looked up in their faces, in the church at home, wandering why tears were there, as the dear old hearts remembered. Some of them also—the tears—were on their cheeks as they sang that old Psalm very precious in the homeland, very precious here; and it is a soul-shaking thing to see a strong man's tears." And then he adds in another paragraph, "It only needed the simple words to seal that Sacrament." The next morning, in the gray light, the men who had been touched by the thought of home and the dear ones there, and the big throbbing thought of consecration, were marching off to grip the very hand of death, in sacrifice, like Christ's, for others." There is no other experience either in or out of the Church which holds the same power in the hearts of men —*G. T.*

894. Communion of Soldiers.

"One evening after passing from a cheerless hut to visit another place, a couple of men of the Black Watch came around the corner. They touched their bonnets and said, 'We are going to the front to-night, sir, and we thought we'd like to have the Sacrament before we go. Can you

give it to us?' 'How many?' I asked. 'About sixteen,' was the reply. I said, 'At six o'clock in the shed next to this one, be present with your friends.' Off went the two with a deepened light in their faces, while I prepared the place that was to be to some of them truly the room of the Last Supper. A tablecloth borrowed from the mess and a little wine from the same source helped for our preparations. The men began to gather, and at six o'clock, one hundred and twenty men sat down at the communion. The Twenty-third Psalm was sung, 'Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, yet will I fear none ill, For Thou are with me.'"

"What a power was in it. What a spell of wonder, of comforting and unlifting in this land of war! They sang it tenderly and softly, the tears were on their cheeks as they sang the old psalm, very precious in the homeland, and very precious here, and it is a soul-shaking thing to see a strong man in tears.

"Only a night or two later we had another link with higher things. It was in a tent where the Y. M. C. A. was busy selling tea and coffee. A fine lad from Cheshire said, 'Give us communion that we may remember when we go, that high ideals call us.' Instantly I said, 'Yes.' At the appointed hour three hundred men had the Sacrament administered to them, whose faces to-morrow would be set towards the battle. I shall never forget the solemn occasion. These were the children of sacrifice. The light of God was on their faces. To-day the dust of Belgium and France may be mingled with their dust. But the grass will grow along the field of conflict, and new hopes will spring in the ruined land of Belgium, where these are sleeping."—*Chaplain Lachlan Maclean Watt.*

895. Communion in a Hayloft in France.

In a letter to the members of the session of First Presbyterial Church, Kansas City, Missouri, the pastor, Rev. William G. Isett, related his experience in conducting a "real" communion with some of his boys, Catholic and Protestant.

"I had communion service for my boys yesterday. Some Catholic boys asked to come to my 'mass' also, and I greeted them gladly.

"The place was, of course, 'somewhere in France.' The 'church' was an upper room, formerly a hayloft, now empty, with a shell hole in the roof. The table had newspapers for a cloth. The 'service' was of two hideous green bowls, a brown jug for the wine which French officers bought for me, and two cracked brown plates, on which I had our regular canteen sweet biscuits. The major sent me a magnificent bouquet of beautiful pink roses, which I put in an exploded shell.

"There were no elders or even deacons. I served the bread and wine myself. The audience and the preacher were dressed in flannel shirts, big army shoes and rough flannel suits, all dirty and dusty from crawling over the ground and sleeping in dugouts. My piano had seen happy days; the pianist stood his gun against my table but left his ammunition belt on. His brother is organist in a big church at home, and this boy is a musician of no mean ability. The 'soloist' had been called to trench duty just before the service; otherwise we should have had a solo by a man who gets over $100 a night at home. We all had gas masks over our shoulders ready for instant use.

"The text was John 15:5; the audience the most attentive I ever had. It was a real communion and the

first these boys had had since leaving home."

896. A Midnight Communion Service.

I have been asked to tell the story of one of the most unique and thrilling religious services which it has ever been my privilege to attend. It occurred last summer, while I was Religious Work Director at Camp Merritt, N. J., the great embarkation camp, as it then was, through which hundreds of thousands of our splendid young soldiers were passing on their way to the battle front in Europe.

At the close of a very busy Saturday I had retired late and was just dropping off to sleep, when I was startled into consciousness by the flash of a bull's-eye lantern into my face. The door of the little room which my two roommates and I occupied at the back of Y. M. C. A. Hut was not locked, and our big genial secretary, who was charged with the responsibility of looking after the welfare of incoming and outgoing troops, had entered and was pointing the lantern at me. With him was a young lieutenant who turned out to be a Roman Catholic, and at whose request the Secretary had come to me. He brought the word that a number of men under his command, who were Protestants and who were to start overseas that night, had asked if they could partake of the communion before they marched out of camp. In accordance with their desire, he asked me to come at once to their barracks and conduct the service, for the time of their departure was so near that they would not be allowed to come to the Y. M. C. A. building.

So I jumped out of my cot and dressed in a hurry; then woke up another of our secretaries who was an Episcopal minister and who, I knew, had some packages of wafers for use in communion services. Securing from him one of the packages containing one hundred wafers, which I supposed would be sufficient, and also a large communion cup, I hastened with another minister to the barracks. We found that the men each with his full overseas equipment, had been ordered out of the barracks, preparatory to leaving camp. So the service had to be held in the open, without any table, and like its prototype the Passover, it was to be eaten in haste, with loins girded and shoes on feet and staves (or rather guns) in hand, as Exodus 12:11 describes.

It was a thrilling sight to see those hundreds of splendid young American soldiers, drawn up in the clear light of a brilliant full moon. At their officers' command they quickly gathered about us in a big circle. I tried to make clear to them that their participation in the service was entirely voluntary, and that any who preferred the Roman Catholic form of its administration would have the opportunity of receiving it thus immediately after our service, when a priest would celebrate mass. Apparently, the great majority were Protestants, or at least preferred our form of service, for when the invitation to take the bread and the cup was extended in Jesus' name to all who love him, believed in him as their Saviour and purposed to obey him as their Lord, at once they formed two long lines which filed past us on either side. Following the custom which chaplains have found most convenient and expeditious when conducting such services in the field, we dipped the wafers in the cup and gave to each man, thus administering the bread and wine together, until it became evident that we would soon exhaust our supply, so great was

the number of those who wished to participate. So we soon began breaking each wafer in two or three parts and giving each man a part, until all the wafers were taken, and still the men came. To fifty or sixty more we could simply pass the cup, and have each man taste of the emblem of Jesus' life laid down.

Thus several hundred men in all, with bared heads, quietly and reverently partook of the holy feast and returned to their places in the ranks. Then we all joined in a simple prayer of thanksgiving to God for his unspeakable gift of love to men. After the benediction, a number stepped forward to express their gratitude or to ask for special prayers for themselves or their loved ones. One lad who held on to my hand a bit longer than the others, said with a tremor in his voice, "After this, it's different." A little later, the ordered tread of heavy shoes upon the concrete road told of the departure of those present-day Crusaders, ready in the power and in the spirit of their divine Captain to lay down life itself for others' sake.—*Rev. Minot C. Morgan, D.D.*

897. Friends Forever.

To eat and drink with an Oriental was significant of mutual love and confidence. When invited to come it was felt to be an insult to the host if a refusal was given. Christ by the sacramental feast invites his friends to come and sup with him. He gave his parting words at that feast, and they are on record for us to read before we, too, "Take, eat."

898. A Betrayer Denied.

I went to West Point not long ago, and we had an evening meeting in the old chapel. As we passed under the rear gallery to go out, one of the students stopped and said, "I wish you would look at that shield on the wall there; that is the most striking thing at the academy to me." I looked at the wall; all around there were marble shields set in the wall, and on each shield was the name of one of our Revolutionary generals. Then I looked up at the particular shield to which attention had been called, and that shield was blank. It was there in form just as the others, but with no name on it; simply the words Major-General, and the date of the unnamed general's birth. "What does it mean?" I asked. "Well," said the cadet, "that is the shield for Benedict Arnold. There is a shield for every Revolutionary general, and one for him too, but the nation would not cut his name on it nor the date of his death. He denied his country; his country has denied him."

Let us be careful that we deny not Christ. Peter said: "I know not the man." By our neglect of the Lord's Supper, or by one never going to the supper we may deny Christ.—*H.*

899. Broken Things.

"Take, eat: this is my body which is broken for you." How often we have heard these beautiful words at the communion of the Lord's Supper, where we have offered the sacrifices of a broken heart and a contrite spirit! Is there not a blessing in broken things? We would keep them whole for our selfish enjoyment; but love flows forth from hearts that are broken and our Lord's love finds entrance into the riven side, enriching the soul with its infinite treasure.

Unbroken alabaster boxes are valueless, as many unbrushed flowers are odorless.

Broken earthly hopes make room for heavenly riches. Breaking the marble makes the statuary beautiful; breaking the grain gives bread to the hungry; breaking the rocks opens

the way to gold and precious stones; breaking the earth gives oil and coal for commerce and comfort. So the breaking of the body of Jesus on Calvary gives the Bread of Life to famishing millions. "He that eateth of Me shall live by Me."

To become like our Saviour, we break the alabaster boxes of loving sacrifice for others, scattering the fragrance of devotion everywhere. The gifts of a little child or of a poor widow are as precious to Christ as the offerings of the rich and the great.—*Rev. E. W. Caswell, D.D.*

900. This Do in Remembrance.

Memory may be called the library of the mind, where thoughts are stored; the phonograph of the soul, where voices are echoed, or the photograph of the heart, where loves, friendships are pictured, to adorn forever the gallery of the soul. What a contrast between a loving memory of the true, the beautiful and the good, and the memory of revenge, hate, malice and lust!

Think of turning the portrait of Christ to the wall of forgetfulness, as well as those of our most faithful and dearest friends! Think of trying to forget home, church, country and God, so as to keep more vivid the scenes of revelry and debauchery!

Memory is said to be "the only Paradise from which we cannot be turned out." It is richer than vaults of gold, more lasting than honors, titles or treasures of the world. But it is a monitor as well as a recorder. "Son, remember," is the silver bell of conscience, warning the soul to remember his Creator, and not to forget those dearer to him than life.

A widowed father gave nearly all his earnings for the musical education of his daughter. After ten years of his sacrifice and loneliness, she returned from Europe to thrill with her songs the great audiences that greeted her. But she refused to recognize her humble father in his lowly and penniless condition. Such ingratitude and forgetfulness seem unbelievable. But it is only a sample of the greater sin of forgetting the words and person of the world's Saviour and Friend, who gave us richly all things to enjoy—life, love, happiness and heaven. Forgetting him and his Book is the monstrous sin of men.—*Rev. E. W. Caswell, D.D.*

901. Communion: Keep Coming.

The heathen refresh their loyalty to their gods. Do you know of the Hindu red mark of the god? A little Bengali girl was presiding one night at a Junior Christian Endeavor meeting in Calcutta, India, says Rev. Herbert Halliwell, former Christian Endeavor secretary in that country. She was twelve years old. At the close of the meeting a man drove up in a carriage and took her away. It was her wedding-day, and this was her husband. He was fifty, she was twelve.

After that, morning by morning, he would take her to the Hindu temple and have the red mark of the god painted afresh on her forehead. In her heart she loved Christ, and that love remained.

If it is necessary to have the red mark of a god freshened up every day, how much more necessary is it to freshen in our hearts our devotion to our Saviour! As the heathen worshiper seeks paint for the brow, let us seek the mark of God for the soul. That mark is love, charity, gentleness, service. By these shall men know that we are His disciples.

Everywhere around us in noise and bustle and selfishness we see the marks of man. How good it is to recognize the mark of God! And in the Communion service is a time when we make that recognition. Let us

come to this Lord's table. Let us keep coming, prolonging our love and loyalty and consecration.

902. Communion Continued.

Like those with disciples on the way to Emmaus, when we have the Saviour's company for a little while we will not be contented until we have more of it. Some liquors men drink increase thirst. Never is the Christian tired of Christ's company. Love's logic is always ready with a plea, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening." "They constrained Him." The suggestion comes that if we would keep Christ with us we must constrain Him. Christ will not intrude where He is not wanted. How can we keep Him with us? First, allowing no rivals in your heart. Christ will never tarry in a divided heart. Then, retain no darling sin. And make your heart a fit temple for Christ's indwelling. Out with the money changers and all unholy traffic. And give Him goodly entertainment, suitable for such a Guest.—*H.*

903. Closed-Door Communion.

"When the doors were shut—Jesus came." When the disciples locked the doors to prevent interruption, Christ knew that he was sure of a welcome. He had been waiting for this opportunity to manifest himself unto them. He could not speak to his friends in the presence of his enemies. He could not get their ear on account of the din and confusion that came through the open doors. Have you ever tried to carry on a conversation over the telephone in a room full of uproar? Then you know why "Jesus came, when the doors were shut."

Closing the door to the world is opening the door to the Master. He is always passing by those doors that are wide-open to all the frivolity and vanity of men; but whenever He finds the door shut to these things, He seeks admittance. He knows that there is room for Him on the other side of the closed door.

Do not be afraid of shutting the door; it is the best invitation for the Master to enter. "Enter into thy closet and shut the door," and He will see that His presence is desired. In the busy modern world, with its multiplicity of interests, we must find time to be alone with the Master. When the doors are shut, Jesus still comes! And this feast of the Lord's Supper is a time of closed-door communion. He comes and sups with us when we shut the world out in an attitude of attention.

904. Live for the Unseen Saviour.

It is to be feared that the majority of professing Christians fail to appreciate all the joy or blessedness of sweet communion with Jesus. I have heard of a young girl whose growth in Christian character was very marked. No one seemed to understand the secret of it. It was noticed by an intimate friend that she wore a golden locket which she seemed to prize very highly. One day this friend was sitting with her by the seaside. In the course of an affectionate conversation the friend asked if she might look into the locket. Being urged, the girl consented. The friend opened it, and found these words: "Whom having not seen I love."

Here was the secret of her beautiful life. She had come under the transforming power of the love of Christ. She had a true friend. There was One who loved her. There was One she loved. The purity of that daily communion and fellowship impelled her to struggle against sin and cultivate all that was pure and good—all that was pleasing to her unseen Friend.

At this communion service let us cherish and cultivate this love for an unseen Saviour.—*H.*

905. Lord's Supper a Phophecy.

The Lord's Supper is a prophecy of Christ's second coming, of the perfect triumph of his kingdom, for we are to celebrate it till he comes. It contains a hope and a promise of victory and heaven. Our last view of Christ in the Gospels is not of death, but of an ever-living Saviour who once was dead, but now lives for evermore. It is the morning star. It is like the music of the unseen Highland regiment coming to relieve the siege of Lucknow.

The Holy Grail in legend is the cup out of which Jesus drank wine at the last supper with his disciples.

"If a man
Could touch or see it, he was healed at once,
By faith, of all his ills. But then the times
Grew to such evil that the holy cup
Was caught away to heaven, and disappeared."

—*Tennyson.*

So it will ever be if the church forget its meaning of fellowship.—*Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D.*

906. Value of Communion.

The Mohammedans used to bring so much incense into the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem that any one going from it carried everywhere the sweet odor, and men could tell where he had been. So men will know where we have been, if we spend much time alone with God. Let us not neglect the coming to the Lord's Table. Let us commune with Him. It will prove a blessing in our lives, and it will help us to prove a blessing to others. —*H.*

907. Christ Is Loved.

How well this ordinance is adapted to us. Suppose the early Christians had taken up a collection and, on the Mount of Olives or on the banks of the Jordon, had erected a monument of marble or of granite, bearing the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Jesus of Nazareth." It might have not crumbled through all these centuries, but such a monument could not have served the purposes of this institution. Such a monument would have said Jesus was loved by the early Christians; not that he is loved now by us.

It is said that every steamboat passing down the Potomac pauses opposite the tomb of Washington and the bell tolls slowly and solemnly as if Washington had died but yesterday. This says that Washington is loved and not merely was loved. So in this ordinance we commemorate the death of Christ and at each communion show to the world that the Redeemer is loved.

908. Communion Sunday.

Archimaedes wanted a fulcrum on which to place his lever, and then he said he could move the world. Calvary is the fulcrum, and the cross of Christ is the lever; by that power all nations shall yet be lifted. The Preparatory Service, Communion Sunday and the celebration of the Lord's Supper are to bring freshly to mind the meaning of the cross and to awaken anew in all disciples a love for and consecration to Christ and to his work for the world.—*H.*

909. Cleansing Away the Moss.

No one has lived the inner life without seasons of early passions when the romance of Jesus has captured the soul, without experiencing seasons of later declension when the greenery of spring grew gray in the city dust. It is in such hours of coldness and weariness we ought to reinforce our souls with the sacrament of the bread and wine. As one makes a journey to some country kirkyard where the dust of his departed

is lying, and cleanses away the moss that has filled up the letters of his mother's name, so do we in the holy communion again assure ourselves of love so amazing that it passes knowledge, but so utterly divine that it must be true.—*Ian Maclaren.*

910. The Spreading Tree.

There is the story of the king many of whose subjects rebelled against him. He might have crushed them, but he was a magnanimous monarch, who preferred to win them. So he appointed an envoy to confer with them, offering amnesty to such as conformed to reasonable requirements, and appointed a day and a place for them to come to him, relate the story of their wrongs as they conceived them, promising that if their complaints were well founded their wrongs should be redressed. The meeting-place was at a distance from the king's palace and under the spreading branches of an ancient oak. The rebels came and were received by the king himself. They stated their grievances, which the king himself guaranteed should be redressed; and each rebel, putting his hands between the king's hands, swore to be his faithful man thereafter.

The parallel is not exact. We have no complaints against God. He has not wronged us nor oppressed us. Yet we are rebels, and he invites us to return and be reconciled to him. Now what is the Cross? The Cross is the spreading tree under which the king of heaven meets his rebel subjects and receives them with open arms and pitying heart.—*Rev. Charles C. Albertson, D.D.*

911. Make Christ Welcome.

Cleopatra entertained Mark Antony with a feast beyond price. Pearls were melted in the wine, and every lavish expenditure was made to impress him with her welcome. Such is not what Christ asks of us, but at the Holy Supper we should receive Him joyfully, and perform the duties that will invite His approval. Furthermore, do not fail to trust Him. Keep no secrets from Him. Confess your faults to Him. Assert your love for Him and let Him know that you accept His.

What are some of the special blessings of having Him with us? One is companionship. We cannot feel alone when He is with us. "I will fear no evil, for Thou are with me." Another is quickening of love. Our hearts will burn within us as He talks with us by the way. Let us constrain Him to tarry.—*H.*

912. A Communion in France.

Near Brest, where thousands of soldiers and other war workers have been quartered for short intervals we held in a hospital one of the most memorable of many interesting services in France. In the center of the stage, in a bronze German war relic, the only vase available, on a little collapsible hospital stand, the only sort of table we could secure, there was a gorgeous bunch of red roses, given to one of our Red Cross workers and loaned by her. In front of this, covered with white handkerchiefs, such as the Red Cross supplies to the doughboys on another hospital stand were the communion elements. The paten was a white enameled ware plate from the Red Cross kitchen; the individual glass cups, of which there were only forty, so that several communicants had to share in each, were some that had been used on the battlefield. There was no grape juice procurable so "vin rouge" had to answer. The tray, whose imperfections were covered with a towel, was the tin lid of a large kitchen marmite. All very crude, was it not? But for that very reason all the more impressive. Chaplain Allgood con-

ducted the regular morning service and then entrusted to me the great privilege of administering the communion. I passed the elements myself to about 125 officers, nurses, and enlisted men, brought from all parts of our country, many of them bearing the honorable scars of battle, some of them convalescents just able to creep out of their wards to keep the memory of their Lord. Nothing that I have ever done, it seemed to me, went down deeper into my soul than to give to these splendid, heroic, modest Christian young men and women the symbols of that faith which they have been keeping pure amid the din of battle and the confusion of camps. —*Rev. J. D. Burrell, D.D.*

913. Looking Toward Reunion.

The promise of paradise—heaven—is one of the strongest incentives known to man. Mrs. Bottome says, "When I was a girl, my mother used to say, 'Don't let your father find you away when he comes home; he likes to see you.' What a lovely thing it would be if we simply believed that our Father in heaven would miss us if we did not get home; for you know heaven is home."

We are absent from Christ's visible presence now, as also from our loved ones gone before. But let us live to meet them in the heavenly home.

914. Spiritual Meditation.

The lack of spiritual meditation is one of the religious lacks of our time. The Lord's Supper observed is a help toward overcoming this lack. There are reasons for this lack. One is the tremendous ruch and hurry of our modern life. Much of the superficial piety anl lack of joy we see is not because Christians no not know and feel, but because they do not think. We read our Bibles, catch up a religious paper now and then, listen to sermons, hear addresses; we may even be thrilled with emotion for a moment, but how few of us ever sit down and spend an hour in earnest thinking on what we hear.—*H.*

915. His Forgiving Love.

A fanatic who tried to assassinate King Humbert of Italy with a dagger on the end of a banner-pole that he carried in a procession was not only pardoned by the king, but his mother, who was destitute, was provided for from the royal purse. At another time an anarchist drove a stiletto into the carriage cushions, in an attempt to stab the king. Humbert drove the assailant off with his sword, and then calmly asked, "My wretched man, what can I do to help you?" What an illustration this affords of Jesus' forgiving love! "Father forgive them, they know not what they do."—*Luke 23:34.*

916. Her Need.

A lady was lying dangerously ill in the hospital. A clergyman had been sent for, that she might receive the sacrament at his hands. He came, and administered the rite, but it failed to give the desired relief. After the minister had left the sufferer turned to the occupant of the bed nearest her own and said in tones of sadness, "I thought it would have done me more good." Her fellow-sufferer, an earnest Christian lady, quietly replied, "Ah! you don't want it, you want Him."

XIII. EASTER.

(Day of Christ's Resurrection.)

917. Symbol of Resurrection.

An army chaplain tells of having bivouacked with his brigade upon an open field with nothing over him but the cold, cloudy sky. On arising the next morning, all over that field were little mounds like new-made graves, each covered with a drapery of snow which had fallen two or three inches during the night and covered each soldier as with the winding sheet of death. While he was gazing upon the strange spectacle, here and there a man began to stir, arise, shake himself and stand in momentary amazement at the sight. It was a beautiful symbol of the resurrection.

918. The Prize Design.

In a certain seminary a prize was offered for the best design for an Easter card. All labored hard except one, who seemed kept from trying by a lingering illness. She felt the disappointment keenly. On a flower-stand in her room stood a rose-bush, whose flowers were gone and leaves withering, and by its side a beautiful lily just opening. She could think of nothing but the awarding of the prize. Pointing to the ugly caterpillar on the rose-bush, she said, "That is just like me." Her friend replied, "Out of such caterpillars, butterflies are born." Soon after, lo! on the lily was a beautiful butterfly, which had left the skeleton of the caterpillar in the rose-pot. The sufferer cried out, "I have got the design for my picture." And lo! when the award of prizes was made, her picture of the butterfly on the lily gained the prize. Out of her sorrows she rose to a new life.

919. Crown of Thorns Still Living.

An ancient legend tells how a monk in days long gone by found the crown of thorns which had encircled the Saviour's brow. He laid it on the altar in the chapel on Good Friday, and he and his flock looked with reverent awe on the dreadful relic, so rugged, so cruel, with its awful stains of blood. Very clearly on Easter morning, the monk came to the church to remove the thorn-crown, which would be so strangely out of harmony with the bright thoughts of Easter Day. When he opened the door he found the chapel filled with a wondrous perfume The early sunlight, shining through the eastern window, fell upon the altar. There the monk saw the crown of thorns still living, but it had burst into roses of rarest loveliness and sweetest fragrance.

920. Possibility of Immortality.

A physician once told me of a unique experience of his. He was performing a slight operation that required the administration of an anæsthetic, but did not seem to him to demand the presence of a second doctor. The operation was well advanced when he discovered symptoms of collapse. Immediately he examined the pulse and found that the heart had stopped. He put his ear upon the patient's chest, and could detect no possible sign of breathing.

The man to all appearances was dead; but believing there was at least a possibility of recalling life, he instantly brought into service every known means and method of resuscitation, and after the lapse of a half hour, he had the immense satisfaction of seeing the patient's lips slightly twitch and the heart give evidence

of the faintest flutter; an hour more, and life was fully restored. Now if life could leave the body for a few minutes and return, is it inconceivable that the two might be separated for centuries and then be reunited? And if a physician by the use of material aids and agencies could resuscitate life, is it difficult to believe that the Great Physician, who has all power in heaven and on earth, can bring life back into the human body at the resurrection? There can be no question—even in the minds of the most skeptical—as to the possibility of immortality.—*John Balcolm Shaw, D.D.*

921. Asleep, Not Dead.

At the funeral of Dr. A. J. Gordon in Boston, Dr. A. T. Pierson said that the telegram announcing his death came at three o'clock in the morning, and, being unable to sleep, he read the New Testament through from Matthew to Revelation to see what it said about death. And he noticed that after the resurrection of Jesus the apostles seldom used the word death to express the close of a Christian's life; but "sleep," "at home in the Lord," or "depart," "loose the moorings," as of a vessel about to set out on the sea. What a comfort to the Christian to think of the loved ones as being "Asleep in Christ," instead of having ceased to be!—*Harry H. Crawford.*

922. There Is No Death.

Of a good woman it was said:
"She did not die;
She was too near an angel.
One morning near break of day
Hand in hand with some unseen evangel
She went away."

Of Enoch it was said: "Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him." Of the Christian's death the words apply: "Absent from the body present with the Lord." And that is the message every Easter morning comes to tell us and make real to us.—*H.*

923. Go and Tell.

What is our Easter duty? It is to "go quickly and tell." In one of his books S. D. Gordon pictures Gabriel as asking Christ when he reached heaven, what recognition the world had given of his divine suffering for its sake. Christ replies that only a few in Palestine know of it. Gabriel feels that more ought to know—that the whole world ought to know—and he asks, "What is your plan, Master, for telling them of it?" Jesus is supposed to reply, "I have asked Peter, and James, and John, and Andrew, and a few others, to make it the business of their lives to tell others, and those others others, until the last man in the farthest circle has heard the story and has felt the power of it." "But suppose they do not tell others—what then?" Gabriel asks. And Jesus answers, quietly, "Gabriel, I haven't made any other plans. I'm counting on them." He is counting on us to tell others. And that is our Easter lesson of duty. He is counting on us to tell others the good news of his birth and life and death and resurrection. Go quickly, and tell. Tell. Tell again and again. Keep on telling the blessed story.—*H.*

924. The Open Door.

A little girl once visited her aunt, who was a servant at Windsor Castle in England. One evening the little girl was taken through the castle. At one place she was told to stand very quietly in a corner and wait. Just opposite where she stood was a large door. Suddenly the door opened and she looked in and saw the queen and great noblemen and ladies, with their magnificent dresses all

sparkling with jewels. The light was brilliant, the music delightful. Then the door closed.

That is what the risen Christ did for us. He opened the door of heaven for us as he went in, and, after all, that is one of the best evidences we have that we shall ourselves be among the nobility of heaven one day. Jesus did not shut the door when he entered heaven. He said, "I am the door."—*Sunday-School Advocate.*

925. The Tunnel Passed.

The late "Ian Maclaren" used to be fond of relating the following beautiful little story, as serving to allay the needless fears of God's people when they entered the valley of the shadow of death. There was a dear old Scotch lady who wanted badly to go to the city of Edinburgh. But for years she could not be persuaded to take the railway journey, because of her great dread of the tunnel through which she would have to pass. One day, however, circumstances arose which compelled her to take the train for Edinburgh. For a while her fears were great, and her agitation increased as the train on its journey drew near to the dreaded tunnel. But before the tunnel was actually reached the old lady, worn out with excitement, dropped peacefully off to sleep, and when she awoke it was to gladly discover that the tunnel had been passed. The resurrection hope takes the sting out of death.—*H.*

926. Gospel of the Resurrection.

A Hindu fakir, with matted hair and ash-besmeared body, found the leaves of a torn book which someone had tossed away. It was part of the New Testament. He smoothed out the crumpled pages and read the words, which brought strange thoughts. Then he set out to seek for someone who obeyed the book. He found an Englishman who confessed that he obeyed it. The fakir noticed that the Englishman wore a black band on his arm, and concluded that this was the distinctive sign of a Christian, so he put a black band on his own arm. When people asked who he was, he pointed to the band and told them. Later the fakir wandered for the first time into a church, and listened to a Christian preacher. At the close he announced that he, too, was a follower of this way, and pointed to the band as a proof. They explained that it was an English sign of the death of some loved one. The fakir thought for a moment; then he answered: "But I read in the book that my Loved One has died, so I shall wear it in memory of him." Before long, however, he grasped the gospel of Resurrection, and when he realized that his Loved One was alive for evermore, a great joy filled his heart.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

927. Found Angels There.

The seekers at the tomb found angels there. Easter means this to us—angels; life, not death; joy, not sorrow and tears. We can look at the tomb, of course, with hearts so sad that we see nothing but gloom and death; but, thank God, we can look at the tomb with eyes of faith, and see angels, and more than angels—the lost one. Pray for faith in God regarding immortality, that no doubts may cloud the mind or chill the heart.—*Rev. R. P. Anderson.*

928. A Safe Investment.

A gentleman once said to a friend, "Why don't you buy that stock for an investment?" "Why," he answered, "that stock has been dead for five years; I'm not putting my money in dead stock." Millions of men are putting their lives into dead objects; but Jesus Christ is alive, the only safe investment for our lives.

929. Shape Life for Beyond.

Through Jesus' resurrection our own is assured. In Christ we see through death. Death becomes transparent. We gaze upon the other side. Death is not a terminus; it is a thoroughfare. Life does not finish in endless night; it goes forward to bright morning and endless day. What manner of man ought I, then, to be? How shall I plan my life? How shall I build? Boats that are intended for small, land-locked waters are of one build. Liners that are purposed for the great deep are of quite another build. Lives that are built for threescore years and ten are of one design; lives that are built for eternity are of quite another design. I must build for the ocean, and not for the river; not for the creek, but for the infinite. I must therefore do my daily duty as a child of the Eternal. My purposes must be such that I can carry them through the narrow straits of death into the "endless life" beyond. "If ye then be risen with Christ," shape your lives for the beyond.—*J. H. Jowett, D.D.*

930. Man Is a Migrant.

These birds that are blown northward on the first breath of spring do not belong here. They are migrants and by and by will depart for a sunnier clime. Man is a migrant in this world. He has on him the marks of another world. Man has an instinct of immortality and he trusts it. Nature never disappoints deep instincts but provides their appropriate means of satisfaction, and we cannot believe this yearning for immortality is an unnatural and cruel exception. "O God, thou hast made us for thyself, and we cannot rest until we rest in thee." Man is a migrant to a sunnier clime.

931. Easter Banishes Fear.

A little child played in a large and beautiful garden with sunny lawns; but there was one part of it, a long and winding path overshadowed by trees, down which he never ventured; indeed he dreaded to go near it, because a foolish nurse had told him that ogres and hobgoblins dwelt within its darksome gloom. At last his eldest brother heard of this fear, and after playing one day with him, took him to the entrance of the grove, and leaving him there terror-stricken, went singing throughout its length, then returning and taking the little fellow's hand, they went through it together. And from that moment the fear had fled. So Jesus, having passed through the valley of death, gives courage to his people. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me.

932. The Risen Christ.

A French painter has recently made a sensation in Paris by the manner of his work. He fitted up a cab for a studio, and drove about the streets, stopping here and there to make sketches of places and things he saw. People did not see him shut up in his cab, looking out upon them through his little window, and taking his pictures of the nooks and corners and byways of Parisian life. He thus caught all manner of scenes and incidents in the city's hidden ways. He then transferred his sketches to canvas, and put Christ everywhere among them. When the people saw his work, they were startled, for they saw themselves in their everyday life, in all their follies and frivolities, and always Christ in the midst—every kind of actual life on the canvas, and in the heart of it all—the Christ. Suppose this painter were to visit our town this year, and photograph us in all the events of our home life,

our church life, our civic life, what kind of pictures would he see? Whatever the kind, Jesus will surely be "in the midst" of every event of the day.

933. The Way Across.

She was only a tiny girl, unused to traveling, and it happened that in the course of the day her train was obliged to cross two branches of a river and several wide streams. The water seen in advance always awakened doubts and fears in the child. She did not understand how it could safely be crossed. As they drew near the river, however, a bridge appeared, and furnished a way over. Two or three times the same thing happened, and finally the child leaned back with a long breath of relief and confidence. "Somebody has put bridges for us all the way!" she said in trusting content. That is how we find it in life, God has built bridges for us all the way.

Easter is the way across. That is, Christ's resurrection is the way across. Rest in the Easter message.—*H.*

934. A Living Soul.

The Christian can say "I have a body, but I am a soul." Death takes the body, but there is nothing that can take the soul that is rooted and grounded in him who is the Resurrection and the Life. Death is an incident, a happening, an adventure between the cradle and the grave. Charles Frohman, on the deck of the sinking Lusitania, said, "Why fear death? It is the best adventure of all." Emily Dickenson said: "Death is the porter of my Father's lodge, the hired man to let down the bars for the tired sheep to enter it, under the shephard's care to the securest fold, their wanderings done, their bleatings at an end." Job said: "There is but a step between me and death." He could have said: "Death is but a step for me into life."

935. A Sign and Seal.

Christ's resurrection gives us a certified Christianity, an accredited salvation. It is the pivotal fact of Christianity. The founders of other religions—Confucius, Zoroaster, Brahma, Mohammed—have died; but where is the evidence that they ever rose from the dead? It is the resurrection of Jesus which is the absolutely unique fact of Christianity, the demonstration to the believer of its absolute certanity.

936. They Do Not Die.

The Indian Witness is authority for the story of two Korean women who stood watching a funeral procession on its way to the foreign cemetery. "What sight is this?" asked one. "The burying of the good missionary's little son," answered the other, sorrowfuly. "That is very, very sad." replied the first sympathetically. In Korea a son is by far the most precious of all possessions. "Yes, it is very sad; but not so bad for them as for us," said the other. "They know something that makes them sure that they will get their children back some day. We know nothing about how to get ours back again."

We do not get our children or any of our dear ones back to us here in the world; but we know that we shall go to them.—*H.*

937. Reflected Light.

"How do you know that Christ is risen?" someone asked an old fisherman, whose faith in Jesus seemed very simple and sure. "Do you see those cottages near the cliff?" he replied. "Well, sometimes, when I am far out at sea, I know that the sun is risen by the reflection in those windows. How do I know that Christ

is risen? Because I see his light reflected from the faces of some of my fellows every day, and because I feel the light of his glory in my own life." A reflector of Jesus! You and I may be that. His glory may shine through us.

938. Facilis Descensus.

A gentleman of large means and atheistic beliefs, says the Scottish American, built a handsome mausoleum for himself in the parish churchyard. It was a massive piece of masonry, and presented an aspect of considerable strength. One day the gentleman met one of the church elders coming out of the churchyard. "Weel," said the owner of the mausoleum, with an air of pride, "ye've been up seein', that erection o' mine?" "'Deed I hae," replied the elder. "It'll tak a mon a' hi time tae rise oot o' yon on the day o' judgment," said the atheist, mockingly. "My mon," said the elder, "dinna bother yer head aboot that. When that day comes, they'll juist tak the bottom oot o' yer concern and let ye slide doon."—*Youth's Companion.*

939. Easter Life Gives Freedom.

Did you ever watch the inflation of a balloon and note how, as the heat filled it, it struggled like a thing alive to free itself from the earth and soar heavenward? And did you think how typical that was of the old, old battle between the flesh and spirit that mankind is fighting? And when the last cord that bound the balloon to the earth was untied, and it rose with victory stamped upon every fiber of the canvas, did you carry the analogy further and picture the dominion that the death of a Christian gains over all that is of the earth earthly and sinful?

940. Resurrection.

Among the Pyramids of Egypt, Lord Lindsay, the English traveler, came across a mummy, the inscription upon which proved to be two thousand years old. In examining the mummy after it was unwrapped, he found in one of its enclosed hands a small root. He took the little bulb from that closed hand and planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the dew and rains of heaven to descend upon it, and in a few weeks, to his astonishment, the root burst forth and bloomed into a beautiful flower.

941. Shall Never Die.

When Rufus Choate, one of the greatest of New England's able statesmen, took ship for Europe in search of health, a friend said to him as he stepped on board the vessel, "You will be here a year hence;" thereby meaning that in a year's time his health would be restored and he would return to his work. "Sir," said the great lawyer, "I shall be here a hundred years hence, and a thousand years hence." In a few days Rufus Choate was dead, having landed at Halifax unable to continue his voyage. "He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

942. Plan for Eternity.

If every man's life is a plan of God, then our life-plans ought to include heaven. Jesus said: "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." Death is not death. It is going to be with Christ.

Two little birds had a nest in the bushes in the back of the garden. Amy found the nest. It had four speckled eggs in it. One day, after she had been away for some time, she ran into the garden to take a

peep at the speckled eggs. Instead of the beautiful eggs, there were only broken, empty shells. "Oh!" she said, picking out the pieces, "the beautiful eggs are all spoiled and broken." "No, Amy," said her brother, "they are not spoiled; the best part of them has taken wings and flown away." So it is in death; the body left behind is only an empty shell, while the soul, the better part, has taken wings and flown away.

This is a simple and familiar little story; but it contains the exact truth. It tells us again the fact that Easter is the first-fruits of a full harvest, and that harvest is life—life eternal, immortal.—*H.*

943. Destroying the Seeds.

A Persian fable says that the earth was created a great barren plain, without tree or plant. An angel was sent to scatter broadcast the choicest seeds on every spot. Satan, seeing the seeds on the ground, determined to destroy them. So he buried all the seeds in the soil, and summoned sun and rain to make them rot away. But while with malignant feeling of triumph he smiled on the ruin he had wrought, the seeds which had been buried away to rot germinated and sprang up, clothing all the earth with plants and flowers, and in beauty undreamed of before. And a voice from heaven said, "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." The burial of Christ was thought by his enemies to be the end; but in truth the grave was but the necessary way to his final and glorious victory.

944. The Call.

Thomas Spurgeon tells us of an epitaph in a little English church-yard which lacks nothing in simplicity. The headstone over the little mound bears just these words: "Freddy!" —as if some one called,—and underneath, "Yes, Father,"—as if someone answered.

945. Jesus' Epitaph.

When we wander through a graveyard and look at the tombstones, or go into the church and examine the old monuments, we see one heading to them all, "Here lies." Then follows the name with the date of death, and perhaps some praise of the good qualities of the deceased. But how different is the epitaph on the tomb of Jesus! It is not written in gold nor cut in stone, it is spoken by the mouth of an angel; and it is the exact reverse of what is put on all other tombs: "He is not here."—*Rev. S. Baring Gould.*

946. Miracle of Spring.

The miracle of Spring finds a response in the human heart. The renewal of life. The unfolding of its promise awakens the immortal hope.

"Daffodil, lily, and crocus,
They stir, they break from the sod,
They are glad of the sun, and they open
Their golden hearts to God.

They, and the wild song families,—
Wild flower, violet, May,—
They rise from the long, long dark
To the ecstasy of day.

We, scattering troops and darkness,
From out of the stars wind-blown
To their way-side corners of space,
This world that we call our own,—

We, of the hedgerows of Time,
We, too, shall divide the sod,
Emerge to the light, and blossom,
With our hearts held up to God."

—*E. D. G. Roberts.*

947. Remember Life.

The Bible is a book of life. The theme of the gospel is life. Christianity is a religion of life. The teaching of its Divine Founder is not composed of scraps of midnight darkness but is patterned after the Eternal Dawn. The note of despair is never

found in its hymnology, but always the ring of hope, the pæan of victory and the song of triumph is uppermost. It is "Thanks be to God who hath given us the victory through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

The Trappist Monks never spoke to each other save when they met face to face and then it was "Memento Mori" "Remember Death." The Russians have a better saying. Just as we greet each other on Christmas morning with a "Merry Christmas" they say to each other on Easter morn "He is risen" and the answer is "He is risen indeed."—*The Christian Herald.*

948. Jesus' Funeral Sermons.

A good many years ago, when I was a young man, I used to spend the summers in Chicago, and when the ministers were gone away, they used to send me to attend funerals. One day I was called suddenly to attend a funeral. There were to be a great many business men not Christians there. I said, "This is my opportunity, I will give them a Christian sermon." I tried to find one of Christ's funeral sermons, and I found that he broke up every funeral he attended. The dead couldn't stay dead where he was. —*From D. L. Moody, in the Christian Herald.*

949. Death is Colonization.

There was once a famous cape reputed to be the fatal barrier to the navigation of the ocean. Of all those whom the winds or the currents had drawn into its surrounding waters it was said that none had reappeared.

A bold navigator determined to surmount the obstacle. He opened the route to the East Indies, acquired for his country the riches of the world, and changed the Cape of Storms into the Cape of Good Hope. So Christ has proved himself death's conqueror and made the grave to be for us the gate of life.

The Easter faith points us not to the graves in our cemeteries, but to the gates of heaven—those gates "Whose key Love keeps on that side and on this side Death." As someone has beautifully said, "Death, under the Christian aspect, is but God's method of colonization; the transition from this mother-country of our race to the fairer and newer world of our emigration."

950. Easter Incentive.

"Where shall I go after I die?" asked a dying Hindu of the Brahmin priest to whom he had given money to pray for his salvation.

The Brahmin priest replied, "You will first of all go into a holy quadruped."

"But," said the Hindu, "where shall I go then?"

"Then you will go into a singing bird."

"But," said the poor man, "where then shall I go?"

"Then," said the priest, "you will go into a beautiful flower."

The man flung up his hands in agony and cried, "But where shall I go last of all?"

Thank God, this Easter-time answers that question for us. Jesus died and rose again, and He is now preparing a home for us in heaven. Because He lives we shall live also, and live with Him.

One of the very strongest incentives to missions is the privilege of making this great truth known.—*H.*

951. Heart Trouble.

"He saw and believed."

A brilliant lawyer in New York City some years ago spoke to a prominent minister, asking if he really believed that Christ rose from the dead.

The minister replied that he did, and asked the privilege of presenting the proof to the lawyer. The lawyer took the material offered in proof and studied it. He returned it to the minister and said, "I am convinced that Jesus really did rise from the dead. But—" he then added, "I am no nearer being a Christian than I was before. I thought the difficulty was with my head. I find that it is really with my heart."

952. Through the Vale.

A chamois-hunter in Switzerland fell through a chasm in an ice-field and crept for a great distance along the passage formed by a stream beneath the ice. At last he came to an end of the passage; but the water, he thought, must find an exit, so he boldly plunged into the frigid current, and was swept on through the darkness. In a few minutes he was carried out into the bright sunshine of the lovely Vale of Chamouni. That is the way a Christian dies.

953. Easter Victory.

A handsome newspaper picture, after the close of the war, showed American veterans in Paris—on Bastille Day, when France and her Allies were celebrating their victory—marching under the Arch of Triumph, through which only victors may pass. What an inspiring, thrilling scene it must have been!

But there is going to be another far more inspiring, thrilling scene some day. It is when a great gathering comes together in the presence of the Captain of our salvation, the great Victor of time and eternity, Christ Jesus, and these persons in his presence will all be victors also, having overcome through faith in their Captain and his shed blood. For, "this is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith."

954. The Victorious Christ.

An old verger in days before the Great War used to display to visitors the glories of Winchester Cathedral in the South of England. He was enthusiastic about its history, its beauty, its memories; but best of all he loved to stand upon the cathedral roof and tell the story of the way in which news of Wellington's victory at Waterloo was brought to England. It came by sailing ship, he said, to the south coast and by semaphor was wig-waged overland toward London. In due course the semaphor on the roof of Winchester Cathedral began to spell the message off—W-e-l-l-i-n-g-t-o-n—d-e-f-e-a-t-e-d—and then the fog closed in, the semaphore no longer could be seen, and the sad news of the incomplete message went on toward London, plunging the country into gloom,—"Wellington defeated!" But, when the fog broke at last, the semaphore upon the top of Winchester Cathedral was still at work — W-e-l-l-i-n-g-t-o-n — d-e-f-e-a-t-e-d — t-h-e — e-n-e-m-y—and, all the more glorious for the preceding gloom, the wonderful news sped across the land and lifted up the spirits of the people into grateful joy —"Wellington defeated the enemy!"

So was the dreadful gloom of Calvary dispelled by the glorious victory of Easter Day! So what had seemed defeat was changed to triumph! From the wonder of that victory the Christian Church arose in power; the good news of that victory is the deathless message of the Christian people; and when Christ shall have come to his own in the hearts of men, the prophecy of that glad Easter Day shall be fulfilled.—*Rev. H. E. Fosdick.*

955. Carrying Out His Policies.

A great manufacturing concern in England has just within its gates a panel upon which the names of the heads of the concern are painted.

Opposite each is a movable slide which tells the visitor whether that member of the firm is "in" or "out."

The name of the founder of the concern stands first, and the slide has read "out" since 1876, when he passed away.

It would seem that to the remaining members of the firm the founder is merely "out." His policies are still adhered to, he still governs, though the world knows him no more.

A few years ago a business man approached the son of a man who had recently died, came to him hoping to be able to carry through with the son a questionable deal which the father had refused to have anything to do with. He painted in glowing terms the financial returns which he affirmed would come to both of them.

"My dear sir," replied the young man, "my father still runs this business, I cannot swerve from his policies."

Christ has not gone from the world. He is alive. He is the risen Christ. Are we carrying out his policies?

956. The Christian's View of Death.

"I am not tired of my work, neither am I tired of the world; yet, when Christ calls me home, I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from school," said the consecrated Judson, who gave his life to advance the cause of missions.

Easter is the natural complement of Good Friday and of Christmas. Without Easter neither of these other dates would mean much to the Church. Hence Constantine decreed that Easter should be the first day of the year. This reckoning lingered in France until 1565, when January 1st finally took its place.

957. The Proof of Immortality.

The resurrection of Jesus is the proof of immortal life beyong the grave, that death does not end all, but the soul lives after the body dies.

"A fox once came upon a cave, into which he saw many foxes had entered, the sand being full of footprints. He was about to pass in when his cunning detected that all the footprints pointed one way. All were turned inwards, and there were none leading out of the cave. We have come to a great cave—the grave—and its entrance is marked by man's footprints. All lead in and none out. But Christ has set his feet the other way; and now, if we go into this cave, we shall follow him out again."—*London Sunday School Chronicle.*

958. Belief in Resurrection.

It is said that Bishop Gilbert Haven, when dying, held up his arm on which the signs of decay were already visible, and cried, "I believe in the resurrection of the body!"

959. A Pledge and Pattern.

The resurrection is set forth not merely as the pledge, but also as the pattern of our own immortality, and hence that is the full, rich sense in which this word is used in the New Testament; immortality means the immortality of the whole man—and the whole man includes the body as well as the soul.—*Presbyterian.*

960. Easter and the Wavering Ouijaboard.

An American soldier had not been heard from by his family for months. His brother decided to go to Chicago to consult a famous medium to learn whether his brother had indeed died. He went, secured a communication in which his brother told him that he had "gone west" in a certain battle, and sent messages to the family. On returning hime the young man said to his father, "There is no use hoping any longer, Dad, I've had a communication from—."

"Have you?" said his father, "that's

queer, for so have I in a letter that came this morning from—hospital, where he is getting well."

The true attitude of Christian believers, however, is not to be based on anything so unsatisfactory as conjecture, and opinion. We have a gospel. Why go to a medium in some dim seance to assure us that our dear ones live when we have the voice of Jesus?

"He that believeth in me shall never die."

"I am the resurrection and the life."

"I go to prepare a place for you."

"In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you."

"To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

"This is eternal life to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

Let us magnify the gospel truth of deathless personal life beyond death with Christ in the presence of God. Let us live in the resurrection as did the early disciples, and sorrowing men will not need to rest their souls on dubious and feeble messages scribbled on a wavering ouijaboard.—*H. B. Montgomery.*

961. Cumulative Proof.

Anyone who reads attentively the four stories of the resurrection in the Gospels, and compares with them the earlier writings of Paul, 1 Cor. 15:5, and other New Testament references, cannot but be struck by certain variations in the story. The persons present, the hour, the heavenly visitors, Jesus' words—all these points differ slightly in the narratives. But the discrepancies only make more sure the fact that Jesus rose. Each writer told the story as he heard it from others; each was interested in a different aspect of the event; but in each narrative the supreme fact is attested with equal decision: that Jesus did rise and that his followers believed it, some readily, some only after ocular proof.—*H. L. Willett.*

962. The Resurrection.

Some years ago, I kept a marine aquarium. As I stood looking at it one summer day, I saw on the surface of the water a tiny creature, half fish, half snake, not an inch long, writhing as in mortal agony. With convulsive efforts, it bent its head to tail, now on this side, now on that, springing its circles with a force simply wonderful in a creature so small. I was stretching out my hands to remove it lest it should sink and die and pollute the clear waters, when, lo, in a moment, in a twinkling of an eye, its skin split from end to end, and there sprang out a delicate fly with slender black legs and pale lavender wings. Balancing itself for one instant on its discarded skin, it preened its gossamer wings and then flew out of an open window. The impression made upon me was deep and overpowering. I learned that nature was everywhere hinting at the truth of the resurrection.—*C.*

963. His Greatest Surprise.

An old man of ninety often said that he had had all the surprises in life he thought possible, and it would have to be a wonderful event now to make him enthusiastic. One day, shortly after his ninety-first birthday, which fell on Easter Sunday, he was heard to shout out: "Christ is risen! He died for me, and now he's risen!" All his life the old man had ignored the Saviour, but quite suddenly the meaning of Easter was revealed to him, and he had his greatest surprise of all.—*Christian Herald.*

964. The Invitation of Closed Doors.

When the disciples locked the doors, Christ knew he was sure of a wel-

come. He could not get their ear on account of the din and confusion that came through the open doors. Closing the door to the world is opening the door to the Master. He is always passing by those doors that are wide open to all the frivolity and vanity of men; but wherever he finds the door shut to these things, he comes. Do not be afraid of shutting the door; it is the best invitation for the Master to enter.—*W. L. Goldsmith.*

965. New Easter Flowers.

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." John 13:7. It is said that the shell-torn battlefields of France are now blossoming with a myriad of flowers such as the oldest living inhabitant does not remember seeing there. The seeds of these flowers, buried long ago, have lain dormant in the depths of the soil. The terrible plough-share of war has brought them once more to the light of the sun and the revivification of the rain. Now they reproduce the lost beauty of olden times.

The Phenomenon is a lovely parable. Not all is evil even in that most wicked and cruel thing, the world war. God knows how to bring good out of evil. God's children also should know how. There are flowers of peace, of brotherhood, of mutual understanding and forbearance, of sound justice and patient charity and helpfulness, which may yet be brought to bloom out of all this grief and loss. The world has a new soil. What shall we grow in it?—*A.*

966. The Comfort of the Resurrection.

I once stood holding the hand of a mother and together we looked on the sleeping face of a lovely girl who passed away in her twentieth year. "Farewell, my sweet daughter," the mother said. "I wish you joy. You have gone to see the Saviour and to be with Him. I shall have you again when He pleases. Farewell, till we meet again."

That daughter had been devoted in her sweet girlhood to loving work for other girls poorer and less fortunate than herself. Her mother took up the work the youthful hands laid down, and carried it forward day by day for the sake of her child in heaven. That mother was comforted; she believed in the life everlasting, she knew and dwelt with the risen Christ.

What should we do in this world of loss and change without the comfort of the resurrection?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

967. John Bunyan on the Resurrection.

John Bunyan, the prince of practical dreamers, paints a beautiful picture of the power of Christ's death and resurrection to give life and take away the guilt of sin. In his "Pilgrim's Progress," he says: "Upon that place stood a cross, and a little below a sepulchre. So I saw in my dream, that, just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more. Then was Christian glad, and said, 'He hath given me life by his death.'"

968. Jungle Belief.

Dan Crawford told a London audience that the people in the jungle of Africa have a tremendous belief in the immortality of the soul. "These people tell you that the dead do not really die, the body to them is the cottage of the soul. You say, 'He has departed.' They say, 'He has arrived.'"—*British Weekly.*

969. Legend of the Easter Lily.

The legend which tells of the origin of the Easter lily is itself full of poetry. It says that when Jesus

rose from the dead and left the tomb on the eventful morning of the resurrection he left a long train of Easter lilies. For, according to this charming fancy, wherever the foot of the Lord of Life touched the soil an Easter lily bloomed. This is true in a larger sense than the legend puts it. Wherever Jesus has gone every beautiful and good thing has bloomed.

970. Life and Immortality in the Gospel.

Centuries ago when Great Britain was a heathen country, the king and his nobles were discussing whether they should receive the missionaries of the religion of Christ. An old thane said, "When we are in our halls about the fire a little bird comes in from the darkness outside; it flies about for a little while in the light and then goes out into the darkness, we know not where. So it is with the life of man. We are in the light for a little time; then we go out again into the darkness we know not where. If these men can tell us about the life after death, let them speak that we may hear and know."

971. Evidences of Resurrection Truth.

A favorite ground for denying the Resurrection is the alleged conflicting nature of the records. In describing the discussion after a lecture to working men in defense of the faith in London, the *Church Times* says: A man rose on the other side of the hall and said, "I should like to ask the lecturer if the narratives of the Resurrection would not be more convincing if they agreed?" The lecturer answered, "I don't know: 'I was once serving on a jury when we had three witnesses who told exactly the same tale in very similar words. They stood cross-examination quite well, but the judge told us to receive their evidence with caution, just because it was so uniform. Independent witnesses who are telling the truth, he said, almost always disagree about some details, because of their different points of view'. No, I don't think the Gospels would be more convincing if they agreed exactly. Seeming discrepancies only tend to confirm the accuracy of the narrative."

972. The Easter Knowledge.

To know is better than to hope. Hope is a cheery improvement upon discouragement, but it is no substitute for the conviction that comes with absolute knowledge. No trusting child of God ever needs to be content with "hoping for the best"; he knows that the best, and nothing but the best, is bound to be his in God's service. A striking illustration of this truth is found in the improved translation given by the American Revision to the familiar passage in 1 Corinthians 15: 19. The Revision reads: "If we have only hoped in Christ in this life, we are of all men most pitiable." What a blessed Easter message that is! What a pitiable anniversary Easter would be if it were a reminder of our hope only! Thanks be to God, we know whom we have believed; and the miracle of our resurrection from sin is sure pledge of our future sharing of that resurrection of which he was the first fruits.

973. The Bridge Over Death.

In a Scottish valley, beside a little brook, where there was no kindly soil, a Highlander once planted a tree. Of course it wilted and drooped. But suddenly, to the surprise of every one, it took a new start in life, and bore rich fruit. What was the source of its new life? An examination revealed the secret. With marvelous vegetable instinct it had sent out a shoot which ran along and over a narrow sheep bridge, and rooted it-

self in the rich loam on the other side of the brook. From this rich loam it drew its new life. Even so the resurrection of Jesus bridges the river of death that flows between earth and heaven, and the souls of men who know this send out the shoot of faith, which running over the bridge, roots itself in the eternal realities beyond, and draws spiritual life from the very fullness of God.—*David Gregg, D.D.*

974. Consider the Lilies.

They have a lesson for us to-day. Christ is risen, and, pointing to the lilies, he shows us a beautiful similitude of the great mystery. All the winter they have been dead and hidden in the cold earth, but the time has come for them to manifest their glory. No sooner does the warm sun of the springtime shine on their graves than they rise to sudden life and beauty, and every seed takes its own peculiar body. Even so is the resurrection of the dead.

975. Emigration.

"Death, under the Christian aspect, is but God's method of colonization; the transition from this mother-country of our race to the fairer and newer world of our emigration."

976. Showed "Himself."

One of the sweetest of Easter thoughts is that Jesus Christ, notwithstanding his resurrection in celestial power is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." In the tragedy of Julius Cæsar, his past associate speaks doubtfully of his future conduct, reminding his companion that "'Tis the bright day brings forth the adder." Man in prosperity is not always what he was in lowly estate. But the disciples who companied with the Saviour, loved to say that after his resurrection "he showed himself." A world of comfort in a word! He who came to reveal the Father, under the changed condition showed the same loving, gentle, compassionate regard for his disciples. The Master who upon the mount broke the bread, by the seashore spread the fish before the coals. The Jesus bound, in the judgment hall did not look more tenderly upon the erring Peter than the glorified Christ did upon the penitent disciples, and the last message of the angels was that when he should return and all his holy angels with him, he should be "this same Jesus."

977. Our Captain's Victory Ours.

When a cricket match is over, and we hear that one captain is beaten, we know that implies the defeat of the whole eleven, even the very best players in it. The victory of the other captain means that all on his side are victorious too, including the most indifferent players. Are we on Christ's side? Then we are sure of victory over death, not through our own strength or good living, but because our Captain was victorious.—*C. B. Stocks.*

978. We Live Through Him.

Easter sets before the mind and imagination all the glorious possibilities of a bright hereafter which the finite mind can grasp. And yet, vivid as the picture often grows, painted in all the beauty and sublimity the imagination can picture or portray, the declaration of Scripture still declares that it hath not "entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Belief in a risen Lord, acceptance of him as a Saviour, secures an entrance into that safe haven of rest where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.

"He for all sinners died,
Was crucified,
To heaven ascended then,
Where we, the sons of men,
May follow—if we own
We live through him alone!"
—*Christian Uplook.*

979. Witnesses That Convince.

An infidel Swiss artist was commissioned to make a caricature of a Salvation Army meeting in Sheffield. He went there on the errand, and scanned the faces of the people. With his heart like the troubled sea that could not find rest, tossed and driven by tempests of passion, and tormented by a conscience burdened by sin, he looked on the assembled worshipers and saw peace written on their countenances. The sight convinced him of his sinfulness. He saw that those people had what he had not and what he needed, and their faces were the means of leading him to Christ and the peace which Christ alone can give. The risen Christ is still visible in his people, filled with hope and cheer.

980. The Resurrection Rock.

Mr. Moody once said: "We want more Christians like the Irishman who, when asked if he did not tremble during a certain storm when he was standing on a rocky eminence, said, 'Yes, my legs trembled, but the rock didn't, and because my feet were on the rock I felt safe."

981. His Friends Shall Rise.

Let us not imagine Christ is not our friend because we suffer. He allowed Lazarus to die, yet we are told, Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus. Jesus' friends now on earth may all die, may all sleep; but he has not forgotten them. One day He will say to the angels, "My friends sleep, but I go to awake them."—*E. H. Harding.*

982. Ready for the Journey.

A missionary in Ningpo, China, wrote home of the death of a carpenter, who had been an earnest idolator. During his last illness, the pastor of the church near his shop went to see him. The message of salvation through Jesus Christ made a deep impression. He cried out for forgiveness, and made known his purpose to worship God only, whether he lived or died. When he was dying, his family wished to perform the usual heathen rites which attend a death, but he rejected them all. When asked, "Don't you want the lanterns lit?" (to light him through the dark valley), he replied, "Why do I want a lantern? It is all light about me." "Shall we burn the paper money?" (to pay his passage at the river of death). "No, Jesus has paid the passage." Then he died in peace.—*Rev. John T. Faris.*

983. The Spirit of Easter.

Easter is the promise of the Lord that all the best and noblest in man shall be renewed, even as growth and bloom and ripening shall not cease.

Belief in eternal life compels us to believe in good deeds and honest thought. The good man toils not for to-day, nor for to-morrow alone, but because he knows that his labor shall survive long after his hand has fallen from the plough. The good man pours himself into the world and makes it new. He is among the blessed who win sight out of blindness, order out of chaos, and life out of death.

Since the first Easter morning the soul of man has shone with unwasting light; for then he looked into the radiant face of the risen Christ, and knew that God's universe shapes itself not to destruction, but to a yet more glorious genesis; yea, it endureth from everlasting to everlasting.—*Helen Keller, Deaf and Blind.*

984. Ready for the Journey.

A personal letter from a missionary in Syria gives this account of the death of the Rev. William K. Eddy: "While on his last trip, he had two of his young boys with him. They were camped in a tent near two churches —Alma and Bussa—where he was to

administer communion in the morning. After he had retired, he realized that a blood-vessel in his chest had burst; he felt the hand of death upon him. He called his servant and his children, and said: 'To-day our dear Mr. Ford is just sailing from America for Syria, and I am leaving Syria for heaven.' After sending messages to his friends and family, he asked his boy, Clarence, to repeat the Twenty-third Psalm. Then he said, 'Let us all go to sleep,' at midnight, when others were sleeping, he went down into the valley and up into the brightness of the life of the redeemed,—a beautiful, triumphant death."—*Rev. John T. Faris.*

985. Nature's Resurrection.

A lover of nature has recently written, that with the coming of spring she is accustomed to go to a certain country spot that she may welcome the advent. It represents her "season" and she would not exchange the time for anything else in the world, Turn where one may, the spirit of hope and new life may be found bursting over the country; tender flashes of virgin green, and drifts of white, beautiful blossoms. The ground is studded with simple primroses, and the white anemones seem to be hanging their pure delicate heads in timid consciousness of the surrounding beauty. To anyone with an eye for nature, every country lane is just now displaying a resurrection from the death of winter. And if God so clothes the fields in a risen beauty, shall He not much more clothe His people in resurrection splendor? "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that sleep,"—*The Christian.*

986. Easter Faith in Our Heart.

Death is a great fact, but so also is life—a greater fact. We face death, but we face life as well. Easter is the most significant of the Christian festivals. It is even more significant than Christmas, for that heralds the child Jesus, while this heralds the full-grown Christ; Christmas speaks of God's entrance into our low estate, while Easter shows us His return to His glory. The lesson of Christmas is love's humility, the lesson of Easter is love's triumphant power. We enter the Christmas spirit with our hearts the Easter spirit with our souls. Christmas points to earth and time, Easter to heaven and eternity. As we grow older the certainty of death will loom before us with ever-growing insistence; we can conquer the fear of it only as we get the Easter faith into our heart.—*Amos R. Wells, D.D.*

987. Outside and Inside.

At a Christian Evidence meeting in Hyde Park, London, an opponent tried to show that the writers of the Gospels had contradicted each other. He said: "One of the writers said the women saw the angels outside the sepulchre; while another says they were inside. Which are we to believe?" "Both," said the Christian Evidence lecturer. "When the women saw the two angels outside they were told to go and tell the disciples and Peter. Well, it would take at least half an hour to go to Peter's house and return, and when they got back Mary saw two angels inside the tomb," "Why, man," added the lecturer, "a tortoise could could have gone from the outside to the inside of the tomb in that time, let alone an angel!" And the crowd laughed heartily.—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

988. Note of Victory.

On Easter the church strikes the note of praise and sings of victory.

Faith overcomes the world and its sorrows, and sees the Celestial City shining beyond the river. An anonymous writer says:

Lo, in all sorrow here,
Often deep repining,
Through all doubt and darksome fear
Easter sun is shining;
Wherefore now on things above
Set we our affection,
Know the power of Jesus' love
By His resurrection!
Gladsome birds, fresh breezes, tell
With the sunny weather
The dear creed we love so well,
"All things rise together."
So the angels joyfully
Taught the wondrous story:
"Christ is risen! To Galilee
Go and preach His glory!"

989. One Day Apart.

"Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be ye glad of heart;
For Calvary day and Easter day,
Earth's saddest day and gladdest day,
Were just one day apart."

990. The Living One.

High up in the Alps is said to be a little chapel, with some humble cottage homes nestling about it. The doorstep of the chapel has been worn hollow by the feet of generations of men and women who have gone in to seek God in the name of Jesus Christ. All the cheer and hope and purity of their lives came from that source. And there are many such buildings, humble or grand, on the hillsides and in the valleys of earth. Acts of worship in the name of Christ, and the observance of the Last Supper, are taking place on the first day of the week, the Lord's Day, among all peoples. Everywhere are hospitals and asylums, and loving ministries in the name of Christ. What mysterious power exalts that name above every name? Is it not because He is God's highest revelation to men? Through Him comes God's touch and final word to us. He is to us, as to Tennyson—"Strong Son of God, immortal Love."

He is, therefore—the Living One. He has demonstrated the power of life over death, and of the survival of personal identity. Voltaire, in one of his letters, says: "I dread death and hate life." On the other hand, John Calvin, at death, said: "I am happy to live and die in Christ." These are almost Paul's words: "For me to live is Christ and to die is gain. I have a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is very far better."

The assurance of a future life of perfection and blessedness lies only in the promise of Christ, and in a conscious new order, or spiritual quality of life, generated by Him in us.—*The Interior.*

991. On Mrs. Hodge's Tombstone.

Passing by the newer granite headstones with their air of solidity, one can easily tell the older part of Princeton's beautiful City of the Dead by the long low graves overlaid with the old-time flat marble stones. Here rest the ashes of some of Princeton's famous theologians of former days, and their families. One of these marble slabs marked the grave of the Rev. Charles Hodge, D.D., and another was "Sacred to the memory of Sarah Bache," the wife of Dr. Hodge. It bore a beautiful inscription, in which affection and good taste were blended from a scholarly pen. "A devoted wife and mother, she lived in love and died in faith," the tribute said. There was more, but it ended this way.

"We tenderly lay her away here to gather strength and beauty for the coming of the Lord."

I was glad that Charles Hodge put that on his wife's tombstone. I remember a big black book in an old manse library. It had no pictures in it, and no stories like the books

bound in green cloth, "Pilgrims Progress" and D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation. The thick undergrowth of its theological verbiage, so to speak, did not invite childish incursions into its pages. But father liked it and used it—that black-bound volume with the gilt letters, "Commentary on Romans, by Charles Hodge."

I was glad to see now, as I stood meditating and musing in the old cemetery, that Charles Hodge loved the Lord's appearing enough to put that inscription over his wife's grave. I fancied myself following hard upon the thoughts of the great theologian about the resurrection body, its "strength and beauty" clothed over the old natural body. I could think forward to the voice of the archangel and the trump of God, when Abraham should reach out an arm to arouse his Sarah in the cave of Machpelah, and Charles Hodge should do the same for his Sarah under those old marble slabs in Princeton's cemetery. The King's daughters shall surely be all glorious within that day.—*Sunday School Times.*

992. Belief in Immortality.

Belief in the immortality of the soul is found in all ages of the world and among all nations and tribes. In Aryan mythology the souls of the dead are supposed to ride on the night wind, gathering into their ranks the souls of people just dying. In many parts of Europe they open a window when a person dies that the soul may go out of the house and join the passing army of disembodied spirits. In Persia a dog is brought to the bedside of the dying that the soul may be sure of a prompt escort. The old Mohammedans called the rainbow the bridge Essirat, over which souls must pass on their way to heaven. Ancient heathen believed that after death one has greater powers than when living. Hence the Hindu would kill himself before his enemy's door to acquire greater power of injuring him.

In Japan they had what was called the "Feast of Lanterns." At night they went out to the cemetery and placed a lighted lantern at every grave. Strangely picturesque was the graveyard now with its myriad of glimmering lights. These lanterns were for the spirits of the dead to find their way back to relatives on earth. Feasts were held in every household. It was believed the spirits came and visited with the living relatives in the old home. On the third night the spirits were believed to depart. Every year the souls of the dead thus revisited the scenes on earth. These curious ideas all teach the general fact that all nations and tribes have some belief in the immortality of the soul.—*H.*

993. The Risen Life.

A little child stooped to catch a sunbeam as it danced upon the floor. She grasped it in her dimpled hand, but the beam would not stay in her grasp, though it lay upon her fingers like a band of bright gold. The child seemed disappointed, and yet her effort was not really in vain. It gave her pleasure for a time, and then the light she could not carry away yet lies in gladsome measure in the depths of her blue eyes. This is a little parable. Seeking, striving after the lovely things, is never in vain, though we may seem not to grasp them. We are holier and better for the striving. The beautiful things we long for and try to get, we do really get in one sense—we get them into the depths of our soul. They hide there and make our life

brighter and more beautiful. "If ye be risen with Christ seek those things which are above."

994. The Greatest Festival.

In the early Christian Church Easter was the greatest festival of the Christian year. It was called Dominica Guadii, the Joyful Sunday. "Christ is risen," was the salutation as Christian met Christian in the streets of Rome, and back came the joyful words, "He is risen indeed!"

995. The Easter Fact.

There is no line 'twixt life and death;
They separate in thought alone;
Their seeming boundary a breath,
A tolling bell, a mound, a stone.

There is no line 'twixt life and death;
They separate in thought alone;
Their seeming boundary a breath,
A tolling bell, a mound, a stone.

When life begins, then death begins;
When life is ended, death is done;
When death its final victory wins,
Life's victory is just begun.

For deeper far than death or life
Are God, and something we call "I";—
It's only death to yield the strift;
It's life to strive and seem to die.
—*Henry H. Barstow, D.D.*

996. A Master of the Grave.

Christ is the Master of the grave. Just outside of the city of Nain, Death and Christ measured lances; and when the young man rose, Death dropped. Now we are sure of our resurrection. Oh, what a scene it was when that young man came back! The mother never expected to hear him speak again. She never thought that he would kiss her again. How the tears started, and how her heart throbbed as she said, "Oh, my son, my son, my son!" And that scene is going to be repeated. It is going to be repeated ten thousand times. These broken family circles have got to come together. These extinguished household lights have got to be rekindled. There will be a stir in the family lot in the cemetery, and there will be a rush into life at the command, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!"

997. Lulled to Sleep.

A little girl had a baby sister who died, and the little baby was put into a tiny coffin. When the little girl saw it, she said, "Mother, baby has got a new cradle!" That was a pretty name for it. Death is but being lulled to sleep in the arms of Infinite Love.—*Free Methodist Magazine.*

998. How Grief Was Turned to Joy.

A young woman was mourning the death of her mother. Her grief was so vehement that her friends feared to let her be present at the services preceding the removal of the dear remains from the house. To their surprise, however, not only was she perfectly calm, but in her face shone a great light, a light that was not dimmed even by the tears that filled her eyes as she took the last, long look at the beloved face. Later she told them that as she stood near the casket she saw her mother, not lying still and cold, but living, glorious and radiant, while near her was the form of One "like the Son of God." "I could not grieve," she said simply, "when I looked upon my mother's joy." So, to the eye of faith, does the risen Christ still reveal the glorious life into which the departed have entered, granting us to see them, not still and cold and unfeeling, but radiant with joy and love, alive for evermore.—*Mary G. Robertson.*

999. A Tunnel Instead of a Tomb.

Some people were passing from the streets of the city through the basement of the church into the church proper. The basement was unlighted, and one found the sudden change

from light to darkness too much. He could not find the doorway at the foot of the basement stairs. For a moment he stood lost and bewildered, until another gave him a hand and led him through the doorway. They all passed up into the church, and looked at the decorated interior, which they had come to see. Some windows of beautiful design and harmonious execution held their rapt attention. The sun shone through the rich-tinted glass, and warmed the colors into rose-tinted life. In their deep admiration of the feast of color and beauty, they forgot the temporary blindness of the passage, just as the darkness of the grave is lost sight of when we remember that it is only a passageway into a glorious heaven.

"Where is your little brother?" they asked of a child whose brother had just been buried. "Asleep in his winged cradle," was the child's reply. —*Rev. John F. Cowan, D.D.*

1000. The Glorified Body.

A young woman who had been crippled and deformed from infancy once said, "I love to plant flower seeds, for the homely, little, insignificant seed comes up a beautiful green plant, and blossoms with a lovely flower, and then I remember that I, if I do the best I can where I am, may some day grow out of this homely body into beauty."

1001. "The Cemetery."

The most beautiful name ever given to the place where the remains of our beloved friends lie is that of "cemetery." The word is taken from the Greek, which in its primitive meaning signifies a sleeping place, then a burial-place; because a peaceful death so much resembles sleep.

"The damsel is not dead but sleepeth," said Christ to the astonished Jews. So of Lazarus, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." Stephen also "fell asleep."

To think of the tomb as a place of rest, as a sleeping place, robs it of more than half its terrors. How still and quiet is their sleep! No voice disturbs the silence of the grave; the call of loved ones wakes not the dead. We sorrow not for the pious dead as those who have no hope, we know their bodies shall slumber in the ground until the Archangel's trump shall call them forth; then "them also that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him."—*Christian Observer.*

1002. Beyond Death Life.

The rising of the water-lily from the mud at the bottom of the pond is a familiar illustration of death, but it is ever true and beautiful. How dark it is, down below the surface of the water, where the mud is, and how bright is the sun in the upper air! How ugly are the twisting roots down in the mud, and how lovely is the pure white lily up above! That is the way death looks to us, all dark and gloomy and ugly; but beyond death is a new life all sunshine and beauty and joy. This is the happy message of Easter.—*Dr. Amos R. Wells.*

1003. What Christ Did for Us.

In the country there was a house which was supposed to have a haunted room. One day the father determined to put a stop to the superstition, so he said he would sleep in that room. He did so, and the next morning he came down smiling. "There," he said, "I told you. There is nothing to be afraid of there." Is not this exactly what Christ did for us?

1004. Seventy-Year Clock.

Our brain is a seventy-year clock. The Angel of Life winds it up once

for all, then closes the case and gives the key into the hands of the Angel of the Resurrection.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

1005. "If a Man Die."

A florist was working among his flowers one day. As he toiled in the joy of the morning a favorite plant fell from it's place to the ground. The reddish clay within whose form it grew was broken by the fall, but the flower was not injured in the slightest way. With dextrous hand the gardener gave it larger space in which to grow anew, and soon it bloomed in beauty rich and rare.

There is a tenant living in a mold of fragile clay. Some day the claim will come for greater room, and then the "outgrown shell" will fall away. If in the youthful morning, and not the aged afternoon, the signal hour appears, it need not be made sombrous by the mist of doubt or fear. God has a place for every soul redeemed and in his grace where it may reach the summit of the self it longs and prays to be. All uncompleted plans and dreams shall come to full fruition there.

"If a man die shall he live again?" But he is not to die. "God giveth it a body" and "I am the resurrection and the life" are words that ostracize the thought of death and give assurance of eternal day.—*Thomas Frederick Williams.*

1006. Surrender? Never.

Once during the wars between the Spanish and the French, the Spaniards, who were investing their foes, sent an insulting note to the French commander, General Coligny: "Surrender! We are more numerous than you." And General Coligny wrote his reply on a piece of paper and fastened it to an arrow and shot it into the Spanish camp. It read; "Surrender? Never! We have a king with us." When we are tempted to surrender because things seem to be going wrong in the world, we can fling back the same proud and defiant answer. We have a King with us. Easter tells that the King is with us.

1007. He Goeth Before.

Principal Cairns in the modesty of his great nature used to stand back and let others precede him on public occasions, until his "You first, I follow," became a settled habit. When he lay dying, he bade farewell to his family, and the watchers noticed his lips still moved. They bent to catch his last words. He was speaking to Him who was dearer to him than life, Jesus, and he was murmuring, "You first, I follow."

1008. Only the Moat.

The grave is only the moat around the inner castle of the King, across which they who have long been his loving and loyal retainers on the farther side enter in, sure of a welcome to the heart of his hospitality.—*Phillips Brooks.*

1009. Power of an Endless Life.

"Who is made, not after the law of carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life." Heb. 7: 16. Whoever has longed to take a limited train at a small station, only to see it dash by the station with apparently undiminished speed, has seen a common phenomenon that is a fair illustration of the power of immortal life.

The limited train declines even to slow down at the small station because stopping there would make it shut off its steampower a half-mile down the track and so cause it to lose many precious seconds. If the train must stop soon, it certainly will slow down now.

Just this is what would happen to us if we thought that our lives were

to end with death. We should feel that intellectual attainment, spiritual growth and work for the welfare of others were scarcely worth while. Before we got well started, we must stop—and stop forever; so why have power for swift travel now, or even use what we do have?—*Rev. P. P. Faris.*

1010. A New Everlasting Flower.

A newspaper tells us that Mr. Luther Burbank, that wizard of horticulture, has developed a new flower, which surpasses all the miracles he has before wrought. It is an "everlasting" flower, which holds, even without water, its freshness and beauty, and stranger yet, its fragrance, for a twelvemonth.

This achievement was anticipated at Jacob's well in the announcement to the Samaritan woman that the strange traveler offered a living water to all who drink of Him; a well that springs up into everlasting life. Though all joys, youth, health, wealth, and friends are gone, comers to this Saviour need never sigh: "All my springs are dried up," but they can always sing, "All my springs are in Thee." They have found invisible sources which keep their souls forever fresh and their influence a perfume that abideth.

Easter is the blossoming of the sweetest and most beautiful everlasting flower.

1011. The Impossible.

"But," said the Materialist, "you must concede that literal physical resurrection of the body is in some cases absolutely impossible."

"As, for instance?" I countered cautiously.

"Well, for a historical example, take Wycliffe. After his death his body was exhumed and burned, and the ashes were scattered on the river Severn. The Severn carried the ashes down to the sea, and the particles composing the body of Wycliffe are scattered over the whole circumference of the globe."

"And you think that such a dispersion of the particles of a human body makes it impossible that those particles should ever be regathered into a body again?"

"Practically so, at least."

"And yet particles are daily being gathered from the whole circumference of the globe and built up into human bodies."

"How so? What do you mean?"

"Simply this. Look over this table from which we have just partaken of food, the particles of which will become component elements of our bodies. Whence came these particles? We both ate rice which came from Japan. I drank tea from China, while you indulged in coffee from Java or Arabia. We seasoned our food with pepper from Ceylon. Some of those nuts you are now eating came from California, others from Brazil. Now, if God can cause all these elemental particles, brought from the whole sweep of the globe, to become a part of your present body and mine, I contend that He can, if necessary, cause that the particles of Wycliffe's body shall be regathered from earth, sea, and air to form that body again. Don't you think so?"

"Well, you have put the matter in a new light at least," said the Materialist. "I shall have to think this over."

"Better look up a new objection to the resurrection while you are about it," remarked the Bystander. "That one is too full of holes to use again." —*Rev. George C. Alborn.*

1012. Is Death Merely "Good-Bye."

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" 1 Cor. 15:55. An old Greek cemetery

has been discovered and excavated in Athens, and many of the tombs and monuments are in a good state of preservation though more than two thousand years old.

It is not often visited by the hurried tourist, who is satisfied to leave Athens after he has seen the Parthenon, Mars Hill, the Arch of Hadrian, and the temple of Theseus. Yet it is one of the most interesting spots within the wide circumference of this most interesting city.

It is said to be the only ancient Greek cemetery known to exist, though many monuments similar to these have been discovered and are stored in the museums of Athens and other cities.

Many of the monuments are in the shape of a little temple with bas-relief figures of the departed.

He is often represented as shaking hands with a friend who is in a sitting posture, and on the tombstone is usually the name of the deceased, and the Greek word that means *"Good-by."* Sometimes scenes of every-day life are depicted—a woman at her toilet, a servant bringing her jewel-case, presumably that she may take a last look at its contents. Other tombstones represent "banquets of the dead," where the dead person is represented as reclining on a couch while a friend is seated at his feet.

But by far the most common representation is that of friend shaking hands with friend and saying, "Good-by"; or a husband saying, "Good-by" to wife, father to son, mother to child.

Let us beware in our modern Christianity of the mistake of the Athenians.

Death is more than "Good-by." For this mortal must put on immortality, this corruptible must put on incorruption.

Death shall be swallowed up in victory. If in this life only we have hope, if there is nothing for us to do but to improve the social system, then we can only say, "Good-by" with a placid face at the end.

But this will never satisfy the heart of mankind. A model tenement with all modern improvements can never be the home of the soul. St. Paul, rather than the Stoics of Athens, voices the longing of mankind, for his teachings alone will enable us to cry concerning death, "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"—*Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D.*

1013. Christ Lives.

The sorrows of life as well as the fear of death call for Easter ministrations.

Richard Watson Gilder writes:

The Lord is risen indeed.
He is here for your love, for your need—
Not in the grave, or the sky,
But here where men live and die;
And true the word that was said:
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

Wherever are tears and sighs,
Wherever are children's eyes,
Where man calls man his brother,
And loves as himself another,
Christ lives. The angels said,
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

1014. Easter Gives the Far Vision.

There is a special advantage, or blessed result, from observance of Easter. It gives the far vision. Easter takes our eyes from the ground and the present task and gives us the joy and blessedness of the far vision.

A woman whose work is largely literary tells of an experience she had with an oculist. Her eyes were troubling her and she asked the doctor if she did not need a new pair of glasses. He replied that it was rest her eyes needed, not new lenses. She assured him that this was an impossible prescription, telling him a little of what she had to do.

After a moment's thought the oculist asked her if she had not some

far-reaching views she might look upon from her windows. She replied enthusiastically that she had—that from her front porch she could see the noble peaks of the Blue Ridge, and from her back window the glories of the Allegheny foothills. "That is just what you want," said the oculist; "when your eyes get tired with your reading or writing, go and stand at your back window or at your front door, and look steadily at your mountains for five minutes—ten will be still better. This far-look will rest your eyes."

That writer found in her oculist's direction not alone rest for eyes, but, as she says, a parable for her daily life. "Soul of mine," she says to herself, "are you tired of the little treadmill of care and worry, the conflict with evil, the struggle after holiness, the narrowing grief of the world—tired of to-day? Then rest your spiritual eyes by getting a far vision. Look up to the beauty of God's holiness. Look out upon the wider life which stretches away illimitably."

There we get our Easter lesson, for it is just such an out-look—such a far-look—that Easter gives. We live in a narrow space in this world. Usually our tread is round and round in a very narrow circle. Life's toils and tasks engross us, so fill our hearts and hands that we have little time for anything else. At least we feel that we have no time for anything else. So we tread our narrow circle. Life's secularities and its struggles for bread keep our backs bent and our faces ever to the earth. Its sins and temptations dim our vision of God and heaven and heavenly things. Yes, our horizon is too narrow; no wonder we become heart-sick and weary. We need to lift up our eyes, and look! It is the far vision that rests us. It is the glimpses we can get of immortality that alone will help and heal and cheer us. And it is just such an outlook Easter gives. It comes around regularly to remind us of the great world that stretches so far away beyond our close horizon. Easter has come to us again. It is here. What for? To tell us anew what we so easily forget—that we are immortal, that our life really has no horizon.

1015. Certainty of Immortality.

"But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept." 1 Cor. 15:20.

Think of some of the reasons for believing in our immortality.

The instinctive and universal feeling. The ruby-throated humming bird is only the humming bird we have in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. He comes from four thousand miles away—from the other side of the Amazon—from Southern Central Brazil. You are familiar with Bryant's poem of the water-fowl. It is noble music:

"Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

"There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost."

In either case the greater bird or the tiny bird trusts its instinct and finds that God has not cheated it; has provided for it a summer home. Is it to be supposed that God, who does not cheat the instinct of migration in the bird, will cheat the instinctive feeling of immortality he has planted in humanity?

Our incompleteness. The longest and even the most successful life in this world is yet an unfinished one. How death blights and stops! Is it supposable that the life which at best

but begins here shall forever remain a fragment?—*Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D.D.*

1016. Easter Morning on Eagle Rock.

The words of Matthew. "As it began to dawn toward the first day of the week," assumed a new significance to the thousands of pilgrims who climbed the hills toward bare Eagle Rock (near Los Angeles, California) last Easter Sunday. Slow-moving, like a vast body of ants, they toiled up, up and still upward, through air laden with the scent of wild sage and thyme in bloom, crushing the blossoming yellow mustard and baby blue-eyes as they sought to gain a footing on the steep paths in the early morning's semi-darkness. High above them, on top of the rock itself, stood a huge cross, outlined by electric lights.

Insensibly the blue-black sky changed to gray and then to violet and rose. Over the hills a shepherd led his flock, as in the days of old in Palestine. Suddenly from the foot of the cross, a bugle call drowned the song of the mocking birds and the meadow larks. From somewhere back in the rocky heights an echo answered. Ten thousand listeners held their breath in awe.

"Arise shine! For thy light is come,
And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee!"

As the quartet of noted singers chanted the words the sun burst forth, paling the electric lights on the cross and bringing into bold relief its lilied whiteness. It seemed very appropriate that just then, in the distance, sweet-toned chimes should throw out into the new day the words of complete assurance:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent Word!"

The Scripture reading with marked fitness was a vivid reminder that "blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed."—*The Continent.*

1017. When Easter Morning Comes.

I have lain in a little boat on the great Atlantic, under the light of a great lighthouse. It was so dark that the great stone tower could not be seen, the rocks on which it was built could not be seen, the shore was invisible. The wind was high, the sea was rough, the scud was flying; but the light shed its beams with cheering radiance to tell us that the harbor was there when day should break. All night it burned. We could not feel lost or desolate or forsaken with its beams on our deck.

At length the wind changed and the sky grew gray, and then pink, and with the sunrise the light went out, day had come. So shines the hope of heaven; immortality guaranteed by the empty sepulcher till morning comes. Hope and faith go out at the coming of the eternal day.—*Maitland Alexander, D.D.*

1018. The Gate of Life.

A poet represents one coming up to a gate on a mountain-side, over which was written the words, "The Gate of Death," but when he touched the gate it opened, and he found himself amid great brightness and beauty; then, turning about, he saw above the gate he entered the words, "The Gate of Life." If we are in Christ, death is abolished, and the point which earth calls the point of death is really the point of life.

1019. The Voice of the Living Christ.

There is not a hair in my head that was on my head when a boy. Not an ounce of blood, or bone, or flesh, not a single muscle or nerve,

not a single particle of matter in that boy's body is in my body to-day. If the body is I, I am not the same fellow. The body of the boy is dead and buried in the vaults of nature. My body has been buried once every seven years. If the body is life I have had several lives.

But we want something less nebulous than analogy. We want to hear the voice of Christ himself sounding forth those blessed words of ringing certainty, which put eternity into our hearts. And because he has spoken them we can declare in the firm tones of an unwavering faith, "I believe in the resurrection of the body; the life everlasting."

1020. Christ the First-Fruits.

Under the Levitical law, when the sickle was put into the ripened grain, the "sheaf of first-fruits" was brought to the priest, who waved it before the Lord. This was done on the morrow after the Sabbath—that is, on our Sabbath day. It was an earnest that the whole sheaf should be reaped. The first sheaf was a promise of other sheaves to follow. Christ is "the first-fruits from the dead." His resurrection is the promise of other resurrections. "Christ the first-fruits, afterward they that are Christ's at His coming." "Because I live, ye shall live also." Those who are Christ's are to rise as He rose; to be with Him where He is; to behold His glory, and to be like Him.

1021. Garden by the Gate.

In one of his poems Phillips Brooks compares Christ to a seed planted in a garden, and suggests that, planted in the garden of our hearts, He will rise as He rose on that far-off Easter morn.

O garden by the city gate
  Where seeds of flowers are sown,
What Seed is this they bring in state
  With grief and sob and moan?

They hide it in the silent ground,
  And sadly turn away,
The dark earth closes it around
  Beneath the closing day.

And there its patient rest it takes,
  With folded life and power,
Till, when the third bright morning breaks,
  Behold, it bursts to flower;...

And make our hearts Thy garden. Bloom
  In them, dear Lord, and be
Their life of life till Life gives room
  To immortality!

1022. The Easter Thought.

An old Norse king sat one night in his hall, when the tempest was roaring and whistling outside. The fire threw its glow far out into the dark recesses of the hall, the brighter for the storm and gloom around. While the king talked to his councillors before the fire, a little bird flew in, and passed over their heads and out at the open window.

"Such," said the king, "is the life of man; out of the darkness into the light, and then lost in the darkness and storm again."

"Yes, your majesty," cried an old courtier; "but the bird has its nest beyond."

And the truth could not be more tenderly told. What the old courtier said of the bird is true of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ. Our nest is beyond—in heaven.—*Rev. James Learmount.*

1023. Easter Inside.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer tells a story of how Mr. Summerville, when in South Africa, spoke through an interpreter to two little Zulu boys. One of them went to hear the preacher; and when he came back to his mistress, and she asked him what he had heard, he said, "Oh, there was a wonderful Man, and the people were very unkind to Him, and He died and went up to heaven; but He came down again, and was like a little child in people's hearts."

Then the lady said: "Well, what did you do?"

The little Zulu boy, with shining face, said: "I opened my heart, and let the little Babe Christ come in; and He came in, and my heart closed over Him, and He is inside."

He went back to his people, that little heathen boy, and he was cruelly ill-treated by them because of his love for Jesus. They tried to get the idea of the Christ-Child out of his head; but they did not succeed. He kept saying, "He is inside, and you cannot get Him out, and you must be very careful not to hurt Him."

I think that is the best way to be sure of the resurrection is to have Jesus as Saviour in your heart. Then you know that He has risen from the dead, because He lives in you.

It is recorded of a certain Spartan in olden times that he tried hard to make a corpse stand; but utterly failing to do so, in spite of every effort, he said: "I see; it wants something within." Now you have what that corpse wanted—life. But I want you to ask God to give you Himself, and then He will breathe into you His own life, and, like Him, you will never die. —*Rev. James Learmount.*

1024. "If Christ Be Not Raised."

If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain.—1 Corinthians 15: 17.

How vain is our faith if the Christ be not risen;
How dark is the tomb if the Lord is still there!
How heavy our burden of grief and transgression,
How deep our despair!

Oh, justified faith in a finished salvation!
Oh, sure resurrection that comforts our woes!
Oh, glorious light in the valley of shadow,—
Because Jesus rose!

—*Annie Johnson Flint.*

1025. God's Resurrection Energy.

Electricity lay around us for ages when we were ignorant of its presence and knew not how to use it. So God's resurrection energy lies around us, waiting for us to avail ourselves of it.—*E. Hovey.*

1026. Science and the Resurrection.

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?" Such was the question of Paul in his day. With the light that comes from the discoveries of modern science, the question may be repeated with emphasis.

The Rev. W. H. Fitchett, D.D., the well-known Australian author, has intimated that the latest discovery of science is what may be called wonders and glories hidden in infinitesimal things. In an address delivered before the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Australia, he said: "I had the pleasure, when in London, of making the acquaintance of Leonard Huxley, the son and biographer of the famous scientist. I reminded him one day of the mysterious energies of radium; how a microscopic speck of radium can pour out a spray of fiery particles —a stream of electrical energy—sufficient to ring a bell for thirty thousand years. I asked him whether that was not a new argument, from the scientific side, for the doctrine of immortality. Is it credible that whoever made the universe which would run through thirty thousand years, would give to the intellect that could measure the force of that radium only three score years and ten? And my friend admitted the logic. There is no answer to it."

Another writer has recently reminded us that the wings of certain moths and butterflies, under a powerful microscope, show forty-two millions of brilliantly tinted scales to the square inch. "But if such largeness of labor, such expenditure of thought, is lavished as if for very pleasure; without effort, on creatures whose glimmer of consciousness lasts but for a summer, what beauty of

body, mind and soul, may not belong to us, who are the final result of the cosmic purpose as related to this earth; us in whom creative wisdom has its delight; us, who, being made a little lower than the angels, are crowned with honor!"

These are statements well worth considering. Possibly, after reading them, we may feel disposed to exclaim: "With God all things are possible."—*Rev. W. T. Hart, D.D.*

1027. In Heaven on a Credit.

Without the resurrection of Christ mankind is indeed eternally doomed. The late Dr. B. H. Carroll, in his expositions of The Four Gospels, in the Interpretation of the English Bible series, pictures the Transfiguration. He hears Moses remind the Lord that his body was buried on Mt. Nebo, and add: "Unless you die, that body will never be raised." He hears Elijah say: "I am in heaven on a credit—the credit is on your promise to pay." Moses and Elijah certainly had a lively personal interest in the subject of that conversation—"his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem." There are thousands of those whom we "have loved long since and lost a while" who are "in heaven on a credit"—and our certainty of both seeing them and joining them is Jesus' glorious fulfillment of his promise to pay.—*Sunday School Times.*

1028. The Big Outcome of The Big Belief.

I was reading the other day a description of what was claimed to be the biggest hole ever made in the ground, bigger than the Panama Canal or the largest coal-mine ever excavated. I don't remember now what it was, and it doesn't matter, because it wasn't true. The biggest hole ever made in the ground was when the stone was rolled away and Jesus came out of Joseph's tomb. It was not so big when Joseph had it made for his own family; but, when the Son of God came out of it, if the Atlantic and Pacific oceans could have been drained dry the same night, their empty beds wouldn't have been a pinprick to the empty grave. Because, don't you see? You and I were in that tomb potentially, and all the rest of creation; and we all came out of it with Jesus Christ, victors over death and the grave.—*Rev. John F. Cowan, D.D.*

1029. Plant Me and See.

"O little bulb, uncouth,
Ragged and rusty brown,
Have you some dew of youth?
Have you a crimson gown?"
"Plant me and see
What I shall be,—
God's fine surprise
Before your eyes!"

"A body wearing out,
A crumbling house of clay,
O, agony of doubt,
And darkness and dismay!
Trust God and see
What I shall be,—
His best surprise,
Before your eyes!"

1030. Inscription on Tomb.

"The inn of a traveller on the way to Jerusalem."—Inscription on the grave of Dean Alford.

XIV. ARBOR DAY.

(Observed in the Spring, Varying in Different States. Day for Planting Trees and Fostering Preservation of Forests.)

1031. A Warning.

There are certain countries and provinces of other lands which were once fertile and prosperous which are now barren and poverty stricken through the loss of their forests, Syria, Dalmatia, and other sections—once garden spots of the Roman Empire, are little else than great stone-piles with here and there a pocket

of soil and a struggling vine or wilted olive tree. China, with all her other resources, has no timber. Her forests were destroyed generations ago. This accounts for her terrible floods and in part for her great famines.

1032. What do We Plant?

What do we plant, when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea.
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the planks to withstand the gales—
The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant, when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors;
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant, when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that daily we see.
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag;
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

—*Henry Abbey.*

1033. Near to Nature's Heart.

As the friends of an author most thoroughly comprehend his writings, so they best understand nature who are closest to nature's God.

1034. Love of Nature.

There are persons, doubtless, who prefer the scenic effects of the stage to the glories of the sunset; the antics of a comedian to the gambols of a squirrel or the flight of a bird. Such persons have a defective sense of relative values, and eyes and ears uneducated to the finer things of life. They must ever look outside of themselves for entertainment, and when their taste becomes jaded with the performances of the stage, they will have no deep resources of their own to draw upon. One of the blessings of a love of nature is that it lasts, and grows by what it feeds upon. Nobody ever gets tired of sunsets, or the flowers, or the changing lights of the ocean, or the varied greens of the trees and the grass.—*W. T. Ellis.*

1035. Beauty in the Miniature.

There is often a beauty in the miniature portrait which the great canvas lacks; and there is a charm about a single flower, or bit of lichen on the tree, which even a lovely landscape may not impart. God is an artist who delights in details. The perfection which he lavishes upon the lowliest of the flowers in the heart of the forest caries its own sermon on work that is not mere eye service.

1036. Sheds Its Skin.

Unlike most trees which shed their leaves when they want to dress up, the eucalyptus holds fast to its fruit and its foliage and sheds its skin. The outer bark comes dropping off in great strips and slabs, and a fresh skin very speedily grows out, making the big tree look as good, if not better, than it would have if it had dropped its pretty green leaves. The Eucalyptus Amygdalina is the giant of the tree world, its towering branches even overtopping those of the great sequoias of the West. It often attains a height of four hundred and eighty feet, with a girth of two hundred feet. The eucalyptus tree grows so rapidly and its wood is so beautiful that it is regarded as one of the most valuable trees.

Grow. Grow tall. Grow straight. Grow for service.—*H.*

1037. Loving the Trees.

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer, wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

So writes Joyce Kilmer, he who died on the battlefields of tree-dead France.

And surely God must have had a joy in making trees; such joy as a poet has in making poems in his small way; and surely God must have wanted to call the attention of the world to his trees and to their spiritual lessons, for so many times in the Book of books He puts it into the hearts of those who speak and write his words down to use trees as figures of speech to make emphatic or tender, or pertinent, some great spiritual truth that he wishes to convey to mankind down through the coming generations.

And so God made his trees not only to be useful to mankind with their food and shade, but he also made them to teach mankind spiritual truths.

The Bible, from beginning to end, is full of trees. The Bible is like a great highway from the beginning of time until the end of Revelation, and all along that great highway from the Atlantic Coast of Genesis and the Creation, to the Pacific Coast of the Book of Revelation the great highway runs, and along its sides, shading the humanity that walks its myriad way, feeding and comforting, are trees; trees of every kind.—*Rev. W. L. Stidger.*

1038. The Cow Tree.

The cow tree of the far East is one of those strange freaks of nature that form one of man's greatest blessings in a dry and desert land. It is neither large nor pretty, but very useful for a thirst-parched traveler, for by piercing the thick stem he can obtain a fluid that very much resembles milk.

Be a tree of life to others.—*H.*

1039. Voices of Nature.

God speaks with many tongues. Every language used by man is also his speech. So is the song of the birds, the ripple of the waters, the soughing of the trees, the music of the spheres. So rich and varied is the message of God to the human soul that all the varied voices of nature are needed to convey even a measure of its fulness.—*W. T. Ellis.*

1040. A Handy Tree.

Did you ever hear of a thread-and-needle tree? It must be rather a handy tree to have growing in the back yard, especially when there are boys in the house with buttons coming off about every other minute.

This strange tree grows in nearly all tropical countries, and in some places nearer home where the climate is warm. It gets its name by which we know it from the curious formation of its leaves. At the tip of the leaf there is a sharp thorn, which is the needle. If you grasp it firmly and pull it out, there you are with a needle already threaded for your sewing. This fiber thread is very strong and the Mexicans use it for weaving a coarse kind of cloth, as well as for sewing.

The leaves of the tree they use for roofing their houses, instead of tiles, and a fine roof it makes them, strong and waterproof—just the sort of roof they need when the rain comes down in sheets.

1041. The Explosion of a Flower.

Sometimes the floral spathe of a great palm tree will fly open with a sound like a detonation in a mine. Such an event occurred in the botanical garden in Algiers recently. The spathe, nearly three feet long, was projected to a great distance and for some moments the head of the palm tree was wreathed with golden dust formed of the debris of the flower. The sun's heat had roasted the flower to the color of rust. The director of the garden explained the explosion as being due to a fermentation in the flower caused by

the extraordinary dryness of the air. A violent sirocco had just passed.

1042. Luminous Plants.

Several species of moss—a lily, a poppy, and a nasturtium—are luminous at night.

1043. Plant a Tree.

Give fools their gold and knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubble rise and fall;
Who sows a field or trains a flower
Or plants a tree is more than all.
—*Whittier.*

1044. Some Queer Trees.

Among the curiosities of tree life is the sofar, or whistling tree, of Nubia. When the winds blow over this tree it gives out flutelike sounds, playing away to the wilderness for hours at a time strange weird melodies. It is the spirits of the dead singing among the branches, the natives say, but the white man says that the sounds are due to a myriad of small holes which an insect bores in the spine of the branches.

The weeping tree of the Canary islands is another arboreal freak. This tree in the driest weather will rain down showers from its leaves, and the natives gather up the water from the pool formed at the foot of the trunk and find it fresh and pure. The tree exudes the water from innumerable pores situated at the base of the leaves.

1045. A Tree That Grows Paper.

The dagger palm which grows in Jamaica, and reaches a height of eight or ten feet, is remarkable for the fact that it has paper growing on its leaves. The outer leaves are of no use; only those from the heart of the palm yield paper, which is a fine smooth substance, something like tissue, and which can be written on. Each leaf gives a separate piece of paper from seven to nine inches long and from two to three inches wide, according to the size of the palm. The paper is used for making hats, photograph frames, flowers and feathers.

1046. The Banana Tree.

The banana tree is a wonderful thing. Every part of it serves some good use. The long leaves work up into fine excelsior. The juice, being rich in tannin, furnishes a fine indelible ink and a good shoe polish. The stems yield a first-class quality of hemp, from which can be made lace handkerchiefs, cords and rope, to say nothing of mats and brushes. The oil is used for gilding. Banana flour, of nutritious quality, is made by grinding the dried fruit. In fact, it is said that the natives of Jamaica could scarcely exist without the banana tree.

1047. God of the Open Air.

These are the things I prize
And hold of dearest worth:
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills,
Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
Shadows of cloud that swiftly pass,
And after showers,
The smell of flowers
And of the good, brown earth—
And best of all, along the way, friendship and mirth.
So let me keep
These treasures of the humble heart
In true possession, owning them by love;
And when at last I can no longer move
Among them freely, but must part
From the green fields and waters clear,
Let me not creep
Into some darkened room and hide
From all that makes the world so bright and dear;
But throw the windows wide
To welcome in the light;
And while I clasp a well-beloved hand,
Let me once more have sight
Of the deep sky and the far-smiling land—
Then gently fall on sleep,
And breathe my body back to nature's care,
My spirit out to Thee, God of the open air.
—*Henry van Dyke.*

1048. The Greedy Tree.

A tree that seems to suffer very much from greediness is the matapolo. This very genuine freak of nature thrives in Guatemala, where it is said the soil is so rich that vegetation will grow one-half inch in twenty-four hours, and that in eighteen

months a banana tree will attain the height of forty feet. In its early life the matapolo begins to grow around another tree, and it goes on growing around its victim until it kills it by absorbing its vitality. This destructive habit caused the matapolo to be known by the natives as "the kill tree."

Let us avoid selfishness, greediness, the self-seeking that kills others in their hopes.—*H.*

1049. The Trees.

The trees lift up their laureled heads,
With joy they clap their hands,
And murmur praise and thanks to Him
Who rules the sea and lands.

God thought a blessing out for man,
His thought became a tree,
In season yielding wholesome fruits,
Till all God's bounty see.

By millions, give them root and air
For birds and beast and man,
Till they are growing everywhere
By the Creator's plan.

In all the highways plant the trees,
In lanes and acres broad,
That through thy kindness men be moved
To give thanks unto God.

—*Z. I. Davis,*

1050. Loving Trees; Loving Life.

Trees have been a favorite theme of poets. Roderick Dhu writes of the evergreen pine; Grey, in his "Elegy," of the yew tree's shade and of the rugged elm; Bryant of the apple tree; Longfellow of the birch and the cedar in his "Evangeline," and Bayard Taylor of the palm tree.

Samuel Walter Foss says of the tree:

"Who loves a tree he loves the life
That springs in star and clod;
He loves the love that gilds the clouds
And greens the April sod,
He loves the wide beneficence,
His soul takes hold on God."

—*Rev. E. W. Caswell.*

1051. Plant a Tree.

"Jock, when ye hae naethin' else to do ye may aye stickin' in a tree; it will be growin', Jock, when ye're sleepin'," said the old laird in "The Heart of Midlothian," and this advice is just as good to-day for every citizen who has access to a bit of ground.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

1052. Lesson From a Tree.

There is a singular tree in Cuba—the yaguey tree—that affords a striking illustration of the progress and fatality of sin. This tree begins to grow at the top or midway of another tree. The seed is carried by a bird, or wafted by the wind, and, falling into some moist, branching part, takes root and speedily begins to grow. It sends along a kind of thin string-like root down the body of the tree that is occupied, which is soon followed by others. In course of time these rootlings strike the ground, and growth immediately commences upward. New rootlings continue to be formed and get strength, until the one tree grows as a net with the other inside. The outside one surrounds and presses the inner, like a huge girdle of snakes, strangling its life and augmenting its own power. At last the tree within is killed, and the parasite that has taken possession becomes itself a tree. What a picture of the enslaving and fatal power of sin as it attaches itself to a man, and with his consent is allowed! It may have a small beginning, but soon binds him as with cords, gains increasing mastery, and presses upon his very life. He is held in fetters by its powers, till at last the tyrant overcomes the victim and triumphs over its prey.—*Reformed Church Messenger.*

1053. Need of Sunshine.

In some places flowers will not grow because they do not get sun enough. Does this not suggest the dangers of overcrowding in cities?

1054. Good Seeds and Good Deeds.

The seeds of some trees are extremely small. They are adapted to transportation by wind and water.

Every spring, for instance, along our northern streams the air is filled with flying seeds of poplars and of willows. The seeds of the pine, the maple, the birch, the elm, are likewise so distributed. In time of storm the winds will often carry such seeds to distances almost unlimited. On the other hand, the seeds of some most common species are carried by the birds and dropped to come up in unexpected places. Such are the seeds of the barberry, red cedar, and even of the oak, surprising to relate. A bluejay has been known to carry the acorns of a bur oak to a distance of three miles, dropping the nuts all the way along at various intervals. It is therefore not difficult to see that even the most surprising cases of the upspringing of forests may yet be explained by references to the ordinary sequence of seed and shoot.

And good deeds may be small, but they multiply and grow and fill the earth with blessing.—*H.*

1055. The Legend of a Flower.

There is a beautiful legend that long ago when nature's great loom had ceased its spinning and the flowers blossomed, each one was assigned by the Creator its place to live and grow. Bands of buttercups trooped in yellow waves to the meadows, the silent lily's pallid cheek was pressed close to the heaving breast of the water. Everywhere bright-winged flowers took up their stations on the waiting earth—everywhere except on the lonely hills. Then he who named their places asked softly, "Who will be content to dwell in these barren spots?" A shy, unheeded blossom answered, "Where'er thou sendest me I will abide." Then said the Creator "Thy race shall be forever blessed, because thou art content with a lowly place." And still on the tiny, coral-tinted flower that blessing abides. Every spring many people eagerly search the hillsides for the fragrant blossoms of the humble little trailing arbutus.

1056. A Useful Tree.

When you put on a pair of overshoes or look at a rubber tire do you ever think of the rubber tree which gives its sap for these useful articles?

In Mexico the rubber tree once grew wild in great forests of rubber trees. About a hundred years ago, it is said, the Spanish government sent a man to Mexico to study its vegetable productions, and he discovered how valuable is the juice, sap or milk of the rubber tree, whichever you wish to call it. The natives soon learned its value, and they used up the tree, as we have used up our forests, and did not think of the time when there would be no more wild trees to furnish the rubber sap. Recently some men have bought land and planted rubber trees.

In the cultivated forests of rubber trees the trees are planted to grow in regular order, and the young shoots are cut down or transplanted. The method of gathering the sap is not unlike our method of gathering maple sap, and before the rubber sap is ready for market it must be boiled as our sap is, to get rid of the water, and pressed into cakes. Then the cakes are packed into bags and shipped to manufacture the many things into which rubber enters. The milk or sap of the rubber tree is white.

Let the rubber tree teach us Arbor Day lessons. One lesson: Grow. Another: Be useful. Be full of sap. —*H.*

1057. Church Neglecters Not Worshipers.

"The groves were God's first temples," but not as his latest nor his best. When a woman gave the common, flippant excuse for not going

to church, "I worship God in nature," a friend shrewdly asked, "What do you do when it rains?" It is common sense and not narrow dogmatism which says that on the Lord's day golf links do not link an immortal soul to its Creator; and tennis courts are no substitute for the courts of the Most High; and the fields are not the "green pastures" of the psalmist; nor the fishing streams "the still waters." There is much talk of keeping the Sabbath out of doors that is disingenuous pretense. They who would worship God in the prescribed way on God's day should be found in God's house with God's people.—*W. T. Ellis.*

1058. Out in the Fields with God.

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields, above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may pass,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the rustling of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

—*Author unknown.*

1059. The Banyan Tree.

The banyan tree is a forest king that has a flourishing family growing all about it. This tree does not plant seeds, but sends out vigorous roots from its branches. They go rapidly down to the earth, plunge in, and are soon stout trunks, whose branches are in their turn sending forth roots. These queer trees will go on adding to their parent's stem until one tree will be, in reality, a small forest with vast walks and dells all under one spreading shelter. Let us try to multiply ourselves in good and in doing good.—*H.*

1060. The Legend of the Mignonette.

Once upon a time there lived a king and queen who had a daughter who was the most beautiful princess ever seen. She was so amiable and good that people forgot how beautiful she was and spoke only of her goodness. She had long, golden curls; but when the maid combed them and the fine hair became tangled, the princess never cried nor became cross. When the king and queen had to go on long trips, the princess did not cry nor pout to go with them. She was so lovely and good that the queen of the fairies heard of her and determined to reward her. So she went to the palace and entered the presence of the princess.

"I have come to tell you," said the fairy, "that I have heard of your beauty and kindness and have come to reward you. Here are three wishes. Choose which of the three you want, and it shall be yours, always. First, you may be a bird, to go from one end of the earth to the other with no one to say nay or interfere. Second, you may be a butterfly, with no care in the world, only to be gay and happy and beautiful and to charm those who wish to be happy during a summer day. Third, you may be a flower whose sweet perfume will cheer those who are unhappy, soothe them when they are ill, and be a cheerful companion always."

Then the princess said: "If I were a bird, I might fly too far from my home and friends and forget to return, so I will not be a bird. If I were a butterfly I might think more of my pleasure than of my duty, and my beauty might cause me to be vain. So I will be the flower to help and comfort those who may be in need." Then the fairy queen

waved her wand, and the princess became the flower mignonette.

1061. The Time for Planting.

Every tree has a time for planting. As a matter of fact trees may be moved at any time, but it is much safer and much more convenient to handle them when the leaves are off. In fall or early spring the bark adheres more tightly and is therefore not so liable to injury. The tree is resting. Here, however, is an elm transplanted in August growing well, but undoubtedly retarded by the change. Probably, all things considered, the spring is the best omened season for the planting of trees.

Every good grace of character has a time for planting. The best time is in the springtime of life.—*H.*

1062. Industrious Nature.

For walnuts, oaks, hickories, chestnuts, the only fortunate method, or at least the surest method, is to plant the seeds where you wish the trees. Would you learn how nature plants such seeds? Visit the forests in early autumn, and you may easily discover. She throws her walnuts to the groud with the falling leaves. These cover the seeds, but by no means deeply. The soft husks rot away, and the frosts of winter freeze the hard nuts through and through, spreading but not loosening a seam that fast binds the two halves together. The thawing of spring completes the work, sets free the halves of the otherwise impierceable shell and permits the emergence of the imprisoned shoot. The husk probably still holds enough to keep everything yet together until possibly a spring freshet dashing by over the alluvial bed where the parent walnut stands bears the germinating nut away to leave it buried farther down in some bank of different sand. Here the young tree makes a start in life. sends up a slender stem, sends down a long stout root, to stay waiting the demands of the upper world when these shall come, as come at length they will, from spreading branch and leaf. Perchance there is no freshet to carry the nut down the stream. Possibly a hungry squirrel carries it in the opposite direction, only to leave it forgotten at the last in some hollow stump or by some rotting log. No matter. The process is just the same. So nature plants a walnut.

How industrious and provident and wise is Dame Nature in her operations? How many the lessons she may teach us!—*H.*

1063. My Garden.

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
  Rose plot,
  Fringed pool,
Fern'd grot—

  The veriest school
  Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
  Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.
—*Thomas Edward Brown.*

1064. Indian Legend of the Maple.

The maple has so many legends that one of them at least deserves mention. Hiawatha is said, among other things, to have given maple sugar to the people, though this is disputed by others, who say a lazy squaw, to avoid getting water used the syrup to cook in, and so discovered a new confection which must not be taken as an excuse for laziness however. But Hiawatha's exploits were many: he gave thorns to the roses because he loved them, to prevent animals from molesting them; he stole the first tobacco from a giant, and the smoke of it, as he blows it about, makes the haze of Indian summer. The blood from sundry cuts in his flesh flowed to stain the red

willows, and the blisters from his sun-burned back became lichens on trees and rocks.—*E. Young.*

1065. The "Angry Tree."

In Idaho there exists a species of the acacia tree which is entitled to be classed as one of the wonders of plant life. This tree attains a height of about eight feet. When full grown it closes its leaves together in coils each day at sunset, and curls its twigs to the shape of pigtails.

When the tree has thus settled itself for its night's sleep, it is said that if touched it will flutter as if agitated or impatient at the disturbance. The oftener, it is averred, the foliage is molested, the more violent will become the shaking of the branches. Finally, it is alleged, if the shaking be continued, the tree will at length emit a nauseating odor quite sufficient to induce a headache in the case of the person disturbing the tree.

In Idaho it is called the "angry tree," and it is said it was discovered by men who, on making a camp for the night, placed one end of a canvas covering over one of the sensitive bushes, using it for a support. Immediately the tree began to jerk its branches sharply. The motion continued with increasing "nervousness" until at last came a sickening odor that drove the tired campers to a more friendly location.

Curiosity prompted an investigation. One of the "angry trees" was dug up and thrown to one side. Immediately upon removing it from the ground it is said that the tree opened its leaves, its twigs lost their pigtails, and for something over an hour and a half the outraged branches showed their indignation by a series of quakings which grew weaker and weaker, and ceased when the foliage had become limp and withered.

1066. Legend of the Dandelion.

The dandelion about whose youthful gold so many pretty legends have been woven, has inspired a charming Algonquin tale of the love of the south wind for the flower which is the symbol of the sun. Shawondassee, the south wind, likes to lie in the shadow of live oaks and magnolias, inhaling the ferfume of the blossoms, so that when he breathes you can perceive the odor.

One day he saw in the distance a girl—a slender girl, with yellow hair. Day after day he looked, and still she stood in the bright prairie. But one morning, alas! when he looked again the maid was gone, and in her place stood a faded woman whose crown of gold had changed into grey. "Ah," said Shawondassee, "my brother, the North Wind, has been here during the night. He has put his cruel hand upon her head and whitened it with frost." And he sighed, so that the white hair fell from her as down, and she was gone. Others like her come every spring, but the South Wind still sighs for the girl he first saw with the yellow hair.

1067. Be Sweet.

An old legend tells of the corn and lily which once found themselves growing side by side. "One cannot earn a living by just being sweet," said the corn to the lily. The lily's only reply was a smile. Soon after Jesus passed by and they both heard him say to his disciples: "Children, the life is more than meat. Consider the lilies, how beautiful they grow." It takes no argument to prove that God loves the beautiful, or that he has planted within human hearts a love for the beautiful. The question for us to consider is this, "Is my life taking on the beauty that God designs it should?"—*Record of Christian Work.*

1068. Love of Nature.

A friend has bought a farm where his family spends the summers, and this farm is the recreation and pleasure of the whole household. Every yard of soil, every big rock, every tree, and hundreds of the individual plants are known to these lovers of nature. They are ever putting in a new laurel here, a new fern there; an orchard at this point, a vineyard at that. This great tree is trimmed, to afford more sun to its neighbor; those few pines are cut away in order to make a vista up to the tennis court. The children call attention to the music of the brook as if it were a new talking machine. The whistling of the partridges is talked about as if it were some musical instrument. In a word, the family really enjoy their farm for itself, and they refuse to have it made over into an "estate," with all kinds of artificial improvements about it. Thoughts of God seem easy and natural so close to his handiwork, and it is not strange that this friend gathers congenial spirits every year for a few days of Bible study and spiritual inspiration. In God's school of the out of doors they think His thoughts after Him.—*W. T. Ellis.*

1069. Feaks in Treedom.

One of the freakiest things in a forest is the heath tree. This grows among the mountains near the Equator, and thrives at an elevation of eight or ten thousand feet. Many heath trees are eighty feet in height, and look very much like telegraph-poles dressed up to attend a "tacky party." They have a big bunch of leaves at the tiptop of their crest and at intervals along the bare trunk and thick girdles of moss. These many belts are of every known color and the effect is decidedly startling, for the trees seem to have decked themselves in gay calico scraps from some grandmother's piece-bag.

The bottle tree of Australia is the heath tree's equal in peculiarity of shape. A bottle tree is about sixty feet high, with branches jutting out near the top. Just below the branches the trunk swells out in a most astonishing fashion, often reaching a circumference of thirty-five feet, and giving the tree the appearance of a very fat jug. This tree is always found in the company of five or six others of its own kind, and the first time a traveler sees one of these family groups he is astonished beyond expression to find several monster bottles there in the depths of the forest, each with a big bunch of thickly leaved branches growing out of its cork.—*H. M. Hobson.*

1070. Indian Legend of Maize or Corn.

The maize or Indian corn was commonly believed by the American Indian to be of divine origin, and the food of the Great Spirit who created the earth. Two legends of the Iroquois tell another story, both abounding in graceful imagery. One is that a chief, having climbed a mountain where he might be alone with the Great Spirit, begged for different food for his people, for they wearied of meat and berries, and longed for the food of the gods. The Great Spirit bade him go to the plains with his wife and children in the moon of rains, and wait for three suns. This the chief did, and while waiting fell asleep. When the rest of the tribe came to seek them they had all changed to corn. The prayer had been answered. The other tells how a brave, for love of a beautiful maiden, slept in the wood near her wigwam, to guard her from marauders or dangers of the night. One summer eve he was awakened by soft footfalls leaving her lodge, and

springing up he saw that she was walking in her sleep. He followed, but the faster he pursued the faster she ran, till at last in a field he overtook her and clasped her in his arms. It was another version of Daphne and Apollo—for to his astonishment it was a plant and not a girl he held—a plant he had never seen before—(though not a laurel)—tall and graceful, with leaves as long as the pampa grass. The fright of waking far from home in the grasp of a brave, had caused the maiden to pray that she might be changed into a plant; and her hair became the silk and her lifted hands the ears that now are eaten.—*E. Y.*

1071. The Sun of Righteousness.

Some one has caught this beautiful message from the trees and flowers. As the natural sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the whole world, so the Sun of Righteousness shines not for a favored few, but for the world of human hearts. As the lonely pine on the mountain side looks up to the sun and cries, "Thou art my sun," and the little meadow violet looks up and whispers, "Thou art my sun." and each field of grass and grain upon a thousand hills looks up and softly breathes, "Thou art my sun," so the high and low, the rich and poor, the Caucasian and African can look up to the Sun of Righteousness and say, "Thou art my Father."—*Record of Christian Work.*

1072. Without Trees a Ruin.

Forestry is the name for planting the right kind of trees in the right time and place, taking care of them when they are planted and where they have grown naturally. Forestry is a great, necessary and noble trade. Without trees our country would be ruin.

A great deal of excellent work can be done by the boys and girls in planting trees where they are needed and will be useful, and quite a great work can be done by taking care of trees already growing. A care that is very much neglected, especially about our homes, is in seeing to it that trees do not misshape and hurt one another by standing too close.—*Charles McIlvaine.*

1073. Trees as Friends.

Everybody loves a tree. Trees are to us more like good friends and pleasant companions than any other growths from the earth. We remember them, talk of them kindly, and, oh, what precious memories we have of some of them! We have our favorites among trees as we have among flowers. There is something noble, generous, about trees. They are always giving.

We read of the history of trees as we do of men and women. They are often a part of the history of a country.

1074. Forest Preservation.

"Preservin' de trees would be easy," said Uncle Eben, "if ev'rybody had de same hesitatin' feelin' toward a woodpile dat I always 'speriences." No doubt Uncle Eben was lazy and laziness is no grace. But he had hold of one proper idea at least, that there is a duty we owe in the way of forest preservation.

1075. The Season's Loves.

Who loves the trees best?
"I," said the Spring.
Their leaves so beautiful
To them I bring."
Who loves the trees best?
"I," Summer said.
"I give them blossoms,
White, yellow, red."

Who loves the trees best?
"I," said the Fall.
"I give luscious fruits,
Bright tints to all."
Who loves the trees best?
"I love them best,"
Harsh Winter answered,
"I give them rest."

—Unidentified.

1076. Lightning's Favorites.

The lightning seems to have its favorite victims among trees, writes John Burroughs, in the *Century Magazine*. I never have known it to strike a beech tree. Hemlocks and pines are its favorites in my woods. In other regions the oak and the ash receive its attention. An oak on my father's farm was struck twice in the course of many years, the last bolt proving fatal. The hard, or sugar maple, is frequently struck, but only in one instance have I known the tree to be injured. In this case a huge tree was simply demolished. Usually the bolt comes down on the outside of the tree, making a mark as if a knife had clipped off the outer surfaces of the bark, revealing the reddish-yellow interior. But a few summers ago an usually large and solid sugar maple in my neighbor's woods received a charge that simply reduced it to stove wood. Such a scene of utter destruction I have never before witnessed in the woods. The tree was blown to pieces as if it had been filled with dynamite. Over a radius of 50 or more feet the fragments of the huge trunk lay scattered. It was as if the bolt, baffled so long by the rough coat of mail of the maple, had at last penetrated it and had taken full satisfaction. The explosive force probably came from the instantaneous vaporization of the sap of the tree by the bolt.

1077. Trees That Bear Soap.

Besides the trees that bear fruits there are those which produce gums for medicinal and industrial purposes, such as rubber. There are some that produce nuts for food. There are some trees whose sap is sugar. The latest thing in the tree line in this country is one whose nuts yield soap. It is a native of China. Bars of laundry soap do not grow on the branches, but if the hull be shredded and used with water it will produce a perfect lather which some authorities state has a cleansing quality superior to many of the manufactured soaps. The extract's efficiency as a foam-producer makes it useful as an ingredient in carbonated beverages; the kernel yields an oil that can be used for cooking and as a substitute for olive oil. There is this reference to the use of soap in the olden times: "For he is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap." (Mal. 3:2.)

1078. The Murdered Trees of France.

We needs must think of the murdered trees of France, says the *Red Cross Bulletin,* when we look at our own blossoming orchards and the green gold of our forests smiling in the sunshine. Thankful, indeed, are we that the sacred temples of America's quiet woods have been spared the desecration of the destroyer.

Not satisfied with terrifying the defenseless civilians, burning cities, carrying off grain and cattle, the Germans wreaked their spite on the trees of Northern France. Woodland and orchard were laid low. Proud trees that stood sentinel along the white French roads—cherry, pear, peach and plum, whose delicate blossoms filled the spring with perfume, whose ripening fruit laughed in the sunshine, were cut down ruthlessly and left prostrate where they fell, or were injured sufficiently to insure slow though certain death. The first national nursery was established at "Petit Trianon" for the cultivation of plants and trees for the restoration of the devastated region, and nurseries have since been established throughout interior France that have furnished many thousands of trees and saplings that have been and are being transplanted through the

northern departments, replacing those that have fallen.

1079. Straight Trees.

The superintendent was reviewing the lesson, and was telling of the opportunity of service offered by the church. He had lived in northern Michigan in his youth, and remembered the great pine forests, seemingly endless, beautiful and challenging. "When men seek a perfectly straight tree," he said "they always find it in the heart of the forest. Nearer the edges the trees are not apt to be so perfectly straight. In the thickest of the woods the trees seem to be closer together, pushing straight up to the sky."

"So," said he, "we are held up straighter and stronger right in the heart of the church. Every life helps another. The nearer the outside we stand, the more apt we are to be crooked."

It is worth thinking over, isn't it? The world's life is not so straight as the life of the church. Environment counts. It is not the only factor, nor the biggest; but it cannot be ignored. We are able to do just as much for the world, yet able to live more securely when we accept the sheltering home of the church. We are held to the straight upward growth. We are spurred on by the fellowship of lives about us with similar aims. We stretch upward toward the goal.—*Rev. Ernest B. Allen, D.D.*

1080. Trees or Trifles.

There stand by the doorway of a store in a New York State city what, casually observed, seem to be two lovely little evergreen trees, but which upon closer inspection prove to be nothing other than colored shavings glued to rootless trunks and sapless branches. To make sure that the rains will not loosen the leaves nor the wind blow them away, a fine netting, like unto a woman's hair net, worn for a similar purpose, is carefully placed about them.

If you don't come too close, you will never know it; but what is there to keep the whole world from coming close and seeing?

How is it with you, trees or trifles? "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree," the good Book says. It also tells us that hay and stubble shall burn. If your life needs a netting of fair speech to keep it shapely, and looks better across the street than close at hand, you are only a bunch of painted shavings.—*Rev. Joseph B. Baker.*

1081. Plant a Tree.

Lucy Larcom in her poem "Plant a Tree says:

"He who plants a tree,
He plants love,
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant: Life does the rest."

1082. The Legend of the Olive Tree.

There was once an aged hermit in the Egyptian desert who thought it would be well with him if he had an olive tree near his cave. So he planted a little tree, and, thinking it might want water, he prayed to God for rain: so rain came and watered his olive tree. Then he thought that some warm sun to swell its buds would be advisable, so he prayed, and the sun shone out.

Now the nursling looked feeble, and the old man deemed it would be well for the tree if frost were to come and brace it. He prayed for the frost, and hoar-frost settled that night on bar and beam. Next he believed a hot southerly wind would suit his tree, and after prayer the south wind blew upon his olive tree and—it died.

Some little while after the hermit visited a brother hermit, and lo! by

his cell door stood a flourishing olive tree.

"How came that goodly plant there, brother?" asked the unsuccessful hermit.

"I planted it, and God blessed, and it grew."

"Ah, brother, I, too, planted an olive, and when I thought it wanted water I asked God to give it rain, and the rain came; and when I thought it wanted sun I asked, and the sun shone; and when I deemed it needed strengthening, I prayed and the frost came—God gave me all I demanded for my tree as I saw fit, and yet it is dead."

"And I, brother," replied the other hermit, "I left my tree in God's hands, for he knew what it wanted better than I."

1083. Growing Umbrella Handles.

A curious industry is carried on in a little village named Maule, which is situated near the city of Paris in France. Here are grown trees suitable for use as handles for umbrellas, walking sticks and mountain poles. Nearly five hundred acres are planted with ash, oak, chestnut and maple saplings. One year after planting these saplings are cut off near the root, so as to make them grow several branches, each of which may be used as a handle. The following year different designs are traced with a sharp instrument upon the bark. When the bark is stripped off at the end of the next year these designs are found traced in the wood. After the branches have been cut, they are sent to the manufactures who make them into handles for umbrellas and canes.

1084. Loss From Cutting Trees.

Our reckless cutting away of the forests has destroyed the spongy ground which has been the great reservoirs of water, so that the rain rushes off the uplands into the valleys in great floods. Thus the soil is washed down from the mountains into the valleys, turning the mountain regions into vast gullies and burying the valley's fertile soil.

In addition, the steady water-power of many mills has been destroyed, and they have had to depend upon the more expensive steam.

1085. Our National Forests.

The American people take from their forests every year 22,000,000,000 cubic feet of wood, worth about $1,375,000,000. This would make a board walk a third of a mile wide clear around the earth at the equator.

The French use each year twenty-five cubic feet of lunber for each person; the Germans, forty cubic feet; and we use 250 cubic fet per capita.

We burn up in preventable forest fires from twenty-five to fifty million dollars' worth of timber every year, the fire causing an average annual loss of seventy lives.

Lumbering employs more persons than any other American manufacturing industry—more than 600,000 men in 48,000 saw-mills, and 400,000 more men in making derived wood products.

1086. Willing to Grow in the Shade.

In many of the dry sections of our great West the only vegetation is clustered here and there in little bunches about a lonely mesquite tree. The tree lives in the direst soil. Its shade makes it possible for one or two species of shrubs to endure the heat. Under the tree and shrubs, and sometimes climbing up either, is sometimes found more than one kind of cactus, possibly a large leaved "prickly pear," and sheltered by this same bright flowered grasses and weeds. Unless the grass were willing to grow thus overshadowed there might not be a

blossom in the desert, nor a sprig of grass for cattle or horse.

Can you not make some application of this fact to your life, if others in the social world, or the world of business, or even in church life, overshadow you in your humble position? Be willing to grow in the shade. It is frequently the very best place for development and for service.—*Rev. J. F. Eddins.*

1087. Candles Made From Trees.

There are three kinds of trees from which tallow candles can be made. One is a native of China, and is called by botanists stillingia sebifera. The seeds in its fruit are covered by a waxlike substance used by the natives for making candles.

Another tallow tree grows in the Western Ghauts of India, about 4,000 feet above sea level. The height of the tree, which is an evergreen, is about sixty feet. It is called the valleria indica. Its seeds yield a pale yellowish fat, solid and concrete. By boiling the fruit the fat is easily procurable and is then either made into candles or soap, or it may be burnt in lamps.

A third tree from which tallow candles may be made is the African butter tree, or Shea tree. Its fruit exudes a yellow, greasy juice, which is manipulated in a similar manner to those already described and with equally useful results.

1088. Squandering Tree Resources.

Always men have valued the tree, if not for its appeal to their poetic nature, then because of its faithfulness in supplying the most constant needs of their daily life. There are men who lack the inborn love of the woods, but there are few who can dispense with houses, table, chairs, and the countless other articles that are provided by the trees. There are many who would be deaf to the most eloquent oration on the beauty of trees and their worth as ornaments to our towns and parks and country-places who would wake to attain suddenly if one should mention the high cost of living and show the important bearing that trees have upon that pressing problem. We need not censure these people as being prosaic and mercenary. They are looking at only one side of the matter, and a side that is at least as important as the other. In this case, at least, the most practical reality and the truest poetry need have no quarrel together.

But we are just now awakening to the fact that from both points of view man's share in the friendship with trees has been a very short-sighted one. If any of us should spend a year's wages in a single month, he would expect to go poor the other eleven. This is somewhat the way that our nation has been squandering the services of the trees, except that a man's life is so short compared to a tree's that those who spend and those who go without belong to different generations.—*Ethelbert Rose.*

1089. Get Acquainted With Trees.

A noted botanist was walking through a park with a young lady of the "gushing" type. He pointed out to her some of the fine trees in the neighborhood.

Professing great interest, the damsel cried: "How the noble aspect of beautiful trees stirs up the emotions of the soul!"

Then, patting a great, rough trunk, she went on: "You superb oak, what would you say if you could talk?"

The botanist smiled.

"I believe I can be his interpreter," he murmured gently. "He would probably say: 'I beg pardon, madam; I am a beech.'"

1090. Trees Teaching.

It is a peculiarity of the scrub oak that its tough, leathery leaves do not

fall off in the autumn, but may be seen withered, curled up, and clinging to the boughs all through the winter, and they cannot be torn away even by the boisterous winds of March. But when the sap begins to flow in the spring the new leafbud emerges from its hiding place and pushes off the old leaf. It is so with our old sinful habits. We do not succeed in tearing them off from us by strong resolutions. It is only when there is a new life within that, by virtue of the activities of the Christian life, we slough off the old evil habits.—*Edward Judson.*

1091. Forests and River Flow.

Our rivers are dependent for their uniform flow upon the shade and roots and underbrush and peculiar soil of the forests. Where there are no forests the streams are either a dry bed or a raging torrent. Shade has much to do with it, but not all. The spring thaws melt the snows in one week on a bare hillside, which would not be entirely liquified in six weeks in the dense woods. But the top layer of forest soil, which is known as "humus," has still more to do with it —and this humus is operative at every season of the year. It is composed of leaf-mold and moss and other vegetable matter. It soaks up the rain as a sponge and delivers it up slowly—thus becoming a prennial feeder to the springs and little rivulets. But without woods there is neither humus nor shade and as the process of deforestation goes on the process of flood and drought is emphasized.

The cause, in fact, operates in two opposite ways. Deforestation washes the soil from the highlands and covers the low lands with standing water. It creates an awful barren on the one hand and a dismal swamp on the other.—*Rev. David R. Breed, D.D.*

1092. The Prunning of Trees.

The prunning of trees in this country seems to be nearly everywhere a matter of purest impusle. There is certainly no intelligence about it. Our trees on lawns, by the highway, in the parks and cemeteries, are everywhere subject to most barbarous usage. For all sorts of trees pruning is deferred until the tree is old, when the owner or street commissioner or the telephone company suddenly awakens to the fact that the tree needs pruning, when forthwith a man with ladder and axe appears and proceeds to hew off the already far developed limbs. No illustration is needed here to bring to mind vividly the results of such amputation. In every town, along every highway, one may see examples of such amputation. All winter long the mutilated trunks of our trees stand like decapitated criminals. In spring all generous nature attempts to cover up the deformity. New shoots appear in numbers around the severed trunk or branch, and in time we may have once more a somewhat ubbrageous top. But the tree is ruined. In the first place, its symmetry is destroyed. It can never again exhibit the graceful proportions characteristic of the species it represents. In the second place, the exposed wood, whether the lopping was done by axe or saw, soon rots. Decay, like swift disease, invades the center of the trunk and in a few years leaves naught; but a wretched shell.

The pruning process in growing character is always a delicate one. One thing is sure, if pruning must be done it ought not to be left till late in life. But too much pruning will ruin the symmetry of character.

1093. Trees Well Rooted.

Every healthy tree has as much root as top. That gives stability when storms come. Some of us would withstand temptations and discouragements better if we were rooted in the Word of God. After a recent heavy gale

we saw hundreds of telephone-poles blown down, but scarcely a tree.

1094. God In the Fields.

He who loves beauty in the world God made is, so far, in sympathy with God. Whether he be an artist, waiting on the suggestions of tree and cloud, high peak and level meadow, for the picture he hopes to make; a student of the sciences, seeking to draw nearer to the sources and to follow the processes of life; or a lover of beauty without special aims; in his study or enjoyment he is thinking thoughts of God. For He, inhabitating and transcending the universe that contains and limits us, is the designer and accomplisher upon whose work we wait with some degree of sympathetic understanding.

How, then, shall we deepen enjoyment in the beauty of God's work, if not by deepening and broadening sympathy with Him who is its maker and its life?

The loving child of God should be aware of the presence of his Father everywhere. That is God's wish as well as our opportunity.

1095. Destruction of Forests.

Let us lay to heart the words of the Wise Man who, in Eccl. 5:9, proclaims the primary importance of agriculture when he declares, "The King himself is served by the fields." And let us beware lest the prophecy which Jeremiah uttered against Egypt be fulfilled in us (Ch. 46), "Destruction is come! It is come! For they shall march with an army and come against her with axes. . . They shall cut down her forest, saith Jehovah." No greater physical calamity can befall a people.—*Rev. David R. Breed, D.D.*

1096. Never Discouraged.

After a terrible sweep of a fire in the mountains of the West the whole mountain side is often blackened with a ruin so complete that it would seem as if no living thing could ever appear in that locality again. But beneficent nature sends relief. On the wings of the wind the seeds of the mountain aspen float, and in a year or two the ruin may be almost effaced, at least by aspen saplings, standing so thick sometimes as to be utterly impenetrable. These form a nursing cover for young forms of other species, conifers among the rest and after long years the original forest may possibly resume its sway.

Don't be discouraged by one mistake or misfortune. Try, try again. Recovery is possible in nature and in grace.—*H.*

1097. Temporarily Overshadowed.

If one who passes through a pine forest will observe carefully, he will often find small areas already given to other sorts of trees, and if he will look still more closely he will find often among the pines themselves hundreds of little trees, not pines, temporarily overshadowed and suppressed, which wait only the removal of the existing forest to spring up rapidly and so to produce in a few years the remarkable transformation so often noted.

Don't be discouraged because the good in some people often seems to be suppressed. Give it a chance and it will spring up and grow.—*H.*

1098. The Manner of Planting.

The manner of planting is important. It is pretty certain that most transplanted trees that fail die of drought. They die of drought in transit. The roots are allowed to become dry. Some trees will endure bad treatment in this respect much better than others, but the great majority of the species we use for ornamental or economical planting must be watched if we wish to obtain the best possible results. Many trees

also perish because improperly set out. The laborer gives the already mutilated roots too little room. They are all imprisoned in unfriendly soil or by impenetrable walls of clay. Trees may even drown because the spring rains fill up the hard walled hole in which the roots are set and the water finds no exit. This not infrequently happens in clay soil.

It is true also that the manner of planting truth is important. The seeds of truth may be allowed to become too dry, or the roots may become mutilated or given too little room, or they may be drowned by an over-flood of error. Be careful in planting truth, especially in young minds.—*H.*

1099. Men Not Hot-house Plants.

When the larches were introduced into England from southern Europe, the gardeners took it for granted that they needed warmth to cause them to grow; so they were placed in the hot-houses, and at once began to wither and droop. The gardners became disgusted, and threw them out-of-doors. They at once began to grow, and became trees of great beauty. So it ofttimes becomes necessary for Christ to throw us out-of-doors into the cold of reverses, disappointments, sorrow, and pain, that our Christian characters may be developed.—*C. W. Bibb.*

1100. Turning Sawdust to Account.

It is a fact known to few that more than 20,000 tons of wood flour, valued at $300,000, are used annually in the United States in two widely different industries, the manufacture of dynamite and the manufacture of inlaid linoleum.

Wood flour is also used in making composition flooring, oatmeal paper, and in several other industries. It forms one of the means by which the huge waste product of our lumber mills is beginning to find some better means of disposal than the burner, since a total of 36,000,000 cords of such waste is produced each year at saw mills in the United States, of which about one-half goes into the furnaces as fuel while the rest is burned as refuse to dispose of it, there is no lack of raw material for industries which can develop ways of turning this waste to account.—*Review of Reviews.*

1101. Bloom For God.

It takes a thousand buds to make one American Beauty rose, consequently nine hundred and ninety-nine of them must be suppressed. Think of this, dear one, when billows of trouble overwhelm you and God seems to have hidden His face. He has in view the height to which He intends to carry the culture of your soul. He has in mind a work which your loftiest ambition has never even thought of. He wants some heroes and leaders for His work, men and women that can stand pruning and transplanting, and He may want you. Then think of the American Beauty and bloom out for God.—*Record of Christian Work.*

1102. Telltales.

Pussy-willow had a secret
  That the snowdrops whispered her,
And she purred it to the South Wind,
  While it stroked her velvet fur.
And the South Wind hummed it softly
  To the busy honey-bees,
And they buzzed it to the blossoms
  On the scarlet maple-trees
And these dropped it to the wood-brooks,
  Brimming full of melted snow,
And the brooks told Robin Redbreast,
  As they chattered to and fro;
Little Robin could not keep it,
  So he sang it loud and clear
To the sleepy fields and meadows,
  "Wake up! Cheer up! Spring is here!"

XV. ASCENSION DAY

(Fortieth Day After Easter.)

1103. The Ascended Christ Intercedes.

Once, I suddenly opened the door of my mother's room, and saw her on her knees beside her chair, and heard her speak my name in prayer. I quickly and quietly withdrew, with a feeling of awe and reverence in my heart. Soon I went away from home to school, then to college, then into life's sterner duties. But I never forgot that one glimpse of my mother at prayer, nor the one word—my name—which I heard her utter. Well did I know that what I had seen that day was but a glimpse of what was going on every day in that sacred closet of prayer, and the consciousness strengthened me a thousand times in duty, in danger, and in struggle. When death came, at length, and sealed those lips, the sorest sense of loss that I felt was the knowledge that no more would my mother be praying for me. In John 17 we hear Christ praying for us—just once, a few sentences; but we know that this is only a sample of the intercession for us that goes on forever. Nothing shall interrupt this pleading, for he ever liveth to intercede.—*J. R. Miller, D.D.*

1104. "Even As He Said."

During the recent war, after a German attack, an American boy who came back to our lines discovered that his "pal," with who he had fought side by side, was missing; he immediately asked permission to go back over the field and get him. His officer advised him not to go, and said: "If you do, it will not be worth while. Go at your risk, but it will cost you your life." The boy went out, found his friend badly hurt, and brought him back near our line, but at that point the wounded soldier died. The rescuer himself was then shot. Dying, he crawled back within the line. The officer, leaning over him just before he died, said: "I told you you would lose your life. Was it worth while?" "Yes sir," replied the dying soldier. "He said he knew I would come." The Master said He would rise again, and He kept His word. The Master says He will come again and He will surely keep that word, too.

1105. Ascended Conqueror.

Christ ascended to heaven and led captivity captive; but only that through His victory He might make us also conquerors by His descending power.

Christ ascended to heaven and received gifts, not for His own enrichment but that He might bestow them upon us in the descending blessing.

Christ ascended to heaven that He might carry on His continual work of intercession; but only that its results might be felt in their descent to the earth.

Christ ascended to heaven that He might come into possession of the glorious kingdom; but only that His joy might descend to the hearts of His subjects and remain in them, making their own joy full.

1106. Generous Spaces; Long Vistas.

The ascending Christ preaches to us a gospel of encouragement. These lives we live would lose the cheap and dull and mean appearance they often wear in our own eyes, if we could only now and then unlink them from the associations of time, and link them to the associations of eternity. Any one human life, looked at all by itself, is almost necessarily

insignificant. . . What we need is to have opened to our sight the generous spaces and long vistas of the heavenly country. The ascension does this for us. We see our Elder Brother going up to take possession of His throne, and with something, even though it be ever so little, of His nobility, we are ourselves ennobled as we look.—*W. R. Huntingdon, D.D.*

1107. Still With Us.

The Captain of our salvation has not withdrawn to a safe height, leaving us to fight His battles; but as the first marytr saw Him standing in attitude of eager sympathy and swift help, so He is with all His struggling servants a presence nearer than all others, and never withdrawn from the trustful heart. His name is Immanuel, —God with us,—till the end of the ages, when He will take us from toil to rest, and "so shall we ever be with the Lord," who was "with us" while change and sorrow and conflict pressed us sore.—*Alexander McLaren, D.D.*

1108. Feeling Kinship.

Christ's life here assures us of His kinship with us on earth; His ascension enables us to feel our kinship with Him in heaven. Earth is not more lonely because of His return, but heaven becomes more clearly the home to which our hearts are to turn. He went before in order to welcome us when we are summoned to follow. But for the present struggle of life, also, His ascension has its significance.—*A. W. Kelly.*

1109. Reigning In Heaven.

In one of our villages in North India, a missionary was preaching in a bazaar, and after he had closed a Mohammedan gentleman came up and said: "You must admit we have one thing you have not, and it is better than anything you have." The missionary smiled and treated him as a gentleman and said: "I should be pleased to hear what it is." The Mohammedan gentleman said: "You know when we go to our Mecca we find at least a coffin. But when you Christians go to Jerusalem, which is your Mecca, you find nothing but an empty grave." And the missionary smiled and said: "That is just the difference. Mahomet is dead, Mahomet is in his coffin." And all false systems of religion and philosophy are in their coffins. But Jesus Christ, whose kingdom is to include all nations and kindreds and tribes, is not here; He is risen. And all power in heaven and earth is given unto Him. That is our hope.

1110. The Ever-brightening Hope.

"Yours in the ever-brightening and blessed hope." With these words a ministerial brother closes a brief personal note. The "ever-brightening" gave us an arrest of thought. The "blessed hope of the glorious appearing" of the Saviour whom we love overarches the sky of the believer's future. Blessed is the man to whom it is indeed an "ever-brightening" hope, for this can be said of those only who are "looking for and hastening unto" the glorious coming. It is like the "shining more and more" of the path of the just as it draws nearer "the perfect day."

The "ever-brightening" hope also suggests the darkening sky of the world approaching night. The hope shines out brighter and brighter to the longing watcher, as the background sinks into deeper shadows of the coming tribulation.

Thanks be to God for the hope "that maketh not ashamed"—a hope "sure and steadfast," a hope immortal, unquenchable, a hope ever brightening as the darknses deepens into the night of the last tribulation.

1111. Comfort in a Cloud.

A suffering believer once remarked to a friend: "When I am very low and dark I go to the window, and if I see a heavy cloud I think of those precious words, "A cloud received him out of their sight," and I look up and see the cloud sure enough, and then I think—well, that may be the cloud that hides him. And so you see there is comfort in a cloud."

1112. Preparing a Place.

Jesus went away not only to prepare a place for us, so that it will be ready for us as one by one we go home, but to prepare us for the place, to fit us for heavenly enjoyments and heavenly service. It is quite as essential that we should be prepared for heaven as that heaven should be prepared for us. The same double process is going on with reference to that part of our Father's home in which we may dwell in this life. He is opening doors of opportunity, and preparing a sphere, a place for us on earth, and also preparing us for the sphere He would have us fill, and the work He would have us do.

1113. Fable of Ascension.

The body of Romulus disappeared suddenly, and no remnant of it or of his clothing could be discovered by the most diligent search. One report is that he disappeared from the temple of Vulcan; another that he was holding an assembly outside the city when there was great darkness, fearful thunderings, and a resistless tempest, which terrified and scattered the people. When this had subsided, the people came together again, but Romulus could not be found. It was thence reported by the patricians, that Romulus had been caught up to heaven, and would be to the Romans a propitious god. Thus Romulus became one of the gods of Rome. This was confirmed by the oath of his devoted and famous friend, Julius Proclus, who swore that he met Romulus while traveling on the road, clad in the most dazzling armor. Astonished at the sight, he cried out, "For what misbehaviour of ours, or by what accident, O King, hast thou so untimely left us?" He answered, "It pleased the gods, my good Proclus, that we should dwell with men for a time, and having founded a city which shall be the most powerful and glorious in the world, return to heaven, from whence we came. Farewell, then! Go, tell the Romans that by the exercise of temperance and fortitude they shall attain the highest pitch of human greatness, and I, the god Quirinus, will ever be propitious to you."

1114. Effect of the Ascension.

Note the effect wrought on the disciples by the Ascension of Christ—an effect, you observe, not of sorrow, but of joy. In place of being disheartened by the separation, they were mightily encouraged, and "returned to Jerusalem with great joy: And were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God." Shall we grieve that the Visible Presence is withdrawn, and that there is no longer on earth the mighty and mysterious Personage who put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself and discomfited through dying the enemies of God and man? Not so! There is no reason for sorrow that He quits the earth on the wings of the wind. We could not detain Him below, we would have Him as our Mediator within the veil. This and this only, can secure to us those spiritual assistances through which we ourselves may climb the firmament.—*H. Melvill.*

1115. Beginning and Going On.

"While they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight." Acts 1:9. The account of the ascension of Christ is the con-

necting link between gospel history and Christian church history, between the work of Jesus during His early life and His continued work ever since. It contains the finish of the most important episode of history, the earthly sojourn of God incarnate. It contains the beginning of that sojourn's most transcendent result, the mediatorial and yet-to-be triumphant reign of Jesus.

Christ's life in the world is divided into action and doctrine, the things He did and the things He taught. Luke had written to his friend Theophilus before. But he wants him to know now that the "former treatise" was only about beginnings. The things spoken of were the things Jesus "began to do and teach." His present writing he wishes him to understand as a second volume of the acts of Jesus and a further record of the teachings of Jesus. Well we know to-day that "began" does not stop with any written record. The fountain has become the source of an ever flowing river of grace giving the world an ever widening stream of blessing. The gist of the gospel is that Jesus lives to-day and personally directs His followers.—*L.*

1116. Ascended to Administer.

The continued acts of the ascended Christ are "through the Holy Ghost." He had told His disciples that it was really expedient that He should go away in order that His greater work through the Holy Ghost might begin. Whatever was done, therefore, after Christ's death and resurrection, after He had finished His great work of atonement, was to be regarded in a particular sense as under the influence of the Holy Ghost. Even His parting instructions and commission to the apostles were to be regarded as coming within the department of the peculiar activity of the Holy Spirit. Under these instructions and accompanied by this Spirit the apostles were to go forth and by His aid to convert the world.—*L.*

1117. Christ Gift of Peace.

One reason that Jesus' going away meant peace was because of whom He was to send in His place. Frances Ridley Havergal received an Æolian harp, with a letter of instruction for using it so as to produce music. She read the letter hastily, and tried the harp with her fingers. It made only ordinary music. She read again the instructions, and noted that she must place the harp in the window and let the breezes of God sweep its strings. This she at once did, and sweeter music never floated on the air. The Spirit is God's breath, and if we place the life where He can sweep over it He will bring into life a wondrous harmony and peace.

1118. The King of Glory Ascended.

While Jesus was speaking out there on the Mount of Olives, the farewell moment arrived. Lifting up his hands in blessing and "while they beheld"—that they might have clear proof of his ascension, assurance that there was no deception—he began to rise from the earth and ascend higher and higher until "a cloud received him out of their sight." It is impossible to add to that simple account. It may have been some glorious cloud like that symbol of God, the "fiery, cloudy pillar," or Elijah's "storm chariot," or the bright halo of the transfiguration. But no attempt is made to cause the event to seem dramatic. Seen from the earth side, how quietly done! But seen from the heaven side, what a spectacle it must have been; "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in!"—*L.*

1119. The Creed of Christendom.

"He ascended into heaven," runs the statement in the Creed of Christendom. Home was thither for the Son of God, as it is for the sons of God who, believing in Him, have life through His name. The Forty days after the resurrection were enough to finish the work which He came to do, the establishment of God's Kingdom among men by His life, death and resurrection. Luke is the evangelist as well as the historian of the Ascension.—*Isaac F. Gowen, D.D.*

1120. Charged to Be Discharged.

When Christ told His disciples that they were to be endued with power from on high, He never left the impression that they were to have the power for the sake of having it; power is given for use; preparation is for service. The apostles not only learned work, but they learned the value of working together.—*John F. Cowan, D.D.*

1121. Gazing Into Heaven Must Not Be Prolonged.

The angels at the scene of the ascension said somewhat reprovingly to the heavenward-gazing apostles: "Why stand ye gazing up into heaven?" Even gazing into heaven must not be too prolonged or fixed. At the expostulation of the angels the apostles withdrew their wistful eyes and returned obediently to Jerusalem, no doubt comforting themselves with the thought of his return. They went back not knowing exactly what to do; but content to wait until He should tell them. They go to the upper room, where they had eaten their last passover supper with the Lord. They found the other disciples there. With them they "waited." They waited by prayer, by conference together, by doing necessary duties. The waiting was not sleeping with folded hands. It was alert and obedient. We know the blessing they received. Mere gazing up to heaven will do nothing for us; but prayer in the upper chamber will do everything. Now we are to work and wait knowing that our Saviour is exalted at God's right hand and is controlling all things in His kingdom for the good of mankind and His own ultimate glory.—*H.*

1122. Our Intercessor Now.

Jesus had fulfilled the office of Redeemer, which must be discharged on earth, and took up that of Intercessor, which must be fulfilled in heaven. That was one reason for His ascension. Another He gave in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of John—that the Holy Spirit might come and complete the earthly work which Jesus had begun, and be in all places at the same time, whereas Jesus, in His human body, was in but one place.—*J. F. Cowan, D.D.*

1123. Ascension of Christ.

Having spoiled His enemies on the cross, He further makes the public triumphal show of them in His own person, which is a second act. As the manner of the Roman emperors was, in their great triumph, to ride through the city in the greatest state, and have all the spoils carried before them, and the kings and nobles whom they had taken: and this did Christ at His ascension, plainly manifesting by His open show of them, that He had spoiled and fully subdued them.—*T. Goodwin.*

1124. One Who Will Come.

The great lesson for us all is, that the posture of those who love Christ must henceforth be one not more of retrospect than of expectation. It is well indeed that you should treasure in your mind the thought of Him as He was on earth. To live in His wonderful works, in His perfect example, in His divine words, is the safe and

blessed privilege of the faithful. And to look up after Him, into heaven, and see Him now by faith as He lives there, the mediator and the intercessor and the high-priest of man: the resurrection and the life, first of the soul, and hereafter also of the body, of each one of His people; to ascend thither, in heart and mind, after Him, and with Him continually to dwell; to seek and to set your affection on things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God; this is one great part of the secret of the Christian life below: thus it is that men are made strong for conflict, victorious over temptation, and at last fit for heaven. But all this is a different thing from vain regret and from idle contemplation. To gaze up into heaven after one who is gone, is not the work of His church below. Rather is it to gaze up into heaven for One who will come.—*Vaughan.*

1125. Our Lord's Last Words.

The last command of a friend who has left us is commonly regarded with more than usual interest. Whatever else men forget they remember this. It is connected with a moment sacred in their recollections. The last glimpse of the familiar form receding from their view, the vessel long watched amidst the distant haze—these or similar remembrances are linked to those words. Nay, sometimes they were the last uttered on earth. The words of the dying—oh, how we treasure them; how full they are to us of seeds of action; how deep we lay them in our hearts! And our dear Friend has been taken from us; not the Friend of one family, but of all the families of the earth; the Friend of man—He who loves us and gave Himself for us. We have in the Gospels four distinct testimonies that our Lord's parting words were a plain command to His Church to preach the Gospel among all nations, to make disciples of all nations, to preach repentance and remission of sins among all nations, to witness for Him unto the uttermost parts of the earth. This is the last sound of that Voice which spake as never man spake; this the utterance which yet vibrated in the air as He was born upward, and which still speaks on in the ear of every one of His faithful followers: "Evangelize the world;" "Rest not till all know Him."—*H. A.*

1126. Effect of the Ascension.

Note the effect wrought on the disciples by the Ascension of Christ—an effect, you observe, not of sorrow, but of joy. In place of being disheartened by the separation, they were mightily encouraged, and "returned to Jerusalem with great joy: And were continually in the Temple, praising and blessing God." Shall we grieve that the Visible Presence is withdrawn, and that there is no longer on earth the mighty and mysterious Personage who put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself and discomforted through dying the enemies of God and man? Not so! There is no reason for sorrow that He quit the earth on the wings of the wind. We could not detain Him below, we would have Him as our Mediator within the veil. This and this only, can secure to us those spiritual assistances through which we ourselves may climb the firmament.—*H. M.*

1127. Parted From Them.

He was parted from them. By beginning to ascend upwards. And carried up into heaven. The tense of the original is picturesque, and indicates a continuedness, a gradual going up out of their sight. Compare the more detailed account, Acts 1:9-11.

He wished, however, to leave them in such a way that they should not think he had simply vanished from

them, and wait for His present re-appearance. His ascension is not His separation from His people, but the ascension of His throne and the beginning of His reign as the head of the church which "is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all" (Eph. 1:23).

1128. Preparing a Place.

It was at this time, doubtless, that the great change came over His body described in 1 Cor. 15:51-53. When a cloud had received Him out of their sight two angels bade them be comforted, for the time was coming when He should return. Why did Christ leave His disciples to work out the kingdom of God? We must remember that He is personally present, only invisible, and that He has sent the Holy Spirit to guide and teach and give power. By Christ's ascension we see His true nature, as divine; that He may be the omnipresent Saviour of all men alike; that we may be taught to live by faith, and not by sight; to train us up into His character by doing His work; He has gone to prepare a place for us, as well as us for the place.—*P.*

1129. Sorrow Turned Into Joy.

And they worshiped Him. Acknowledging now that He was indeed divine, they gave Him the religious worship due only to God. And returned to Jerusalem with great joy. Every sorrow had been turned into joy. The proof that Jesus was the Messiah had greatly increased; they saw how His death was the redemption of the world; they had learned how He could fulfill His promises; they saw new meaning in the Scriptures; they were full of love and joy in the Holy Spirit. It was like the blossoming of the night-blooming cereus, a marvel of beauty, upon its deformed and ugly stem.

1130. Ascended—Interceding.

When Dr. Doddridge lived at Northampton there was a poor Irishman condemned for sheep stealing. In those days the statute book of England was very cruel. He scarcely thought that there was proof of the man's guilt, and he believed in the book that teaches that a man is better than a sheep. He travelled, toiled and tried hard to get the man a reprieve, but unsuccessfully; he came back, and the man was hanged. On the road to execution the convict got them to stop the cart just opposite Dr. Doddridge's house, and, kneeling down, he said, "God bless you, Dr. Doddridge; every vein in my heart loves you, every drop of my blood loves you, for you tried to save every drop of it." There was a man! What love he has for the intercessor who had failed. But Christ has succeeded, and what a price He has given. Oh, that every one would feel this, and be led to exclaim, "Every vein of my heart loves Thee, O Christ, every drop of my blood loves Thee, for Thou hast died to save me, and dost live to intercede for me."

XVI. WHITSUNDAY

(Fifteenth Day After Easter.)

1131. The Day of Pentecost.

The day of Pentecost was characterized by a great miracle, a great sermon, and a great revival.

The miracle was not only the inauguration of the solemn investiture of the Holy Spirit and the solemn investiture of the Church with its functions as a witness-bearing and world-reaching Church, but also a specific

equipment of the Apostles for their work. The mighty wind and the tongues of fire were symbols of God's mysterious, vitalizing power and his illuminating and warming presence. The gift of tongues symbolized the bloodless character of the Christian warfare, and the power of the preached word.

The sermon of Peter was preached from the strange text: "These men are full of new wine," a text which disclosed the old tendency of the Sadducees to deny the miraculous. Even as to-day, men love to explain away the supernatural. Upon it Peter preached a plain, honest, earnest, doctrinal sermon which produced a wonderful revival.

There was nothing of rhapsody in the sermon, and nothing of uncertainty in its results. On the contrary we are expressly told that the converts continued steadfast—a statement especially encouraging to us in these days when revivals are disparaged and their results are considered transitory.—*Francis L. Patton, D.D., LL.D.*

1132. We must Be Emptied.

Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon reminded us that the wind always blows towards a vacuum. So in that upper chamber, the disciples were being emptied, and a vacuum was being made. The son of thunder was emptied of the thunder, that he might be filled with love. The doubting Thomas was emptied of his doubt, that he might be filled with light. The presumptuous and vacillating Peter was emptied of his presumption and his fickleness, that he might be filled with all the power of God. And then there came the sound as of a rushing mighty wind, and God came into them and used them.

1133. Power of the Holy Ghost.

The root idea of Christianity is men and women carrying on Christ's work in the power which fitted Him for His service—the power of the Holy Ghost. —*Rev. Mark Guy Pearse.*

1134. Greatest Unused Power.

The following instance was frequently cited by Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon: An American with an English gentleman was viewing the Niagara whirlpool rapids, when he said to his friend: "Come, and I'll show you the greatest unused power in the world"; and taking him to the foot of Niagara Falls, "There," he said, "is the greatest unused power in the world!" "Ah, no my brother. Not so!" was the reply, "The greatest unused power in the world is the Holy Spirit of the living God."

1135. Imperfect Conduits.

An inventor was talking about electric conduits. "Do you know that great power-house of the traction company on the avenue? Well, the manager will tell you that 40 per cent of the electricity generated there is lost because of imperfect conduits. Think of that for prodigious waste! Almost half of the product of that great plant for nothing!"

Well might the inventor wax emphatic over this excessive waste of energy. But while he was talking our mind turned to a similar waste of greater power, and for the same reason. The thought is surely not irreverent that the very power of the Spirit of God is rendered unavailing because it must flow through human conduits that are imperfect.

1136. Grieve Not the Spirit.

A boy had a dove so tame that it would perch upon his shoulder and take food from his hand. One day he held out a tempting morsel, and, being in an ill-natured mood, just as the dove was about to eat he closed his hand. The bird turned away disappointed. He held out his hand again, the dove came forward timidly,

but once more the hand was closed. With drooping wings the dove went to the farther corner of the room. Once more the hand was extended. This time the bird hesitated finally it came forward slowly, hesitatingly, it was just about to take the food when the hand was again closed. Then the dove spread its wings and flew away, and the boy never saw that dove again.

The Holy Spirit may be grieved, effectually grieved. His gentle monitions may be so slighted, his wooing influences so evil-entreated, that in sorrow he will retire or suspend his gentle ministry.

1137. Controlled by the Holy Spirit.

It is the great defect of the teaching as to the Holy Spirit in our day that evidences of His presence or the attractiveness of His fullness are based so largely upon mystical experiences or even upon power for service. Instead of shutting up this great, animating power to ministers, evangelists, religious services, and occasional spiritual experiences, what is needed is its extension into the rank and file of the professing church and into every business and occupation of life. Pentecostal seasons are blessed but they are exceptional, and by their very nature must be so. But the duties of life are ever with us. To have business men, students, mothers, and all controlled by the Holy Spirit would make a heaven of earth and of life. —*Alex. Patterson.*

1138. The Spirit Gives Boldness.

The Spirit will enable the witness-bearer to speak with boldness. "When they were all filled with the Holy Spirit, they spake the Word of God with boldness." What a change came over the disciples on the Day of Pentecost. A short time before, they were afraid to acknowledge that they even knew Christ, Peter denied Him, and swore in order to give the denial emphasis. After His crucifixion, they were hiding away in a little upper room, fearing lest they should be mobbed. But after they were filled with the Holy Spirit Peter, with the other disciples, faced the Jewish mob and preached Christ unto them. Afterward, Peter and John were arrested and commanded not to speak at all nor teach in the name of Jesus, but no Sanhedrin or court could frighten them now. They declared they would obey God rather than man, and would boldly speak the things which they had heard and seen. There is nothing that will give the Christian such boldness as the conscious relization that God Almighty, with all the power of heaven and earth, stands by him to furnish him all needed assistance in accomplishing his mission.

1139. Coming of the Holy Spirit.

The symbols of the "wind" and "fire" suggest the principal Scripture ideas about the gift of the Spirit of God which belongs to His church. "Wind" sets forth the communication of supernatural life working sovereignly and mysteriously. "Fire" indicates His transforming and energizing power, burning up all our coldness.

1140. The Holy Spirit As Light.

In the practice of the photographer we see two things; faith in the power and effects of light, and the wise adjustment of everything in obedience to its laws. With what care the tenderly sensitive plate is prepared to receive the impression; with what precision its relative position to the object to be portrayed is adjusted; how still and undisturbed it is, then, held face to face with that object! Having done this,

the photographer leaves the light to do its wonderful work! his work is indeed the work of faith. Let us believe in the light, in the power of the light of God to transcribe Christ's image on our hearts. "We are changed into the same image as by the Spirit of the Lord." Let us not seek to do the work the Spirit must do; let us simply trust Him to do it. Our duty is to seek the prepared heart, waiting, longing, praying for the likeness; to take our place face to face with Jesus, studying, gazing, loving, worshipping, and believing that the wonderful vision of that Crucified One is the sure promise of what can be. Not more surely or wonderfully than in the light printing which is done here on earth, will our souls receive and show the impress of that wonderful likeness.—*Andrew Murray.*

1141. The Neglected Holy Spirit.

The least mentioned person of the Godhead. I do not mean the one least mentioned in the Scriptures, though it would be an excellent study to take your concordance and compare the space occupied by the references to the names of God the Father as the first person, and Jesus Christ under His various appellations, with the space occupied by references to the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of God, the Spirit, etc.

What I mean is that in modern sermons, prayers, religious books, papers, etc., the Holy Spirit, who came in such gracious power on the day of Pentecost, and has never for a moment been absent from the world since, received very scant mention compared with the other two persons of the Godhead. Here is one test: the meagre pile of clippings a man gets from his papers and magazines, who is watching every page he reads for passages that will illustrate various religious topics. He finds ten to one on God the Father, or Jesus Christ, as compared with the Holy Spirit.

Is it because we don't need the Spirit of God? Or is it because we need Him as much as those did who received Him on the day of Pentecost, but don't know that we need Him? Or is it because we don't want Him, don't welcome Him into our lives, because, someway, if we have Him at all, He must be too dominating or controlling a factor?—*John F. Cowan, D.D.*

1142. The Holy Ghost Fundamental.

Is the Holy Spirit a fundamental of Christianity? If He is fundamental, then what is the use to try to dodge the Third Person, as so many ministers and so many teachers do?

Let us go back to fundamentals. If your house is rickety, you do not repair it by papering the fourth story, but by mending the foundation. Too long have the leaders of the church been investing in wallpaper. I suggest we examine the foundation with a view to stone.

Mr. Haslam, in "From Life to Death," tells of an elderly Cornish woman who was a member of his flock, deeply taught in the things of God, and anxious lest her pastor in his zeal for multiplying the activities of the church should neglect the fundamental cultivation of holiness among the people. As he rushed by her home one day, intent on the new church edifice then in his mind, she called after him,

"Mr. Haslam, are ye goin' to build your spire from the top?"

It was an arrow. He kept asking himself, "Have I begun at the beginning?" and he never rested until he had climbed down from the fourth story to the first.—*Herbert Booth Smith, D.D.*

1143. Holy Spirit Another Lens.

"A day or two ago," said Dr. J. H. Jowett, "I was at the end of the Palisades on the Hudson, where I could see some of the beauty of that most noble river. But a friend at my side gave me a pair of glasses, and I looked upon the scene again, and oh, how much more profoundly I could search the hidden things. The trees, and living things moving here and there, and smaller beauties, came into view. I know we cannot get away from the love of God, but when the Holy Spirit comes it is like another lens, and we look with increased power upon the old scene, and are feasted with the glories of the Lord."—*Sunday at Home.*

1144. The Pouring Of His Spirit.

We have had the patriarchal, the Mosaic, the Messianic dispensations for the salvation of the race, and now we are in the final administration of the diffusion of the Holy Spirit of God. He is everywhere present at the same moment; he takes the words of the prophets and of the Christ and applies all power, love and purity unto believing hearts. He is God in spiritual life and transforming light. He makes application of the truth to the mind, of the blood of cleansing to the heart, of the love of God to the affection.

With the Spirit's baptism of power, we speak as witnesses for Christ and shine as lights in the world. We see visions of coming triumphs, grander than any in the past. By the Holy Ghost, God the Father and Christ the Son are with their people always, even unto the end of the world. In every assembly of the church, there the Holy Trinity is in the midst, pouring out the divine influence upon prayerful, trustful hearts. Oh for a new Pentecost that will endue all Christendom with the power of the apostolic church! Oh for a missionary revival that will begin where the war leaves off and enter upon the winning of the whole world for Christ, an evangelistic movement that will make Billy Sunday's one hundred thousand converts in New York City seem as drops before the mighty shower! Then our God will open the windows of heaven and pour out such floods of blessings as shall cover the earth as waters cover the sea.—*Rev. E. W. Caswell, D.D.*

1145. The Holy Spirit Comforter.

A few months ago, while traveling, I saw a little blind girl come into the train. She was not more than seven or eight years old, and had a very bright face. She had been attending a school for the blind and was on her way home, yet no friend or relative was with her. You may ask how she could travel alone? Very well indeed, for she was put in charge of the conductor, a kind-hearted man, who lived in the same town as she did. When he was not engaged in collecting tickets, he sat by her side and talked with her. She thus reached the end of her journey safely, and I saw her placed in the arms of her loved ones.

That conductor was a "comforter" in the Bible sense of that word, which means, "one who is called to another's side to aid him." Do we realize that we are like this little blind girl?—in a world where we know not the way, yet where the Comforter is our ever-present guide, striving to lead us to our heavenly home?—*Sunday-School Chronicle.*

1146. The Holy Spirit a Barrage of Fire.

When our soldier boys went forth in Flanders the infantry was preceded by a "curtain of fire" that literally wiped out every wire entanglement, every impediment in the

way, and cleared a track of desolation. They marched behind a barrage of flame. The Lord sent forth the early ministers, but ahead of them he sent this divine barrage of fire to break down the barriers, to impress men with the supernatural presence and power of God, and to prepare the way. Shall we have the same dependence upon the power of God and go forth behind the curtain of fire which the Holy Ghost is still waiting to use for us?—*Dr. A. B. Simpson.*

1147. Early Church a Baptized Church.

The early church was a baptized church. One fact which almost staggers you in its insistent recurrence is the prominence given to the Holy Spirit in the early church as compared with the relative neglect of the Holy Spirit in the modern church. He is the explanation of the power of the apostolic church. Miracles were the order of the day, because they made room in their churches for this blessed presence.

"All of the movements of the Old Testament were a march towards Pentecost," some one says. In the New Testament this sacred, brooding presence fills the life of our Lord, dominates the work of the twelve, surprises the world at Pentecost, and lives in the church to-day. —*H. Booth Smith, D.D.*

1148. Cannot Know Himself By Himself.

Only God knows how sinful sin is. Therefore it is only when God tells men about the "exceeding sinfulness of sin" (Rom. 7: 13) that men can appreciate the blackness of their own sin. The ancient philosophers said to man, "Know Thyself;" but it was an impossible command. Man cannot know himself by himself; only God can show him what man is.

And that is why God has sent the Holy Spirit—who is God himself—into the world of lost and spiritually dead men. The Holy Spirit is ready to give men an X-ray photograph of themselves. When he does this, then and then only do they see the utter blackness of their own hearts. When the Holy Spirit turns his light in upon us we see our own hearts so black, as Billy Sunday has said, that they would "make a black mark upon a piece of anthracite.—*Charles G. Trumbull.*

1149. Holy Spirit Like a Dove.

When Nansen started on his Arctic Expedition he took with him a carrier pigeon, strong and fleet of wing; and after two years—two years in the desolation of the Arctic regions—he one day wrote a tiny little message and tied it under the pigeon's wing, and let it loose to travel two thousand miles to Norway; and oh! what miles! what desolation! not a living creature! ice, ice, ice, snow, and death. But he took the trembling little bird and flung her up from the ship, up into the icy cold. Three circles she made, and then, straight as an arrow she shot south; one thousand miles over ice, one thousand miles over the frozen wastes of ocean, and at last dropped into the lap of the explorer's wife. She knew, by the arrival of the bird, that it was all right in the dark night of the North. So with the coming of the Holy Spirit, the Heavenly Dove, the disciples knew that Christ was alive, for his coming and His manifest working were proofs of it.—*Joyful News Magazine.*

1150. Parable of the Sponge.

Theodore Monod, speaking of a man being in Christ and having Christ in him said, "I take a sponge and put it in the water, but see! the water is also in the sponge!" If you

are in the Spirit, you should be filled with the Spirit. Keep in the Spirit all the time and let the Spirit fill you all the time. But somebody raised the objection that man was sinful and imperfect, and asked what was to be done with his sin. Mr. Monod, replying in his inimitable way said, "You take a sponge and you plunge it into the water, and when it is under the water what happens? Bubble! bubble! bubble! bubble! The fact of its being in the water drives all the air out!" Oh! I love to see Christian people when they begin to bubble! bubble! bubble! bubble! when the inferior thing is expelled by the superior, the less by the greater!"—*Rev. W. Y. Fullerton.*

1151. A Good Monopoly.

I used to believe that a few men had a monopoly on the Holy Spirit. Now I know that the Holy Spirit has a monopoly on a few men.—*James H. McConkey.*

1152. Holy Ghost Convicts of Sin.

John Wesley used to ask his young men whom he had sent out on probation to preach two questions: "Has any one been converted?" and "Did any one get mad?" If the answer was "No," he told them he did not think the Lord had called them to preach the Gospel, and he sent them about their business. When the Holy Ghost convicts of sin, people are either converted or—they don't like it and get mad.—*D. L. Moody.*

1153. Holy Spirit's Quiet Work.

Sometimes quarrymen find a very hard kind of rock. They pick little groves for the iron wedges, and then with great sledge-hammers drive these wedges into the hard rock. But sometimes this fails to split the rock. Then they go at it in another way. The iron wedges are removed from the grooves. Then little wooden ones of a very hard fiber are selected. These sharp-edged, well-made wooden wedges are first soaked in water. Then they are put in the groove tightly while wet and water is kept in the grooves. The water and the wedges are left to do their work. The damp wood swells. The granite heart of rock can't stand against this new pressure. It takes longer than the iron wedges and sledge, but after a while the rock yields and lies split wide open. The water works on the wood, and that in turn on the stone. The iron wedges sometimes fail, but the wood and water never fail. It seems to be a part of our make-up to make plans, and to count on the plans. And planning does much. We don't want to plan less, but to learn to depend more in our planning on the soft, noiseless, but resistless power of the Holy Spirit.—*S. D. Gordon.*

1154. Elocution, or Holy Ghost.

Bishop Simpson was preaching in Memorial Hall, London. He spoke in a quiet tone, without gesture; but before he was through the whole assembly, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, rose, remained standing for a second or two, and then sank back into their seats.

A professor of elocution was there. A friend who had observed him, and who knew that he had come to criticize, when the service was over asked him, "Well, what do you think of the bishop's elocution?"

"Elocution?" said the professor. "That man doesn't want elocution; he's got the Holy Ghost."—*John F. Cowan, D.D.*

1155. Holy Spirit a Warning Bell.

An electric bell tingled sharply beside the florist's desk. "Frost!" he said, and ran hatless to the greenhouses. "The fires had sunk," the

florist explained on his return. "The watchman had fallen asleep. But for my frost bell I'd have lost hundreds of dollars. Frost bells are now pretty generally used by florists and fruit growers," he went on. "An electrical contrivance is connected with a thermometer and when the mercury falls to a certain point—you regulate this danger point to suit yourself—a bell rings a warning in your house or office. Many a winter crop of fruit and flowers has been saved in the past year or two by the clever little frost bell." Have we realized that the Holy Spirit is ready to be our frost bell?—*The Standard.*

1156. "He's Got the Holy Ghost!"

Take the case of Moody (among many like Luther, Calvin, Knox, Wesley, Whitefield, Edwards, Finney). The only rational account of Moody's power (or Billy Sunday's) is the hypothesis of the Holy Spirit. A friend of his said that he was the "biggest fool that ever lived in East Northfield, the most ignorant and the most stupid man"; yet he led more than one hundred thousand souls to Christ.

One day a woman came to Mr. Moody, during his pastorate of the great church in Chicago, and asked him whether he had the power of the Spirit. She suggested that she would pray for him, whereupon he was almost offended, suggesting that she would better pray for the crowds attending his ministry.

She did pray with him for them, and for him, that he might be emptied of self and filled with God; and that was the beginning of Moody's wonderful power as an evangelist. —*Herbert Booth Smith, D.D.*

XVII. TRINITY SUNDAY

(The Sunday after Whitsunday)

1157. The Trinity.

A converted Indian gave the following reason for his belief in the Trinity: "We go down to the river in winter, and we see it covered with snow; we dig through the snow, and we come to the ice; we chop through the ice, and we come to the water; snow is water, ice is water, water is water; therefore the three are one."

1158. The Triune God.

Is a conception for which we can never find a complete illustration; but it is a suggestive fact that every ray of sunlight is composed of three kinds of rays, which perform three distinct kinds of work; the heat-rays, the light-rays, and the actinic, or chemical rays

1159. The Trinity Scriptural.

If anything is true, it is true that the doctrine of the Trinity is revealed in the Scripture. And this doctrine of the Trinity—of the three substances or persons in the one divine essence—is not a doctrine metaphysically valueless, which belongs to the rubbish of dusty theologies, but is a doctrine vital. It is a doctrine necessary to my thought of God. God the Father is the infinite One; God the Son is He through whom the infinite One passes into objectivity; God the Holy Spirit is He through whom Diety comes into spiritual relation with myself.—*Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D.D.*

1160. Dispensation of the Spirit.

The old economy may be regarded as the dispensation of the Father. The thirty years of the incarnation were the dispensation of the Son. Then came the dispensation of the Spirit, in which we are living, the end of which will be "the restitution of all things." The secret of a fervent and successful Christian life is to honor the Holy Ghost. In Him we have also the presence of the Father and the Son from whom He proceedeth; but God as officially present is so in the person of the Holy Ghost. Let us therefore honor Him.—*Rev. D. J. Burrell, D.D.*

1161. Mystery of the Trinity.

An infidel was scoffing at the doctrine of the Trinity. He turned to a gentleman, and said, "Do you believe such nonsense?" "Tell me how that candle burns," said the other. "Why the tallow, the cotton, and the atmospheric air produce light," said the infidel. "Then they make one light, do they not?" "Yes." "Will you tell me how there are three, and yet but one light?" "No," I cannot." "But you believe it?" The scoffer was put to shame.

1162 Trinity in Unity.

The light of the sun, the light of the moon, and the light of the air, in nature and substance are one and the same light, and yet they are three distinct lights: the light of the sun being of itself, and from none: the light of the moon from the sun; and the light of the air from them both. So the Divine Nature is one, and the persons three; subsisting, after a diverse manner, in one and the same Nature.—*R. Newton.*

1163. Symbol of the Trinity.

This symbol, light, is composed of three parts, one visible and two invisible; first, illuminative rays, which affect our vision, and by their Fraunhofer lines bring to us a knowledge of the substance of the suns from which they spring; second, chemical rays, which cause growth, and give the results of photography; and, third, the principle called heat, separate from either. So is God revealed—three persons in one God. No man hath seen the Father, or the Holy Ghost; but the Son has been seen of men. Each of these component parts is capable of separate and independent action. Each can be sundered from the other, and still retain its full efficiency. The illuminative rays still stream with their incredible swiftness, still bloom with incomprehensible color, and still bear their records of other worlds, after the other two component parts have been turned to other work. There could be no other so happy illustration of the incomprehensible triune nature of God.—*Dr. H. W. Warren.*

1164. General Belief In.

That nearly all the pagan nations of antiquity, in their various theological systems, acknowledge a kind of trinity in the divine nature, has been fully evinced by those learned men who have made the heathen mythology the subject of their elaborate inquiries. The almost universal prevalence of this doctrine in the Gentile kingdoms must be considered as a strong argument in favor of its truth. The doctrine itself bears such striking internal marks of a divine original, and is so very unlikely to have been the invention of mere human reason, that there is no way of accounting for the general adoption of so singular a belief, but by supposing that it was revealed by God to the early patriarchs, and that it was transmitted by them to their posterity.—*Bp. Tomline.*

1165. Mystery of Trinity.

St. Augustine tells us, that, while busied in writing his discourses on the Trinity, he wandered along the seashore, lost in meditation. Suddenly he beheld a child, who, having dug a hole in the sand, appeared to be bringing water from the sea to fill it. Augustine inquired what was the object of his task. He replied, that he intended to empty into this cavity all the waters of the great deep. "Impossible!" exclaimed Augustine. "Not more impossible" replied the child, "than for thee, O Augustine! to explain the mystery on which thou art now meditating."

1166. A Chinese Error.

A Chinese assistant in charge of an out-station chapel had more zeal than knowledge. He had little knowledge of the puzzling and elusive ideographs with which the patient Chinese scholars record their thoughts and the merchants their sales. Having spent most of his life on the river as a boatman, his thinking was not very clear. To the surprise of the visiting missionary, a large sign was found posted up on the wall: "Sunday, the Christians will worship God the Father; on Wednesday, God the Son; and on Saturday evening, God the Holy Spirit." The sign was taken down, and the assistant instructed a little more fully in the doctrine of the Trinity.

1167. The Three Persons.

The three persons in the blessed Trinity are distinguished, but not divided; three substances, but one essence. This is a divine riddle, where one makes three, and three make but one. Our narrow thoughts can no more comprehend the Trinity in Unity than a little nutshell will hold all the water in the sea. Let me shadow it out by this similitude: In the body of the sun there is the substance of the sun, the beams, and the heat. The beams are begotten of the sun, the heat proceeds both from the sun and the beams; but these three, though different, are not divided: they all three make but one sun. So, in the blessed Trinity, the Son is begotten of the Father, the Holy Ghost proceeds from both; and though they are three distinct persons, yet but one God.—*T. Watson.*

1168. Wesley On the Trinity.

At the command of your soul, your hand is lifted up. But who is able to account for this?—for the connection between the actions of the mind and the outward actions? Nay, who can account for muscular motion at all, in any instance of it whatever? When one of the most ingenious physicians in England had finished his lecture on that head, he added, "Now, gentlemen, I have told you all the discoveries of our enlightened age. And now, if you understand one jot of the matter, you understand more than I do." The short of the matter is this: those who will not believe anything but what they can comprehend must not believe that there is a sun in the firmament; that there is even light shining around them; that there is air, though it encompasses them on every side; that there is any earth, though they stand upon it. They must not believe that they have a soul; no, nor that they have a body.—*J. Wesley.*

1169. Trinity Illustrated.

When St. Patrick first preached the Christian faith in Ireland before a powerful chief and his people, when he spoke of one God and the Trinity the chief asked how one could be in three. St. Patrick, instead of attempting a theological definition of the faith, thought a simple image would best serve to enlighten a simple people, and stooping to the

earth, he plucked from the green sod a shamrock, and holding up the trefoil before them, he bade them there behold one in three. The chief, struck by the illustration, asked at once to be baptized, and all his people followed his example.—*Lover.*

1170. Trinity and Doctrine.

He who goes about to speak of the mystery of the Trinity, and does it by words and names of man's invention, talking of essences and existences, hypostases and personalities, priorities in cœqualities, and unity in pluralities, may amuse himself and build a tabernacle in his head, and talk of something he knows not what; but the good man who feels the power of the Father, to whom the Son is become wisdom, sanctification, and righteousness, and in whose heart the Spirit is shed abroad—this man, though he understand not these things does understand the Christian doctrine of the Trinity.—*T.*

1171. Trinities Acknowledged.

All of us acknowledge trinities. Trinity in our own make-up-body, mind, and soul. Body with which we move, mind with which we think, soul with which we love. Three, yet one man. Trinity in the air—light, heat, moisture—yet one atmosphere. Trinity in the court room—three judges on the bench, but one court.

Of course, all the illustrations are defective for the reason that the natural cannot fully illustrate the spiritual. But suppose an ignorant man should come up to the chemist and say: "I deny what you say about the water and about the air; they are not made of different parts. The air is one; I breath it every day. The water is one; I drink it every day. You can't deceive me about the elements that go to make up the air and the water." The chemist would say: "You come up into my laboratory and I will demonstrate this whole thing to you." The ignorant man goes into the chemist's laboratory and sees for himself. He learns that the water is one and the air is one, but they are made of different parts. So here is a man says: "I can't understand the doctrine of the Trinity." God says: "You come up here into the laboratory after your death; and you will see—you will see it explained, you will see it demonstrated." The ignorant man cannot understand the chemistry of the water and the air until he goes into the laboratory, and he will never understand the Trinity until he goes into heaven. The ignorance of the man who cannot understand the chemistry of the air and water does not change the composition of air and water. Because we cannot understand the Trinity does that change the fact?

1172. Properties of the Trinity.

As the sun has three distinct properties—as the globe, the light, and the heat—and though each of these keeps its distinct traits, there is but one sun; so in God there is but one God. As the sun shows himself by his beams, so God the Father shows Himself by His Son, Jesus Christ, who is the Word and eternal Wisdom. As the sun by his heat makes us feel his force, so God makes us feel His Holy Spirit, which is His infinite power.—*Cawdray.*

1173. Three in One.

The word "trinity" (from the Latin "trinus" meaning threefold) is not in the Scriptures, but the truth that it indicates is there distinctly. The doctrine is, indeed, ascertained from Scripture: substantially all that we can know in these premises must be obtained thence.

1174. God Invisible But Felt.

A poor deaf boy had been taught that there is a God. One day he went to look for God but could not find Him. He told his teacher, "There is no God—no." The teacher took a pair of bellows, and blew a puff at the boy's hand, which was red with cold. This made him angry. The teacher, looking at the pipe of the bellows, said, "I see nothing—there is no wind—no." the boy was first astonished, then catching the thought, cried out, joyfully, "God like wind, God like wind."—*C. Elizabeth.*

1175. God is Omnipotent.

Thomas Edison says: "No one can study chemistry and see the wonderful way in which certain elements combine with the nicety of the most delicate machine ever invented, and not come to the inevitable conclusion that there is a Big Engineer who is running this universe." At the great Yerkes observatory at Lake Geneva, the operator, sitting quietly in his chair, touches a button and the huge dome begins to revolve. Another, and the whole floor rises noiselessly. Still another, and the gigantic tube begins slowly to turn. When the instrument is pointed at a star, the touch of another button sets clockwork in operation that moves the telescope in conformity to the apparent movement of the star. One man was operating the whole gigantic affair. It was just a faint picture of the "Big Engineer running His universe."—*S. S. Times.*

1176. God Everywhere Present.

A heathen philosopher once asked a Christian, "Where is God?" The Christian answered. "Let me first ask of you, Where is He not?"—*Arrowsmith.*

1177. God is Love.

Our God is Love. The very name of God is a wonderful treasure-house, full of most precious love-thoughts, when we understand its meaning and history. When the old Anglo-Saxons were converted to Christianity they sought for some word in their own language which would express the character of the divine Being as revealed to them in the Bible. They thought of His kindness, His mercy, His forgiveness, His patience, His love, and asked, "What name will best express these attributes?" And so they called Him Good; and that is the origin of the name we use to-day. It is simply Good shortened into God. What a wonderous treasure-mine it is!

1178. Doctrine of the Trinity.

Is purely an object of faith. Where reason cannot wade, faith must be content to swim.

Reason never shows itself so unreasonable, as when it ceases to reason about things which are above reason.

"The Doctrine of the Trinity is above reason, but not against it."

1179. The Trinity.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy Works shall praise Thy Name,
In earth and sky and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy, Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!
—*Bishop Reginald Heber.*

1180. Columbus Names Island of Trinity.

Columbus, there is reason to believe, was a pious man. It was an appropriate evidence of his honoring the blessed Three in One, to whom he looked for guidance in his enterprise, that on first seeing the three peaks of the Island of Trinidad, on the morning of Trinity Sunday, 1498, he gave it the name of La Trinidada (the Trinity.)

1181. Trinity Beyond Comprehension.

"You are now alone," said Rutherford, in writing to a friend, "but you

may have for the seeking three always in your company—the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit."

"I commit myself," said Bengel, when seriously ill, "to my faithful Creator, my intimate Redeemer, my true and approved Comforter."

1182. Our God is Omnipotent.

There is an eastern fable of a boy having challenged his teacher to prove the existence of God by working a miracle. The teacher procured a large vessel filled with earth, in which he deposited a kernel in the boy's presence, and bade him pay attention. In the place where the kernel was put a green shoot soon appeared. The shoot became a stem; the stem put forth leaves and branches, which soon spread over the whole apartment. It then budded with blossoms, which dropping off, left golden fruit in their place, and in the short space of an hour there appeared a noble tree in the place of the seed. The youth, overcome with amazement, exclaimed: "Now I know there is a God, for I have seen His power!" The priest smiled at him, and said, "Simple child, do you only now believe? Does not what you have just seen take place in innumerable instances, year after year, only by a slower process? It it the less wonderful on that account? He is the Lord and changes not, His mercy and power are ever the same."—*The Quiver.*

1183. God Fills All Things.

No one thing in all nature has had its full meaning disclosed. God burns in every bush; His house is by the seashore; His tabernacle is in the stars; His temple is in the tiniest flower that blooms. The day is coming when the whole earth shall be the mountain of God.—*Dr. Joseph Parker.*

1184. Find God in His Manifestations.

It was a hot August afternoon, and the clouds had long withheld their shadow and their rain, and a little flower lay dying. As it lay there looking piteously up into the heavens, and longing for refreshment, a drop fell down, and then another, and another, and another, all about it, and fed its roots, and the flower, refreshened and revived and brought back to life, lifted up its face and said, "O Drops, I thank you, you have saved my life."

And the drops said, "Thank not us; the Clouds sent us." And the Flower lifted up its face toward the heavens and said, "O Cloud, in thy summer glory, I thank thee; thou hast saved my life."

And the Cloud said, "Thank not me, the Sun drew me from the ocean, and the Wind wafted me here; thank Sun, thank Wind."

And the Flower, perplexed and puzzled, turned its face hither and thither, saying to the Sun and to the Wind, "O Sun, I thank thee,—thou hast brought me this water from the far-off ocean; I thank thee, O Wind, that on thy wings thou didst bear it here for my refreshment."

The Sun and the Wind said, "Thank not us; thank God Who gave the Ocean and the Sun and the Wind, and caused the drop to fall."

And then the Christianity-instructed Flower lifted up its face and said, "O God, I thank Thee who didst make the Ocean, and didst give the Sun its power to draw the Cloud from the Ocean, and didst give the Winds their wings to bring the Clouds hither, and didst drop Drops from the Clouds that brought me back my life."

God hides Himself. Let it be our joy to find Him in the manifestations of His love, and make all our gratitude to nature, to nation, to father,

to mother, to companion, to friend, thanksgiving to Him. So may we turn, in the alchemy of piety, joy to gratitude.

1185. The Reality of God.

The blind man is no judge of the paintings of Rubens and Titian. The deaf man is insensible to the beauty of Handel's music. The Greenlander can have but a faint notion of the climate of the tropics. The Australian savage can form but a remote conception of a locomotive engine, however well you may describe it. There is no place in their minds to take in these things. They have no set of thoughts that can comprehend them. They have no mental fingers that can grasp them. And just in the same way the best and brightest ideas that man can form of God, compared to the reality that we shall see one day, are weak and faint indeed.—*Ryle.*

1186. God's Nature Love.

A little girl was one morning reading with her mother in the New Testament, and this was one of the verses of the chapter; "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life." Stopping for a moment in the reading, the mother asked, "Don't you think it is very wonderful?" The child, looking surprised, replied in the negative. The mother, somewhat astonished, repeated the question, to which the little daughter replied, "Why, no, Mama; if would be wonderful if it were anybody else; but it is just like God."—*Children's Visitor.*

1187. God Fills Heaven and Earth.

A little boy being asked, "How many Gods are there?" replied, "One." "How do you know that?" "Because," said the boy, "there is only room for one; for he fills heaven and earth."

1188. Willing, Working, Witnessing.

It has been suggested that the three different offices of the members of the Godhead, the Trinity, may be stated as follows: "The Father wills; the Son works; the Spirit witnesses." It must be borne in mind that this it not a hard and fast division; for the Father and the Spirit work as well as the Son (John 5:17; 14:10); and the Son witnessed to the Father during His earthly ministry (John 17:6, 26); and still other passages show the overlapping, as we may call it, of the distinctive offices of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

But the phrase helps us to remember that:

The wonderful plan of redemption for a lost world originated in the will of the Father (John 3:16; 14:24, 31:17:2, 4; Heb. 10:7, 9).

The Son is the one who worked out and completed the redemption of mankind, as shown in many Scriptures; Matthew 1:21; John 1:29; 17:4; 19:30.

The Holy Spirit is the great witness to Christ and His finished work as completing the will of the Father for the redemption of the world, as fully brought out in the Scripture.

A single passage in which the three offices of the members of the Godhead are stated is Hebrews 10:10, 12, 14, 15.—*Charles G. Trumbull.*

XVIII. MOTHER'S DAY

(Second Sunday in May.)

1189. Bushels of Diamonds.

The striking saying of Billy Sunday will find hearty response in many hearts: "Mothers and teachers of children fill places so great that there isn't an angel in heaven that wouldn't be glad to give a bushel of diamonds to come down here and take their place."

1190. He Made Mothers.

There is a proverb which says, "God could not be everywhere; so he made mothers." It is not good theology, but it conveys a noble interpretation of the function of motherhood. The divine care for human lives has no better symbol than the unremitting attention which a true mother gives to her children. There is profound pathos in the lives of those little ones whose parents delegate their most sacred duties to hirelings. Nurses and governesses can never be satisfactory substitutes for mothers. A woman who is a mother only in the sense that she has given birth to children is a libel on the holiest office conferred upon her sex. The shrinking from motherhood which characterizes so many women in our time is not only a mark of selfishness; it is also an evidence of an inferior judgment about the way to be happy. Felicity belongs only to those women who frankly accept the natural terms of wifehood, and by bearing and nourishing children enter into fellowship with God's plan of setting the solitary in families.

1191. One Mother.

Many will recall the words of Kate Douglas Wiggin: "Most of all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds. Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, but only one mother in all the wide world."

1192. Impurity is Weakness.

The lesson of purity is a Mother's Day lesson. Purity is strength. Impurity is weakness. Let the day remind us of the duty of purity. As has been said, impurity is weakness. A slight storm laid low a tall well-built oak. Then it was discovered that the tree consisted of a shell, its heart eaten away by the canker of rot. An insignificant stroke of disease carried to his grave a man, tall, well-proportioned; apparently his vitality had been wasted away by the use of alcohol. A man professedly standing for his honesty in business, occupying a prominent position in a Christian church, fell before a gust of financial temptation. An analysis of his character showed that he was like the tree, mostly external shell. His character resembled the physical frame of the man who died. The tree thought it was strong because it had not been tested. The first man boasted of his health because he had never beeen sick. The second man did not expect to fall because he had not discovered how weak he was.

The Christian is peculiar because he is committed to holiness. He has been set apart, sanctified, is "called to be a saint." He may be far from real sainthood now but the obligation to attain it is upon him. This he knows and feels. He also knows that he must seek to become a saint or he will soon cease to be a Christian. By every motive he is moved to press toward the mark of a high

calling in Christ. That means, pledges him to watchfulness against evil from every quarter.—*H.*

1193. Motherhood At Its Best.

An influential minister of our country who has long declared the Gospel of Christ with persuasive eloquence and fruitful results, has given us the following from his own life-experience: "I am thinking of an Elect Lady who sat in her invalid chair at ninety-three, with veiled eyes and palsied hands, but superannuated? Oh, no! I hear her now, singing in a quavering voice:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

'O, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.'

"By the sweet influence of her overcoming faith and patience she was unconsciously bringing forth fruit in her old age. It was more than thirty years ago that she turned the bend in the road; but many a time, climbing the pupit stairs, I have felt her dear hand on my shoulder and heard her saying just as she used to, 'My son, the Lord be with you!'" That's motherhood at its best. Such a mother was building for the future; and therefore her honored and worthy son could truly say, "She being dead yet speaketh."—*Rev. W. J. Hart, D.D.*

1194. Mother's Leading Hand.

"Oh, mother, when I think of thee,
'Tis but a step to Calvary,
Thy gentle hand upon my brow,
Is leading me to Jesus now."

That is the eloquence of sainted Motherhood.

1195. One Mother.

"As one whom his mother comforteth," said the prophet Isaiah, as expressing the deepest consolation possible. The poet expressed his feeling thus:

"Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;
Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn;
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies out on the lawn;
But only one mother the wide world over."

1196. Only Singing About Mother.

"Mr. Smith, hearing music at his neighbor's house, decided he would drop in and see how they were. Mr. Jones welcomed him and ushered him into the parlor, where his daughter was playing the piano and his son was singing. Mr. Smith begged them to continue. They consented. The first song they selected was 'Mother.' They sang this very feelingly, and then the father joined in the chorus. This was followed by 'Mother Machree,' and others of like sentiment. Then they stopped for a while and Mr. Jones commented on songs about mother—how true they were, how dear, and how they loved to sing them. Then, as Mrs. Jones hadn't appeared yet, Mr. Smith inquired about her state of health. "Oh," said Mr. Jones, 'she's well enough. She's in the kitchen doing the dishes, but after she has finished and has taken in the wood she'll join us.'"

Pertinent illustration! Too pertinent, we fear. The husband and children in the family may not have been intentionally indifferent to the toil and care of the mother. There are things and experiences in life which words will help, but there are many things which must have deeds. Let us not forget kind words this Mother's Day, but make them real and strong by sympathetic deeds.—*H.*

1197. His Mother's Son.

There is a story current about the late Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler which illustrates how a son is to his mother the most important thing in the world.

When he was in England he and his mother corresponded regularly and at great length.

One day a letter came in which he described his presentation to Queen Victoria. Mrs. Cuyler read it with eagerness, hardly able to wait till she had finished before telling some one what had happened. When she at last got through the letter, she hastened to a neighbor's house, and announced:

"I've just got a letter from England and do you know? the Queen has seen Theodore!"

1198. The Heaven of Purity.

A well known friend and counsellor of girls says: "Not long ago I entered a large department store. On one counter I saw some dainty waists marked at so low a price that I stopped to examine them. 'Why are these sold so cheaply?' I asked the clerk. 'O,' she said, 'they are shop-worn; you would not notice it at a glance, but their freshness is gone; so we have to put down the price. After a while, if they get more soiled, we will toss them over there,' and she pointed to a table whereon lay a pile of waists with a placard above, telling that they were to be sold below even the cost of the material. Around this table stood a crowd of people pulling over the pile of waists, soiling them still more, then leaving them perhaps a tumbled heap upon the floor. 'Those are of the same material as these on the counter,' said the clerk, 'and both are the same as these,' pointing to dainty waists in boxes marked at prices more than quadruple those upon the table. 'You see,' she said, 'people who are particular don't want to buy goods that are not fresh. They'd rather pay more for the same article that has not been handled by so many.'"

There is price, there is privilege, there is power in purity. There is heaven in it: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Think of this on Mother's Day.—*H.*

1199. His Mother's Life.

That eminent preacher, Richard Cecil, of London, tells us that when he was a youth he tried his utmost to be an infidel; but his mother's beautiful and eloquent Christianity was too much for him. He never could answer that.

1200. Mother Responsibility.

"What will become of us," said a child to his mother, the wife of a distinguished man, who was dressed for a ball, "if you are going out every night?" The reproof was felt and she changed her dress and remained with her children. Too often this work is committed to hirelings, unfitted by nature, education and morals for this work, whose sole interest is in the compensation they are to receive, so that instead of the childrens' characters being formed from the highest models, as they should be, they are formed from the lowest. This mistake is often not seen until it is too late for correction.

1201. Mother Influence.

The great naturalist, Cuvier, owed his love and devotion to nature to a mother who accompanied him to and from school, pointing out to him the interesting natural objects they met, and exciting in him a taste for the study of the works of God.

Blanchard Jerrold paid the following touching tribute to a mother just laid to rest: "She was the most devoted wife I have ever seen in this

world, and a mother whose loving eyes no worldly pleasures could ever turn for one moment from her children."

1202. The Heart of a Queen.

Queen Victoria was once visiting one of the large cities of England, where a large choir of three or four thousand boys and girls were gathered on a great wooden platform to sing a song of welcome. The next morning after the queen had returned to her palace, she ordered a telegram sent to the mayor of the city. It had no reference to the civic formalities or public functions of her visit, but was, "The queen wishes to know, did the children all get home safely?" No more momentous question can be asked by monarch, by nation, or by parents: "Will the children reach home safely?"—*W. N. Hartshorn.*

1203. Mother.

Delicate, fragile, weak she is not,
Mother who has loved me long;
Her strong back's bowed by bending o'er cot
As child after child there fell to her lot;
And she thanked the good God for the children she got,
And burdens she bore with a song.

I thank Thee, God, for her Thou hast given
To me a man of the sod;
For me she has prayed and hoped and striven,
For me her heart hast oft been riven;
O make me worthy of her and heaven,
And count me a son of God!

—*Rev Titus Lowe.*

1204. What Mother Received.

"Mother gets up first," said the new office boy. "She lights the fire and gets my breakfast so I can get here early. Then she gets father up, gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she an' the baby have their breakfast."

"What is your pay here?"

"I get $3 a week and father gets $3 a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

"Mother!" he said indignantly, "Why she don't have to work for anybody."

"Oh, I thought you just told me she worked for the whole family every morning."

"Oh, that's for us! But there ain't no money in that!"

1205. Honor Thy Mother.

The symbol of perfection to the ordinary child is his or her own mother. The mother is the child's divinity. The following anecdote puts into words what the average child would often like to express. Richard's mother was putting him to bed, and as she kissed him good-night, she said, "Do you know you are the whole world to mamma?"

"Am I?" he answered, quickly and prettily. "Well, then, you're heaven and the north pole to me."—*Rev. William J. Hart, D.D.*

1206. A Mother Song.

Just before he left by special train to visit his dying mother, President McKinley wrote a telegram which probably has done more for the kingdom of God than any other single act of his life. The message read, "Tell mother I'll be there."

Rev. Charles M. Fillmore, Indianapolis, Ind., read this message and saw the possibilities that lay in it. He caught the phrase and wrote his hymn, "Tell Mother I'll Be There."

Charles M. Alexander took this song with him on an evangelistic tour around the world, and wherever he sang it the touching message reached the hearts of men. In the Welsh revival the only Alexander song carried by the Welsh singers was this song by Fillmore.

Evan Roberts, the Welsh evangelist, remarked that the song touched more hearts and did more for Christ in the revival than any other song that was sung.

The words of the song are familiar.

1207. The Baby's Sky.

The nurture of the child's soul begins when the nurture of its body begins. A mother is conscious of the responsibilities, at the birth of her child, that are not merely physical nurture and carefulness. Her love transcends the animal, and Hope hangs a star over every cradle. She looks through the animal at his soul. She is in a sense his soul, his will, his mind, his all. "It is given to mothers," says Bushnell, "to plant the angel in men."

"The baby has no skies
But mother's eyes;
Nor any God above
But mother's love;
His angel sees the Father's face,
But he the Mother's full of grace."

And so, mothers, we have led you to the mother's task. She is the first and greatest interpreter of God to her babe. Kneeling beside his crib each day, she becomes his object lesson in prayer. She exemplifies the faith she means to teach. The faith-filled home needs no special conversation on religion, but is filled with religious conversation from which the child gets his vocabulary. Faith becomes a matter of home environment and parental conduct.—*Rev. Robinson P. Bennett.*

1208. The Soldier's Mother.

A British lad was buried in far-away Macedonia when he was but twenty-three. Brilliant as a student, he looked forward to a teaching career. He had been under the influence of some of the master minds of his country, and had learned how to work hard, to live well, to achieve worthily and to suffer bravely. The war bugles sounded, and, putting aside his books, he donned his uniform. Soon he was sent to Gallipoli. "He was with his men as cool as if he had been on parade when he was severely wounded. He was taken back to the dressing station, very weak, but with a smile on his face." The last conscious word of the youth was "Mother." What were the memories with him in that final hour on earth? Have we not the answer in the opening line of William L. Stidger's poem, "Who?"

"I wonder who it was that leaned above
me in the night,
Her anxious eyes half-filled with tears
That fell upon my fevered face? Who
touched my brow
With cooling hands? Ah, memory of
childhood years
With whispers low
That come and go;
It was my Mother."

Even thus did the memory of his mother go with the "student in arms" as he went away from college halls to battlefields. Yes, and also as he went into the hospital and into the "valley of the shadow of death."—*Rev. W. J. Hart, D.D.*

1209. Emoluments of Motherhood.

The emoluments of motherhood were never greater than to-day. Poets have sung of the debt which the race owes to its mothers, and every true man has spoken with unstinted praise of his own mother. The obligations of society to motherhood have had clear recognition. We shall soon discern that the women who bear children are the most determining factor in shaping modern civilization.—*The Christian Observer.*

1210. "The God of my Mother."

In the middle of the last century Sir David Brewster went to Paris to visit his friend Arago, the astronomer, who was completing the circuit of his life. Of their interview he said: "We conversed on the marvels of creation; and the name of God was introduced. This led Arago to complain of the difficulties which his reason experienced in understanding God.

"But," said I, "it is still more difficult not to understand Him;'" and he did not deny it.

"Only in this case," said he, "it is quite impossible for me to understand the God of the philosophers."

I replied, "We are not dealing with Him, although I believe that true philosophy conducts us to faith in God; but I wish to speak of the God of the Christian." Whereupon he exclaimed, "You mean the God of my mother! How much comfort she had in kneeling before Him!" He said no more; but his heart had spoken.

Thus a man when left to his better instincts, true to his conscience and the light of the Oracles, finds his way to God.—*Rev. D. J. Burrell, D.D.*

1211. Loved Me Over It.

At Maule, near Paris. France, trees are grown for umbrella handles, canes, etc. Five hundred acres are planted with the ash, oak, maple, chestnut. At one year they are cut back, so that there will be several branches. The next year different designs are traced upon the bark. When the bark is stripped off the following year the designs are found upon the wood ready for use. This is what the Mother does with her boys and girls, determines their worth. Mother is the heart of the home, while father is the head.

The mother-love tides us over many difficulties. A little child fell and was hurt; but she said of her father, "He just loved me over it." The boy was crippled; but the mother encouraged him to try to walk again, with hand and kiss and song.

1212. Dedicated.

When young Matthew Simpson trembling broke the news to his widowed mother that he felt called to preach, which would necessitate his leaving home, she exclaimed with tears of joy: "Oh, my son, I have prayed for this hour every day since you were born. At that time, we dedicated you to the Christian ministry."

1213. The One Argument.

When Richard Cecil was a youth, he tried his utmost to be an infidel; but there was one argument he could never answer; it was the beautiful, eloquent Christian life of his mother. That held him fast.

Another, Dr. Newman Hall, had a similar experience. Against all the solicitations and seductions of infidelity there stood the holy life of his mother. He could not get away from that.

1214. A Mother's Prayer.

Another great teacher, Professor George Wilson of Edinburgh, Scotland, who succeeded in putting himself into the life of his students in a marvelous way, in spite of the pain that tortured him all through his professional life, liked to tell lovingly of his debt to his mother. One of his first memories was of the evening visits paid by her to the bed in which he slept with his twin brother. As she bent over the boys, she would whisper the prayer of Jacob: "The God who hath fed me all my life long unto this day, the angel who hath redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads!" George was fascinated by the words, which he heard one night when the mother thought he was asleep. After that he used to lie awake, pretending to be asleep, that he might hear the earnest prayer. The thought of the petition so often repeated was a benediction to him throughout his life.—*Rev. John T. Farris, D.D.*

1215. Maternal Feeling of the Soldier.

Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson, writing on "The Motherhood of the

Soldier" in the *Red Cross Magazine* says: "It sounds absurd, I know, but it seems to me up front we fighting men contrived to get a kind of motherly feeling for one another. We were all so weak when considered separately, so liable to wounds and death; we were only strong when we stood together. This maternal feeling which developed showed itself in a special direction when the danger was most intense. The moment before an attack the uppermost thought which most of us had and which some of us expressed was 'I wish, if I go west to-day, I had a kid to leave behind me.' It wasn't the father in the man speaking there, for the paternal instinct rarely makes itself felt until the child is already in the world. It was the woman speaking who lies hidden in the heart of every man."

1216. I Thought of You, Mother.

Amid the jewels of historic heroism there sparkles the diamond mother-love of Monica that saved Augustine, of Susanna that saved the Wesleys, of Hannah that saved Samuel. William A. Sunday tells of his mother. "I stretched the elastic bonds to the breaking point. I forgot her prayers, her face. Then I yielded little by little; and I was brought back. Twenty-nine years ago in Chicago I groped my way out of darkness to Jesus Christ." One thing Bob Ingersoll never destroyed was our faith in Mother-love. A boy fell into the water, when his canoe upset; and he swam a mile to safety. What urged him on was, "I thought of you, Mother."—*L.*

1217. The Power of Purity.

The story is told of two theological students who were walking along an "old clothes" street in the Whitechapel district of London. Suddenly one exclaimed, "What a splendid text for a sermon to young men!" pointing to a suit of clothes that hung swaying in the breeze at the side of a window. "Slightly soiled. Greatly Reduced in Price." "That's it exactly," he went on. "We young people get soiled so slightly, just seeing a vulgar show in a theater, just reading a coarse book, just allowing ourselves a little indulgence in dishonest or lustful thoughts, just slightly soiled, and lo! when the time comes for our manhood to be appraised, we are 'greatly reduced in price.' Our charm, our strength is gone. The consecration of youth is gone. We are just part and parcel of the general, shop-worn stock."

There is great loss in being "slightly soiled," but there is power in purity. Sir Galahad, the old knight who stood as the type of chastity said: "My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure." It is so still. The man whose heart is right has the power of ten average men from the very fact that his heart is right. If Sir Galahad was correct, his language might be followed with the statement of the man his exact opposite in character, "My weakness is as the weakness of ten because my heart is impure." If a man's heart is wrong, he has hidden away in his life as much weakness as belongs to ten average men from the very fact that his heart is impure. But there is power in purity. Shakespeare said: "A heart unspotted is not easily daunted." The poet Thompson said: "Even from the body's purity, the mind receives a scant sympathetic aid." "Virtue is a thousand shields," was the motto of the Earl of Effingham. Christ said, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." The apostle Paul, said, "Whatsoever things are pure, think on these things." And he wrote to his young friend Timothy, "Keep thyself pure." Mother's Day

is a good time to refresh our minds and conscience on the importance of purity.—*H.*

1218. Debt to Good Mothers.

"Ian Maclaren," said that it would bankrupt a man to try to repay the love of a good mother. "Success" calculates that the Presidents of the United States owe more to their mothers than to their fathers. Only eleven of the Presidents were in easy circumstances, and of the remainder who struggled with adverse circumstances, Jackson and Lincoln had mothers to whom it was well worth the labor of this great country to erect monuments.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

1219. A Testimony to Mother.

"During my infancy that godly mother had dedicated me to the Lord as truly as Hannah ever dedicated her son Samuel. When my paternal grandfather, who was a lawyer, offerred to bequeath his law library to me, my mother declined the tempting offer, and said to him: "I fully expect that my little boy will be a minister." He further said: "A few years ago, I gratefully placed in that noble Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, a beautiful memorial window to my beloved mother, representing Hannah and the child Samuel, and the fitting inscription: "As long as he liveth, I have lent him to the Lord."—*Dr. Theodore Cuyler.*

1220. Manly Purity.

"I should be a very poor counsellor of young men," wrote a true friend of youth, "if I taught you that purity is possible only by isolation from the world. We do not want that sort of holiness which can only thrive in seclusion; we want that virile, manly purity which keeps itself unspotted from the world, even amidst its worst debasements, just as the lily lifts its slender chalice of white and gold to heaven untainted by the soil in which it grows, though that soil be the reservoir of death and putrefaction."

1221. "I thought of You Mother."

A boy who afterwards became Governor of the State of Massachusetts, once came near being drowned. The boat in which he was sailing was capsized, and he had to swim more than a mile; but he finally reached the shore in safety; and when he reached home and told his mother what a long distance he had to swim, she asked him how he managed to hold out so long. "I though of you, mother," replied the boy, "and kept on swimming." The thought of mother helped him in the moment of his greatest need, and thus saved his life, not only to himself and to his mother, but also to the State and the Nation.

The thought of mother has saved many boys and girls, men and women, from sinking. Indeed it has done more than that. The thought of mother has not only saved men from death, but it has inspired them to the most noble and heroic achievements. The thought of mother's love, mother's life, mother's toils, mother's endless sacrifice, mother's sleepless nights for our comfort and safety—thoughts of these things have helped many souls over the rough and dangerous places in life, and finally into the Heavenly Father's house.

1222. Her Love Outlasts.

In a beautiful poem on motherhood, Dr. F. Watson Hannan writes:

"Her love outlasts all other human love,
Her faith endures the longest, hardest test,
Her grace and patience through a lifetime prove
That she's a friend, the noblest and the best."

1223. General Pershing Mother's Day Order.

Gen. John J. Pershing, on May 8, 1918, issued the following order to all units of the American Expeditionary Forces in France:

"To All Commanding Officers: I wish every officer and soldier in the American Expeditionary Forces would write a letter home on Mother's Day. This is a little thing for each one to do, but these letters will carry back our courage and our affection to the patriotic women whose love and prayers inspire us and cheer us on to victory. PERSHING."

1224. Motherhood.

Motherhood is the crowning glory of womanhood. Naturally the question is asked, Why? One reason is because of the wonderful opportunities which come with motherhood. The time-worn expression, "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world," is true. Some one has wisely said: "When God wanted a great man, he first made a great mother."

1225. A Mother's Hand, A Mother's Kiss, A Mother's Song.

There is a mighty power in a mother's hand. There's more power in a woman's hand than there is in a king's scepter.

And there is a mighty power in a mother's kiss—inspiration, courage, hope, ambition, in a mother's kiss. One kiss made Benjamin West a painter, and the memory of it clung to him through life. One kiss will drive away the fear in the dark and make the little one brave. It will give strength where there is weakness.

I was in a town one day and saw a mother out with her boy, and he had great steel braces on both legs, to his hips, and when I got near enough to them I learned by their conversation that wasn't the first time the mother had had him out for a walk. She had him out exercising him so he would get use of his limbs. He was struggling and she smiled and said: "You are doing fine to-day; better then you did yesterday," and she stooped and kissed him, and the kiss of encouragement made him work all the harder, and she said: "You are doing great, son," and he said: "Mamma, I'm going to run; look at me." And he started, and one of his toes caught on the steel brace on the other leg and he stumbled, but she caught him and kissed him, and said: "That was fine, son; how well you did it!" Now, he did it because his mother had encouraged him with a kiss. He didn t do it to show off. There is nothing that will help and inspire like a mother's kiss.

There is power in a mother's song, too. It's the best music the world ever heard.—*Rev. William A. Sunday, D.D.*

1226. Andrew Carnegie's Mother.

Andrew Carnegie acknowledges the influence of his mother over him in these words: "I owe a great deal to my mother. She was a seamstress, cook, washlady, and never until late in life had a servant in the house. And yet she was a cultivated woman. She kept up with the literature of the day. When I was a litle tot, she used to read good books to me."

Much of the work of mothers is done in quietness and obscurity, but it is done with patience and faithfulness. Appreciation is not always forthcoming, but the mother finds her compensation in the assurance that duty has been well done.—*Rev. W. J. Hart, D.D.*

1227. My Mother.

It was one summer evening. The hard day's work was done. One after

another had gone to bed until mother and I were left alone on the porch in the moonlight. I had noticed that she did not seem as cheerful as usual, and as we sat there alone she seemed to be looking far away into the moonlight. I felt something was troubling her, but I did not feel like mentioning it to her. After sitting by her for a while I felt that I, too, should leave her alone with her thoughts unmolested. I quietly slipped inside the room to my bed but not to sleep, for I lay still, listening for mother to retire. In the silence, I became restless and stole out of bed to see. And there, in a flood of moonlight, I saw my mother kneeling by her chair. I quickly stole back to my bed and began to wonder if my own stubborn, wilful way was what had been causing my mother grief; I wondered if she were not pouring out her soul to God in behalf of her children, and I resolved to try to be a better and more obedient child.—*Russia C. Frazier.*

1228. A Beautiful Tribute.

One Sunday afternoon a good many years ago a company of us who had gathered from the colleges for a ten days' conference with Mr. Moody at Northfield were going up into the woods on the mountain for a prayer-meeting with him. We met at his house, and when we had walked about a block toward the hills, Mr. Moody stopped us in front of a modest dwelling and said, "Boys, my mother lives in this house, and I want you to sing for her." And how the boys did sing for Mr. Moody's mother! This is just one instance of the appreciation and thoughtfulness which Mr. Moody always showed toward the mother who had so deeply influenced his life, and which every man ought to show to his own mother.—*Rev. James E. Russell.*

1229. A Mother's Hand.

A mother's hand is comforting. A father's hand is strengthening. A mother reached a war hospital when her son was very sick and asleep. She very lightly laid her hand on the forehead of her sleeping son, and he smiled in his sleep and said, "Mother."

"My mother's own hands, her beautiful hands,
That guided me over life's sands;
I bless God's name for the memory
Of mother's own beautiful hands."

1230. Mother's Lesson of Purity.

A lily grew in a garden fair. It was tall and beautiful. Its petals were white, its heart of gold, and in it glistened a dew-drop. All the world reverently admired its beauty, and enjoyed its fragrance. At length one bolder grown touched its white petals with rude, caressing fingers, and inhaled its odors with more ardent breath; and the dewdrop vanished, the whiteness was sullied, the heart of gold was tarnished, until few looked admiringly, and one with brutal grasp plucked the poor lily from the stem, and carelessly threw it in the dust where no one stopped to pity or to say, "Poor bruised and broken flower!"

In the garden of life a maiden grew. Her cheek shone with the bloom of youth, her eyes danced with the light of joy, her heart was of virgin gold, and in it glistened the dewdrop of innocence.

All who knew this fair flower of maidenhood reverently admired, till some grown bolder, with flattering words drew near and with a baleful touch soiled the white flower, until at last the golden heart of purity was tarnished and the dew of innocence had vanished, and in the dust of sin she lay outcast with no one to say, "Poor bruised and broken flower of radiant womanhood!"—*Dr. Mary Wood Allen.*

1231. His First Question.

Philip D. Armour's first question about a man in whom he was interested was, "What kind of a mother did he have?" And it is always probable that if a man has had the right sort of a mother the man is the right sort of a man. This is not to underestimate the father's influence, but in most homes the chief care of the children at the most impressionable age devolves upon the mother. It is one of the great laws of modern pedagogy that no impression made upon a child is ever obliterated, and especially is this true during the first five years of a child's life. We do not remember the first five years, but the impression made then are a part of us.—*J. E. R.*

1232. Before the Queen.

When in England, many years ago, Philips Brooks was called to preach before royalty. Afterward, visiting with acquaintances who had been present on the occasion, he was complimented on his poise.

"Why," said an English clergyman, "If I had stood up to preach before the king I should have been so nervous I should scarcely have been able to proceed. Didn't you feel at all disturbed?"

"Not at all," responded the famous American. "I have preached before my mother."

1233. Mother's Day.

The law of God commands us, "Honor thy father and thy mother." Long life is the reward promised for keeping this first commandment. Let us study the life of Christ. What understanding there appeared between him and his mother. What tender regard he showed for her! Every good mother wants the child to grow sturdy in body, sane in intellect and reverent in spirit. Men and women the world around are conscious of the great ideals "mother" has for them and are now beginning to realize her sacrifices, and are recognizing them by setting apart a "Mother's Day" in which to pay homage to her.

Originally an old English custom was to have a "Mothering Sunday" in Lent, and in 1906, it became popular in this country. The World Sunday-school Association promptly sponsored it, and in 1914 Congress authorized and requested the President to issue a proclamation for the observance of "Mother's Day" on the second Sabbath in May "as a public expression of our love and reverence for the mothers of our country." And the custom has not stopped here—it has spread to other lands until it fairly encircles the globe.

1234. To a Sainted Mother.

A beautiful stained-glass window in a Methodist Episcopal church in New York State bears the simple and only inscription, "To a sainted mother." This is pure eloquence.

1235. Teach Purity on Mother's Day.

The fur of the ermine is of perfect whiteness. The dainty little creature appears to make it the business of its life to keep clean. It has as utter a horror of filth as a sow has a love for it. So strong is this instinct that the ermine will suffer capture rather than defilement. Trappers know this fact and use it to the destruction of the little creature. They will smear filth over the paths that the ermine would naturally choose to escape, and it falls into the trap because it keeps itself unspotted. So should we have a horror of the defilement of sin; so should we love purity that we try to keep our thoughts pure and sweet and clean at all costs.—*Rev. R. P. Anderson.*

1236. God and Mother.

An old minister wrote in his nineteenth year something like this: "God came to me first in my mother. He could not have come to me in any other way to bless me, so He put His love and tenderness and purity and grace and sweetness into my mother, and she revealed it to me. After a while I began to know God in other ways, learning to trust Him and to lean upon Him. Now in my old age my mother has gone, but God remains; and what my mother was to me in my infancy, God is to me in my old age." What I want you to see in these words is, that the only way God has of getting to your children, or revealing His love for them, is through you. The Jewish rabbis used to say that "God could not be everywhere, so he made mothers."

1237. Proud of His Regiment.

Among the many Christmas gifts received by a bright little boy was an imitation military uniform. The youngster put it on, and went out into the street, where he marched proudly up and down, his beaming countenance and happy appearance attracting the attention of the passers-by. Finally, a soldier came along, and turning to the boy asked, in a kindly tone, "To what regiment do you belong, laddie?" The word "regiment" was new to the child. He hesitated a moment, as if trying to grasp its significance, and then, with an air of pride, replied, "To mother's regiment." "That's right, my boy," replied the soldier. "Never be ashamed of your regiment."

1238. Court of Character.

The great court of character is the home. In this court the mother is the judge and the sheriff, too, with an occasional appeal to the supreme court in the person of the father.

1239. Tribute to Mother.

A great company had gathered in the auditorium for the evening service. There were men and women gray and bent, because the years had been long and full of care. There were young men and women with the morning glow upon their faces. Here and there sat a little child, and over all brooded the Sabbath hush.

Then softly into the silence began to steal the notes of a song. Tenderly, yearningly, almost caressingly, it came:

"O mother, when I think of thee,
'Tis but a step to Calvary."

The silence deepened into a solemn stillness, as all the love and the longing, the joy and the sorrow, the disappointment and the achievement of the years poured themselves into the singer's voice. Again it came:

"O mother, when I think of thee,
'Tis but a step to Calvary,
Thy gentle hand is on my brow,
'Tis leading me to Jesus now."

Then, as if the audience were but one great, hungry heart, hungry for mother, heads bowed, eyes closed and song and singer were forgotten. The sweetest face in all the world came back and with that face a life. The long years gave up their store, and a little child, a youth, a man was once again with mother. Then, the heart made answer, the common heart of the great, bowed audience made answer to the song:

"'Yes, mother, when I think of thee,
'Tis but a step to Calvary,'"

and thence to Calvary's God. And how easy it has been to take that step, for mother was so like to Him. Her patience with our carelessness and willfulness with our mistakes and foolish blunders helped us to trust the mercy that endureth forever. Her spirit which never thought of self, but always of another, which counted sacrifice a privilege, if it enriched

the child she loved, had kinship with that Spirit which gave an only begotten Son. Her confidence in what we should sometime be, a confidence that never faltered through all the wayward years, made us understand in part how the heavenly Father could await the perfected life of even His weakest child. Her prayers interpreted to us the passion of His intercession, her smile gave us a glimpse of the beauty of His face. Her readiness to hear any childish confidence gave us added boldness to come to Him, and her forgiveness, full, free and glad, helped us to know how God forgives. It was her touch in pain which told us of the Master's touch, it was her comfort in sorrow that gave meaning to the words, "So will I comfort you." It was her love, ministering, suffering, abiding, that moved us to reach out yearning hands toward the everlasting love of God.

Yes, the song is true. Sing it once again and memory will join, reverently, lovingly and gratefully:

"'O mother, when I think of thee,
'Tis but a step to Calvary.'"
—*Antoinette Abernethy Lamoreaux.*

1240. Mother's Way.

Tender, gentle, brave and true,
Loving us whate'er we do!
Waiting, watching at the gate
For the footsteps that are late,
Sleepless through the hours of night
Till she knows that we're all right,
Pleased with every word we say—
That is ever mother's way.

Not enough for her are flowers,
Her life is so blent with ours
That in all we dare and do
She is partner, through and through;
Suffering when we suffer pain,
Happy when we smile again,
Living with us, night and day —
That is ever mother's way.
—*Edgar A. Guest.*

1241. The Greatest Influence.

"If ever I make anything in this world or another, I shall owe it to the blessed influence of love," Daniel Coit Gilman wrote when he was 23 years old. Later, when he was president of Johns Hopkins University, he emphasized the message, as he told of a father whose days were marked by unselfish ministry and of a mother who always brought out the best that was in him.

1242. Mother Means Martyr.

Mother's Day as has been pointed out, is the one holiday the whole world can observe as one nation. A noble mother is the one whom the whole world can honor in unison. The day naturally takes its place in the world's calendar of consecrated dates. It claims recognition from all classes and conditions from every color, creed and race.

The Lithuanian definition of mother is martyr. Various nations have enshrined the mother in proverbs. With the Germans it is "A mother's Love is new every day." The Swiss say, "It is easier for a poor mother to keep seven children than for seven children to keep a mother." The Venetian proverb reads: "Mother! He who has one calls her, he who has none misses her." And the Hindoos: "Mother mine, ever mine, whether I be rich or poor."

Like the thought of mother, the wearing of the white carnation on Mother's Day sends a thrill from heart to heart throughout the world. It has been aptly said that "It lights the flame of brotherhood in the heart of stranger and of foe, for in mother love the hearts of the universe are fashioned alike."

1243. Edison's Tribute to His Mother.

Thomas A. Edison, pays a splendid tribute to his mother when he says: "I did not have my mother long, but she cast over me an influence which has lasted all my life. The good effects of her early training I can never lose. If it had not been for her appreciation and her faith in me at a

critical time in my experience, I should never likely have become an inventor. I was always a careless boy, and with a mother of different mental calibre I should probably have turned out badly. But her firmness, her sweetness, her goodness, were potent powers to keep me in the right path. My mother was the making of me. The memory of her will always be a blessing to me."

1244. The Heart of the Home.

Be the home where it may, on the hill, in the valley,
Hemmed in by the walls of the populous town,
Set fair where the corn lifts its plumes to the rally,
Or perched on the slope where the torrent rolls down,
Still ever the heart of the home is the same,
Still ever the dearest of names is the name,
And ever the purest of fames is the fame
Of the home-queen, the mother, whose gentle command,
Unchallenged, bears rule in our beautiful land.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

1245. The Thought That Thrills.

Christina Rosetti has put into words the thought that thrills in every heart as we recall the love and patience of the mother who reared and trained us:

"And so because you love me, and because
I love you, mother, I have woven a wreath
Of rimes wherewith to crown your honored name;
In you not fourscore years can dim the flame
Of love, whose blessed glow transcends the laws
Of time and change and mortal life and death."

1246. Forty Mother-power Mothers.

The world owes a debt to its mothers greater than it can conceive. Trained and encouraged by earnest and sacrificing mothers, boys have grown up with high ideals, and the training and the memory of their mothers have been the most potent factors in their lives.

Said Julia Ward Howe in an address when ninety-one years of age: "We talk of forty horse-power. If we could have a forty-mother power, it would be the most wonderful force the world ever knew."

Napoleon was a sage when he said, "Let France have good mothers, and she will have good sons."

Garfield's first act after he was inaugurated President was to kiss his aged mother, who sat near him. No wonder that she said that was the proudest and happiest moment of her life. The solicitude of William McKinley for his mother, and her devotion to her son, will not quickly be forgotten.

1247. All Women Sacred.

How true the words of Jean Paul Richter, who said: "To a man who has had a mother, all women are sacred for her sake!"

1248. Mothers As Evangelists.

Christlike mothers are wonderful soul-winners. They are the most successful evangelists in the world. I have read of a young infidel, who was contemplating the character of his mother. "I see," he said within himself, "two unquestionable facts. First, my mother is greatly afflicted in circumstances, body and mind, and I see that she cheerfully bears up under all, by the support she derives from constantly retiring to her closet and her Bible. Secondly, I see, that she has a secret spring of comfort of which I know nothing; while I, who give an unbounded loose rein to my appetites, and seek pleasure by every means, seldom or never find it. If, however, there is any such secret in religion, why may not I attain it, as well as my mother? I will immediately seek it of God." Thus the influence of Christianity, exhibited in its loveliness by a living example before him daily in his mother influenced Richard Cecil to find Jesus Himself, and to glorify that Saviour by a life of remark-

able service. Every mother has such opportunities with her children, and here is her sphere.—*Rev. Warren J. Partridge.*

1249. Legend About Mother-love.

I once read the story of an angel who stole out of heaven and came to this world one bright, sunshiny day; roamed through field, forest, city and hamlet, and as the sun went down plumed his wings for the return flight. The angel said, "Now that my visit is over, before I return I must gather some mementos of my trip." He looked at the beautiful flowers in the garden and said, "How lovely and fragrant!" and plucked the rarest roses, made a bouquet and said, "I see nothing more beautiful and fragrant than the flowers." The angel looked further, and saw a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked child, and said, "That baby is prettier than the flowers; I will take that, too," and, looking behind the cradle, he saw a mother's love pouring out over her babe like a gushing spring, and the angel said, "The mother's love is the prettiest thing I have seen; I will take that too."

And with these three treasures the heavenly messenger winged his flight to the pearly gates saying, "Before I go I must examine the mementos of my trip to the earth." He looked at the flowers; they had withered. He looked at the baby's smile, and it had faded. He looked at the mother's love, and it shone in all its pristine beauty. Then he threw away the withered flowers, cast aside the faded smile, and with the mother's love pressed to his breast swept through the gates into the city, shouting that the only thing he had found that would retain its fragrance from earth to heaven is a mother's love.—*Rev. William A. Sunday, D.D.*

1250. That's Mother.

I have known many women who have brought the picture of the Christ into my thought as I noted their daily work. Smiling over the humblest service. That's mother. Cheerfully doing the things of which the rest of us have said, "You catch me!" That's mother. After the long, long day's work—five or six to seven hours over union time—girding herself and kneeling to wash the feet of guests that were unworthy to cross the threshold of her sweet home. That's mother. Sinking into a chair, weary and faint, only to rise from it with the unfailing smile on her dear, tired face, to wait on some man who has worked eight hours that day; or to mend a jacket or catcher's mitt for a boy who has played all day; or to sew on a bit of lace or adjust a ribbon or change something about a gown for a girl who has had such a good time all day that she can't stop, but must go out for a better time in the evening. That's mother. Staying at home that the others may go out and enjoy themselves. That's mother. Sacrificing this hope, that comfort, and that rest, for people who forget to say "thank you." That's mother. Laying off her wraps and staying home from prayer-meeting or church because somebody else danced herself or played himself into a headache. That's mother. Getting accustomed to hear the rest of the family say, as they get ready for the evening's entertainment: "Oh, no, mother doesn't care to go. Church and prayer-meeting are mother's only dissipations." Well, those are about all some families allow her. They don't cost anything, and the rest of the family don't want to go.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

1251. Defending Mother.

A pleasing story is told of John Keats and his mother. Mrs. Keats, it is said, inspired her children with an extraordinary affection. When John was four or five years old, Mrs. Keats was very seriously ill, and the doctor gave orders that she should not be disturbed for some time. John, learning of this, kept sentinel at her door for about three hours with an old sword he had picked up, and allowed no one to enter.

1252. His Mother's Version.

A Bible class teacher, was telling of the various translations of the Bible and their different excellencies. The class was much interested, and one of the young men that evening was talking to a friend about it.

"I think I prefer the King James Version for my part," he said, "though, of course, the Revised is more scholarly."

His friend smiled. "I prefer my mother's translation of the Bible myself to any other version," he said.

"Your mother's?" cried the first young man, thinking his companion had suddenly gone crazy. "What do you mean, Fred?"

"I mean that my mother has translated the Bible into the language of daily life for me ever since I was old enough to understand it. She translates it straight, too, and gives its full meaning. There has never been any obscurity about her version. Whatever printed version of the Bible I may study, my mother's is always the one that clears up my difficulties."

1253. A Dying Soldier's Memory of His Mother.

After one of the hard-fought battles of the war a Conferedate chaplain was called hastily to see a dying soldier. Taking his hand, he said, "Well, my brother, what can I do for you?"

He supposed, of course, that the young fellow would want him to cry to God for help in his extremity; it was not so.

"Chaplain," he said, "I want you to cut a lock of hair for my mother; and then, chaplain, I want you to kneel down and return thanks to God for me."

"For what?" asked the chaplain.

"For giving me such a mother. Oh! she is a good mother. Her teachings are my comfort now. And then, chaplain, thank God that by his grace I am a Christian. What would I do now if I were not a Christian? And thank Him for giving me dying grace. He has made this hard bed feel 'soft as downy pillows are.' And, oh, chaplain, thank Him for the promised home in glory—I'll soon be there."

"And so," said the chaplain, "I kneeled by his bed with not a petition to utter; only praises and thanksgiving for a good mother, a Christian hope, dying grace, and an eternal home in glory."

1254. Three Great Singers.

The brilliant audience gave an ovation to the great singer. She was unquestionably the best soprano in the world. The critic turned to his friend, the self-made millionaire, and said: "Did you ever hear any song more exquisitely rendered?"

"Yes," said the rich man musingly, for he was touched by the magic of what he had heard. "Yes, I have heard three greater singers."

"I want to know," exclaimed the critic.

"The first was years ago. The singer was plain of face and gray of hair and tired of body. There was much work to do and many mouths to feed. I was the youngest child, sick and cross. And the dear singer

crooned to me a lullaby, and I slept. It was a wonderful song. The next was years afterwards. We had a little cottage. It was summer, and the windows and doors were open. My wife was in the kitchen preparing supper. She was singing something about the true love coming home to her. It was for me. And that too was a wonderful song. Some more years elapse. There is a little toddler in the garden, and she sings hesitatingly something about daddy and his baby. These are three singers, my friend, that beat all of your sopranos."

And the critic—well, perhaps the critic agreed with him.

1255. Garfield's Mother.

The mother of President Garfield was a woman of large gifts and deep piety. She taught her children the Bible, temperance, the love of liberty and loyalty to the country.

Just after President Garfield delivered his inaugural address, while tens of thousands of his countrymen were cheering him, he turned and kissed his aged mother—then he kissed his wife. Again the vast multitude applauded his action, honoring the tribute to his mother and wife in the one supreme moment of his life. When the news came to the mother that her son was shot, she cried out in her agony: "The Lord help me! How could any one be so cold-hearted as to want to kill my baby?" The last kiss of the mother was when her loving boy was in his casket, while multitudes were following the lamented Garfield to his tomb.

XIX. MEMORIAL DAY

(The Thirtieth of May.)

1256. A Comely Custom.

Tradition has it that after the last battle fought in behalf of the Stuarts there sprang up to mark the spot on Colloden Moor a singular little blue flower, unknown in that region before. The natives called it the "Flower of Colloden," because it sprang from the soil made sacred and rich with the blood of their kin. Seeds sleeping for ages, it was said, sprung into life and beauty when they received their baptism of blood. Colloden flowers are always considered the choicest because of the cost of their production, for they of all others grow from soil fertilized with sacrifices and dyed with blood.

One might ask, What are these Colloden flowers of our American soil? One is national freedom. Another is the Mayflower of religious liberty. Others there are that form a whole boquet of patriotic graces that spring from the soil where our soldiers died in the Civil War, and other wars of self-sacrificing love and devotion to country and kin.

By a change of thought and figure of speech we can think of the flowers our nation uses on Memorial Day as American Colloden flowers of gratitude. The Psalmist said, "Praise is comely." The expression of gratitude is comely; so we are sure that our nation's practice of each Memorial Day scattering on the graves of its heroic dead the flowers of gratitude as a sweet-smelling savor is a comely custom. This annual tribute of flowers is certainly a very beautiful custom and one we hope will never cease to be observed. It will not affect the dead, but it will greatly affect and bless the living.—*H.*

1257. Flowers on the Waters.

The placing of a flag and of flowers on the graves of soldiers in cemeteries will probably always be the practice of Memorial Day as instituted by the G. A. R. Recently a unique and beautiful form of Memorial service has come into vogue. The observance consists of strewing the waves with flowers of the colors of the national banner. Many cities on the seaboard, lakes and rivers, have adopted this novel and picturesque ceremony Barges are laden with blossoms, which are flung upon the waters by young girls as the government ships sound a salute as a requiem for the naval heroes asleep in the gardens of the sea.

1258. New Sense of Patriotism.

With all of these scars, and wounds, and pains of separation, we come to Memorial Day with a new sense of patriotism, a new conception of sacrifice, a new horror for war, a new viewpoint of freedom, and an increased appreciation of the "land of the free and the home of the brave." We come with a hope for the future and a longing for our posterity, praying God to forbid that war again shall molest our homes and disorganize the world.

The day means that, while they sleep, with their ears deaf to the sound of cannon, and eyes closed to the flash of the sword, we will decorate with our flowers, weep with our tears, remember with our minds, and cherish with our hearts, thinking first, last, and always of our country's fairest manhood who fell for homes, friends, and freedom. Whether in blue, in gray or in khaki, they are "Our dead—our loved ones tried and true."—*Religious Telescope.*

1259. Honor and Emulate.

The ancient Romans used to place the statues and busts of their distinguished ancestors in the vestibules of their houses that they and their children might be reminded of and led to imitate their noble deeds. There is no doubt that the influence of this practice was most happy upon the living, awakening in many breasts high and noble aspirations. The young grew up to reverence the worthies whose statues they daily saw, and to emulate the qualities which gave to their ancestors such lasting fame. In these days we have no busts of honored ancestors in the porches of our dwellings; but we have something more impressive in such days as this we celebrate, when their noble characters are extolled and their heroic deeds are recounted in every hamlet and village and city throughout the length and breadth of the land; and the results will be just as happy, and more so, than were those flowing from that honored Roman custom. I am sure that we all do greatly appreciate the honor our nation delights to shower upon the gallant men who laid down their lives for the State.—*H.*

1260. Flowers on Graves Ancient Custom.

The custom of decorating graves with flowers prevailed among the Greeks and Romans. Simondies wrote (500 B. C.) for Sophocles' epitaph:

Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid,
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clustering vine;
So shall thy lasting leaves with beauty hung
Prove a fit emblem for the lays he sung.

It is a custom full of eloquent appeals to the heart of sorrowing survivors, and is fraught with such associations as induce an elevation of sentiment, and a poetry of feeling adapted to modify our grief and invest the sepulcher with the kindly emotions of hope and immortality.

"On earth, the thorns and roses are blending
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

The bridal and the burial have alike sought their richest emblems among these fairest symbols of beauty and decay.

The old Romans not only used flowers for personal decoration, but made them the accessories of religion. These delicate emblems adorned their priests, altars, and sacrifices. Their statues were crowned with them.

1261. Perpetual Gratitude Due.

"These flowers are the alphabet of our hearts; with them we spell out Faith, Hope, Heaven." Flowers express in their structure and colors the most delicate affections and appreciations of the soul, for "the flower seems to be the portion of vegetable on which nature has bestowed the most pains. The least conspicuous flowers reveal under the microscope an exquisite beauty."

The heroic daring of the Federal soldiers, their sublime courage, entitles them to the perpetual gratitude of their countrymen and to the admiration of the world.—*Rev. Franklin Moore.*

1262. Better.

"A wooden cross over there is better than an armchair over here."

That's the spirit that was found in all the boys who saw with their own eyes the hell of German warfare. We can safely take their word for it, and try to develop in our own tasks here at home a little of their fine spirit of sacrifice.

1263. Harry Lauder at Son's Grave.

Laughing Harry Lauder stood by the grave of his boy and said, "Oh, God, that I could have one request, it would be that I might embrace my laddie again and thank him for what he did for his country and humanity." The best way to thank the dead is to complete the task that they began. To be baptized for them.

1264. No Wars of Conquest.

Alexander, the Macedonian, said he fought to spread Greek civilization, but all the world knows it was Persian gold and Egyptian wealth and universal conquest that led him and his soldiers over land and sea. American soldiers have yet to make their first raid on any nation for wealth or territorial possession. And God grant that this may always be true of them! America has sent her thousands to enlighten and civilize people in every clime between the two poles, but never armed with musket or sword. She sends her missionaries and Christian teachers for that purpose. Among the greatest, the bravest and noblest soldiers that ever followed any standard are those who have followed and defended the Stars and Stripes.

1265. Honor the Brave.

At the close of the Civil War, when a portion of the army was being disbanded in New York, it is said that hundreds of thousands of people gathered along the line of march to witness the scene.

First came soldiers in bright uniforms and with stainless flags. As they marched along the multitude cheered them with a hearty good will.

But by and by there came along companies whose ranks were very thin, little bands, with torn garments, battered armament and tattered flags. As they passed by there went up one grand, unanimous, re-echoing shout, which seemed to cause the whole island of Manhattan to tremble. These were the real veterans; these had seen real service, and were accounted worthy of double honor. And we know the people were right.

But if this be true, think, then, what honor can be too great for the memory of those who, not simply saw service and came back, but who saw service and never came back!

Never came back! but sealed their devotion with their blood, giving their lives that we might be free! Let us never forget to honor them, for surely this freedom of ours was purchased at a great price.—*H.*

1266. Gratitude and Hope.

Memorial Day brings lessons of gratitude and hope. Memory is the mother of gratitude. When we recall our national blessings, how much cause we have for gratitude to God! We can truly say "He hath not dealt so with any nation." "The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." Our dear old flag, "with not a strip erased and not a star obscured," waves over a broad undivided nation of free people —the happiest people in the world, if we had the good sense to appreciate it. It is no fiction when ours is spoken of as "the land of the free and the home of the brave."—*H.*

1267. There Bloosoms Red Life that Shall Endless Be.

"Upon the ground where the battle of Bull Run was fought," said a tourist, "I saw pretty, pure, delicate flowers growing out of the empty ammunition boxes, a wild rose thrusting up its graceful head through the top of a broken Union drum, and a sweet scented scarlet verbena peeping out of a fragment of an exploded shell." Even so shall the blessings of peace spring up in the track of "devouring campaigns" that carry all before them. Ah, yes, the blessings of peace are surely coming, because the world is becoming civilized and war is not a civilized method of settling disputes!

1268. The Hand of God in our History.

And it is well to emphasize on this Memorial Day the great truth that our preservation has been of God. When through the gloom and stress and storm the ark of liberty was carried, if with shattered timbers, yet undestroyed, to where the haven lay in peaceful calm, how acute our feeling was that on the helm had been the hand of Him that holdeth the winds in His fists and bids the seas be calm. May God, in the midst of abounding perils—the God of our fathers—who has made us what we are, still preserve us a nation!

1269. Value of Peace.

Memorial Day teaches the value of peace. It shows war at best a necessary evil, to be justified only by a righteous cause. It shows the cost of war. What the Civil War costs us in dollars and cents some day may be wiped out and forgotten, but that it costs us hundreds of thousands of precious lives will never be forgotten while Memorial Day continues to be observed. At a great price obtained we this freedom. It was the price of blood—the blood of a nation's heroes, whose memories we honor. Nor will they soon be forgotten, for

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And Memory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

Our nation will not soon forget the value of peace purchased at such a cost. Memorial Day is a definite reminder of the price paid.—*H.*

1270. Cover Them Over.

Cover them over with beautiful flowers;
Deck them with garlands, those brothers of ours;
Lying so silent, by night and by day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away;
Years they had marked for the joys of the brave;

Years they must waste in the sloth of the grave.
All the bright laurels they fought to make bloom,
Fell to the earth when they went to the tomb.
Give them the meed they have won in the past;
Give them the honors their merits forecast;
Give them the chaplets they won in the strife;
Give them the laurels they lost with their life.
Cover them over,—yes, cover them over,—
Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover;
Crown in your heart those dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.
—Will Carlton.

1271. "Five Hundred Miles of Tears."

A Chicago woman who crossed France soon after the outbreak of this terrible war said that she had travelled through "five hundred miles of tears."

She had seen mothers bidding goodby to their sons, probably the last goodby. Brokenhearted wives were saying a last farewell to their husbands. Sisters were parting from brothers whom they would not see again on earth. Sweethearts were embracing their lovers as if they could not let them go. With stony eyes the poor souls left behind were facing a future of sorrow, poverty, and lonely desolation.

1272. The Peace of God.

A ship's compass is so adjusted as to keep its level amidst all the heavings of the sea. Though forming part of a structure that feels every motion of the restless waves, it has an arrangement of its own that keeps it always in place and in working order. Look at it when you will, it is pointing—trembling, perhaps, but truly—to the pole. So each soul in this life needs an adjustment of its own, that amid the fluctuations of the "earthen vessel" it may be kept ever in a position to feel the power of its great attraction in the skies.

A nation adjusted right toward God will have peace. A world so adjusted will have peace.—*H.*

1273. "Dead on the Field of Honor."

A boy of only twenty years was killed in France. Found on his body was a letter of comfort to his parents:

"We shall live forever in the results of our efforts. We shall live as those who, by their sacrifice, won the great war.

"You must console yourself with the thought that I am happy. The measure of life is not its span, but the use made of it."

This is the fine spirit of the true soldier. We can never close our account with those who died on the field of honor. Perhaps the humblest tribute we can pay to their memory is to follow the wisdom of the young hero:

"The measure of life is not its span, but the use made of it."

1274. Fresh Graves.

Memorial Day is not limited to services for the heroes of our Civil War alone. Since the time it was legally established, other crimson pages and rolls of honor have been added to our history. Other events and records of sacrifice have been registered in the annals of our past since the brave men, under Lincoln's instruction, went down in death for the freedom of man. The names of heroes who fell in our war with Spain have been written in the scroll which never can be changed. More recent still are the chivalrous actions and gallant deeds of those whose lives and sufferings meant defeat to Prussianism, and victory to the nations of earth who longed for deliverance. Wounds in our hearts still are open and bleeding because a voice is missed never to be heard again, and a place is vacant never more to be filled.

1275. Love of Country.

Love of country is not only a natural sentiment in every true heart, but it is right in the sight of God. No one can ignore his relation to his country and not sin against God. "If I forget Thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." These were the words of one loyal both to God and to native land. Christ, too, was a patriot; and a religion without patriotism is not inspired by Christ. Christ loved his nation. He came first for His own people, preached first to them, and wept when they would not attend to the things that would make for their peace. The Gospel exalts patriotism to a Christian virtue whenever it is held in a Christian spirit.—*H.*

1276. The Unforgotten Dead.

One of the most solemn and impressive moments of the Student Volunteer Convention, which met at Des Moines during the holidays of 1919-1920, came when the vast audience rose to its feet while the roll call was read of those student volunteers who had died since the last convention. As name after name came with the terrible words, "Killed in action," or "Killed in Europe," or "Died of wounds in France," the hearts of all were moved at a new vision of the costly price paid for the freedom of the world.

1277. The Iron Cross.

A striking instance is narrated by Lieutenant Conigsby Dawson. During one fierce engagement, a British officer saw a German officer impaled on the barbed wire, writhing in anguish. The fire was dreadful, yet he still hung there unscathed. At length the British officer could stand it no longer. He said quietly, "I can't bear to look at that poor chap any longer." So he went out under the hail of shell, released him, took him on his shoulders and carried him to the German trench. The firing ceased. Both sides watched the act with wonder. Then the commander of the German trench came forward, took from his own bosom the Iron Cross, and pinned it on the breast of the British officer. For the moment they were one.

1278. Blue Ribbons.

Among many wonderful stories of heroism I heard in France one of the most beautiful was of a young wife, who came out to see her husband lying dangerously wounded at a base hospital. She was "a tall, bright-looking girl in short dress that with its long blue streamers suggested a river picnic." The people were rather perplexed at the girl's appearance. The garb seemed too gay for the purpose. Yet they found in her a certain grit and determined strength. She would not visit her husband in the guise of a woman already widowed; he should be proud of her when he saw her as she always was on Sundays when they walked in the park, and she as smart as any. She had always stood by him in making up his mind. He must make it up now. So the ribbons fluttered through the ward, and the sick men turned to watch them."

She was a better tonic to him than all the doctors. "From the first day improvement began, and soon his name was off the dreaded danger list."—*F. C. Hogarth.*

1279. Memorial Day and Patriotism.

The Gospel exalts patriotism to a Christian virtue whenever it is held in a Christian spirit. It is one of the happy facts that our Memorial Day

acts so strongly in the direction of keeping this higher form of patriotism alive. Is there no lesson of loyalty to God and native land when our rising generations are told of men like Commodore Perry, before his battles placing the American flag on the capstan of his ship, and the Bible on the flag, and then with his men gathered around him, singing together the old hundreth Psalm? Or of Nathan Coffin, urged and threatened to induce him to enlist with his nation's enemy, replying: "Hang me if you will to the yardarm of your ship, but do not ask me to become a traitor to my country!" Or of General Reed, of the Revolution, offered fifty thousand dollars as a bribe, replying: "Gentlemen, I am poor, very poor, but your king is not rich enough to buy me!" I tell you it means something for God, as well as for home and native land when we see such unselfish devotion as was displayed by our men of the Revolution, and of the Civil war, and in later days, by young Ensign Bagley, the men of Santiago, or the hero of Manilla Bay.

Christian patriotism—this is what our people learn and find strengthened by the observance of each recurring Memorial Day, a patriotism which is opposed to selfishness, and all self-seeking, which reproves all anarchy and disorder, which denounces every attempt to plunder the treasury by turning public office into a way of serving only private ends. These things, and others like them, do not grow in the same soil, they do not live in the same heart with Christianity and patriotism.—*H.*

1280. Lessons of Memorial Day.

Wisely has it been said by Schuyler Colfax: "We may adorn with loving tributes the resting place of our beloved dead; the flowers which are strewn may symbolize the living fragrance of their memory; but we shall honor them the most by having their example teach us to love our country more, to value its dearly purchased institutions more, to prize its manifold blessings more, and to advance its greatness and true glory more."

1281. The Day of Memory.

"Down the long level of the street
The solemn drums a measure beat,
To time the tread of marching feet—
It was the day of memory.

"Out to the city of the dead
The waving flag its lovers led.

"Where soldiers lie 'tis sacred ground
Each shrine their loyal comrades found.

"And so, each year at call of drum,
The veterans and their proud sons come,
With flowers and words of praise well won
To keep the day of memory."

1282. God Bless Our Land.

O God of nations, bless our land
From ocean unto ocean!
For equal rights, O help us stand
With high and pure devotion!
Our peerless flag, long may it wave!
Our States, may nothing sever!
But still do Thou our Union save,
Forever and Forever!

—*Rev. E. A. Collier.*

1283. Up! Up!

"Up! Up! with the old Flag—
Up! Up! to the sky.
O God! bless the old Flag!
Thy truth must not die!"

1284. Let the Flag Wave.

"Let the flag wave! Aye, let its glory shine!
Let the flag wave! A symbol and a sign!
To guard our honor and to shield and save,
Let the flag wave!"

1285. Speed Our Republic!

"Speed our republic, O Father on high!
Lead us in pathways of justice and right;
Rulers as well as the ruled, 'One and all,'
Girdle with virtue the armor of might!
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!"

1286. Hail! And—Farewell.

They died that we might live—
Hail! And Farewell!
—All honor give
To those who, nobly striving, nobly fell,
That we might live!

That we might live they died—
Hail! And Farewell!

—Their courage tried,
By every mean device of treacherous hate,
Like Kings they died.

Eternal honor give—
Hail! And Farewell!
To those who died,
In that full splendour of heroic pride,
That we might live!

—*John Oxenham.*

1287. Take Care of the Boy.

Our new veterans, as the old, died for the children. They died for our children. We must live for theirs. No child must suffer because its father was a hero and patriot. It is the nation's privilege to be a father to the fatherless; to be baptized for the dead. When Scott lay dying in the Antarctic he said, "Take care of the boy." The voice of millions of the dead says, "Take care of the boys."

1288. The Day of Memory.

Memorial Day can never cease to be a tender memory. There can be no greater day to be remembered in the annals of American liberty that that 30th of May, when the flower of southern chivalry gave up its battle sword to the silent soldier of Appomattox. But the day has far more in it than the celebration of any single event. It is a day sacred to the memory of the unnumbered hosts of heroic men who, through toil and suffering and defeat and victory and death in victory, have made our nation great and free. And let us not forget that many precious lessons of the day will be well-nigh lost if we fail to keep in thoughtful recollection our brave defenders themselves who now lie resting from their arms in their silent tents of green. Let us remember them. Let us, as far as possible, recall their names and repeat them over with reverence and respect. Let us recount their deeds, describe their battles tell of their valor and crown their graves with their country's flag and with sweetest flowers, symbolic of our love and of the moral beauty of their acts.—*H.*

1289. Live For Them.

The old veterans are not all gone, but we have new veterans, and a new reason for the observance of Memorial Day. Imagine every young man wiped out of a city like San Francisco. Our loss in Flanders totals that. Out of every 100 American soldiers, two died of disease and wounds. They died for the greatest thing in the world—A Cause. They earned the supreme decoration—The Wooden Cross. The sword of militarism is broken. Our task is begun not ended. The dead don't want to be mourned. Neither do they want to be forgotten. They kept their pact with us; we must keep our pact with them. Was it an accident that their favorite slogan was, "Carry On"? Their task is unfinished. The voice of the millions of the dead says, "Live for the things for which we died." We must display in life the spirit they displayed in death. We must be baptized for the dead.

1290. Custom of the Ages.

To commemorate those great events which have elevated national character has been the custom in all ages. History, poetry, and eloquence have each vied in celebrating those exhibitions of courage which reflected so much honor upon the republics of antiquity. Rome, a nation which surpassed her contemporaries in love of arts and arms, erected statues, and garlanded triumphal arches in honor of her victorious brave. It is then in conformity to an ancient custom—the most natural and the deepest gratitude—that we decorate the graves of the heroic dead, who fought and fell that their country might survive. It is but natural that flowers should give expression to our love for the departed; theirs is an oratory that

speaks in perfumed silence. Joy and sorrow have their appropriate expression in these mute yet eloquent letters of "the blooming alphabet of creation."—*A. T. Slade, Esq.*

1291. A Patriotic Duty.

One of Sir Walter Scott's most graphic sketches is of the pious enthusiast, commonly known as "Old Mortality," who was wont annually to visit the graves of the heroic Covenanters, cleaning the moss from the gray stones, and renewing with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions. Scott says of him: Motives of the most sincere, though fanciful devotion, induced the old man to dedicate so many years of existence to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors of the Church. He considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty, while renewing to the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and sufferings of their forefathers, and thereby trimming, as it were, the beacon light which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood." Mutatis Mutandis, this is our office, and that of those who year by year shall succeed us in this pious and patriotic duty, to "Let no neglect, nor ravages of time, testify to the present or to the coming generation that we have forgotten, as a people, the cost of a free and undivided Republic."—*Rev. William Harris.*

1292. Roads of Remembrance.

The American Forestry Association had a happy idea when it suggested that trees should be planted along the city streets and country highways in memory of the soldiers who died in France, and as a tribute to the victors who had come home. It suggested that the roads thus shaded should be called "roads of remembrance," and it is hoped that more than one highway from coast to coast may be shaded, twenty years from now, by great trees which this generation has planted in memory of its heroic sons. The young trees will be eloquent witnesses of the new life of the world which has sprung out of the peace settlement, and we may perhaps be permitted to hope that the world will grow toward real peace as rapidly as these trees grow toward maturity. A tree on the roadside is a friend of man or beast a shelter from the rain and sun, and a protection both for the road and the traveler. Shaded roads are not only more comfortable to travelers, but last longer than those exposed to the sun. Trees planted along the roads this year will soon have multiplied themselves, and there will be many little pieces of woodland twenty years from now in places which are to-day waste corners of stones and weeds. And every traveler who gains comfort or protection under the spreading branches along the "road or remembrance" will recall the sacrifice, the victory, the triumph of liberty, and pledge himself anew to the cause of human justice and of right between man and man.

1293. Passed Us the Torch.

Our new veterans as well as the old died for liberty. They suffered that the world might be free. As for them, give them liberty or give them death. Liberty gained must be maintained. We must be baptized for the dead and give liberty to all mankind. There is a picture of a runner bearing a torch. His energy is exhausted; he falls; another fresh and hopeful is at his side, and snatches the torch and bears it forward through the darkness. The dead have passed us the torch of liberty. It is a sacred thing, and the lives of this generation will be judged by the way in which we pass on that torch to posterity.

Unless we pass on that torch, the dead have died in vain.—*T. L.*

1294. New Veterans.

We used to wonder what we'd do
When hoary veterans were so few
We could no longer hear the beat
Of faltering step through village street
On Decoration Day, nor view
Torn flags of faded hue
Borne by weak hands and tottering feet,
Though hearts were staunch and proud
and true
As e'er they were in sixty-two.
To those who sleep beneath the sod
Now all the world memorial keeps
And all the world now proudly weeps—
Not one land only, as of yore—
For your strong sons who bravely bore
Their banner over ocean's deeps.
—*A. E. Tyack.*

1295. Across Concord Bridge.

A pleasant incident of Memorial Day, 1915, was recorded by the Concord papers. For the first time since its somewhat precipitate movement across the bridge on April 19, 1775, the British flag was born across Concord Bridge. The bones of two unknown British soldiers killed in the Concord fight, repose beneath the sward near the famous bridge, where the embattled farmers stood. A party of Britishers from Boston went out to Concord to decorate these two soldiers' graves.

Once more the Britishers were met near the bridge by the Concord Minute Men, in battle array; but this time no shot was fired. On the contrary, the Minute Men met the British, who bore their flag aloft, and acted as their escort. Preceded by the Stars and Stripes, the British colors peaceably crossed the bridge; and with bared heads both Britishers and Concord men, no longer embattled, cast flowers above the spot where the red coats of 1775 were buried. It was a striking testimony of the fact that at least one war in the world's history is over.

1296. Proud She Married a Soldier.

"I could not have married anyone but a soldier. Girls in Australia all feel like that, and they do not worry selfishly about the possibility of death or disfigurement for the men they love. I believe in war weddings and in accepting bravely what comes after. I wish my husband might get well. I cannot bear to think of anything more happening to him. But, whatever comes, I am proud to have been a soldier's wife."

These were the words with which the three-months' bride of Captain R. Hugh Knyvett courageously met the sympathy of American friends, when her husband was obliged to go to a New York hospital. He died there.

1297. Our New Veterans.

They died to make a world of greed impossible. They died to self that they might live to honor and to God. We can't do less than the dead. We can't be less selfish than they. They discredited German covetousness, and we must stop the world from playing the game of grab. The best protest against covetousness is an uncovetous life. We must forget the gospel of getting and learn the creed of giving. We have the advantage of the dead, —they struck one blow for a better world and then could strike no more. We can strike to-day and to-morrow and the day after, until the city of greed is in ruins, and then upon its ashes build the city of God.—*T. L.*

1298. Calls for Heroism.

Chaplain Jones, was talking to the men of the Second Regiment of New Jersey at the time of the Spanish War. "'I am ready to preach,' said Paul; how many of you are ready to serve?" There was a volley of enthusiastic responses. "'I am ready to suffer,' said the apostle. Are you ready to suffer?" The men grew thoughtful as their possible sufferings were painted, but when the question came the regiment replied. "We are." "'I am ready to die,' said Paul. Can you also say that?" Many eyes grew

dim as the preacher pictured plainly this possibility. There were dear ones at home, there were bright careers just begun. But when the testing question came, "Are you willing to die for your country?" the hall was shaken with the confident cries. "We are." Then Chaplain Jones said: "Boys, I have tried to tell you of the readiness of Paul—one of God's minute men—of his readiness to serve, to suffer, and to die, for his Lord; and I would like, before we leave here this morning, to ask you just one more question. How many of you will promise me that, by the grace of God, you will ever strive so to live that when He calls you to give your final account, whether it be upon the camp-ground, the battle-field or elsewhere in the world, you will be ready to meet Him?" In an instant five hundred hands went up, and it is said that the entire camp was transformed by this thrilling appeal.

1299. Making a New World.

Our new veterans, as the old, died for a new world. They believed the prayer of Jesus—"Thy Kingdom Come." They struck a blow for that kingdom. Let us highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain! Ring out the strife, the care, the want, the sin. Bring in redress to all mankind. The dead have a right to stir beneath the poppies of Flanders if we do not hear! Another and a greater has the right, who taught us to pray: "Thy Kingdom Come, and Thy will be done in America, as it is in Heaven."

The power to be baptized for the dead can't come from any pretentious philosophies. It can only come from a life that has given itself into the keeping of the Great Captain of us all.

1300. But a Remnant.

But a remnant now remains of the once Grand Army of the Republic that marched, with firm step, and bounding pulse and clear eye, to the field of battle. A few more years and the last old veteran will be "mustered out." I rejoice with you, that this great organization is to be perpetuated in the "Sons of Veterans." May they prove worthy successors of their honored sires.

But I rejoice still more that the deep and sore gash which cleft our country from sea to sea, has closed with the lapse of years. The reunion of the North and South is not the tying again of the broken threads of a rent national fabric; it is the healing of a mollified wound, until scarcely a scar remains.

1301. Principle of Sacrifice.

Our new veterans, as did the old, died for the principle of sacrifice. They knew they might come back shattered in nerve or limb, blind or helpless, but whatever happened they were going. If it took a road built of American dead from Boston to Berlin they were willing to be the paving stones. They died for the principle of self-sacrifice,—we must live for it. Empty our lives of the cheap stuff and fill them with the treasures of God. "He that loseth his life shall find it." We shall gain by spending. We shall win by losing.

Each of those crosses spells sacrificial service. The dead realized on earth the highest task of heaven, "His servants shall serve him." Every one of those crosses marks the resting place of a burden-bearer. They have left a burden that must be borne by others. We must bear that burden if we are to be loyal to the dead.

1302. Died to End War.

Our new veterans, as the old, died to end war. The dead didn't fight Germany, they fought war. "If I live," said one, "I am going to spend my life working for peace." He didn't

live—he fell among the poppies of Flanders field. We live—we must be baptized for the dead. We must swear that never again shall this thing be. Cry to the militarist and the war lords as they cried—"You shall not pass!" If the militarist comes back, then the dead have died in vain. We pray, "Thy Kingdom Come." Does that mean a kingdom where the sword settles disputes? "Thy Will be Done." Is it His will that nations should mount the treadmill of war? The end of war is possible—we must make it actual. We must determine that every gun and sword shall go to the scrap heap.—*Rev. Thomas Lutman.*

1303. The Victory of the Average Man.

The "rule of the best," so-called, has ruined all the alleged republics of history. Tarquin the Proud, walking with his prime minister in the royal gardens, was asked, "Which is the strongest form of government?" He said not a word, but with his staff whipped off the heads of the tallest poppies. That was a wise answer. Abraham Lincoln was of the same mind. "Have faith," said he, "in the people." In any case, whether we like it or not, this is the theory of our Government. For want of apprehending it, reformers become pessimists and political preachers develop into common scolds. Level down! is the word; and Level up! is the word; and Strike the average! is the secret of our political life. So long as the average man is true to his responsibilities, God reigns and the country is safe.—*Rev. D. J. Burrell, D.D.*

1304. Memorial Day at Arlington.

Did ever a President of the United States lead in public prayer before the day when Mr. Harding, beside the bier of the unknown soldier at Arlington, ended his funeral oration by reciting with deepest reverence "the Prayer our Lord taught us"? We remember no other such instance. And certainly in years to come this President's prayer on so solemn an occasion will not be outside the memory of Americans. It gave a touch of sublime attestation to his pledge, spoken just before, that this nation of ours shall evermore be consecrated to such a brotherhood of man—such a universal reign of good will—as is inseparably connected in thought and ideal with the petition that the President repeated so reverently—"Thy kingdom come." Memorial Day has new meaning. The old veterans are not all gone, but we have new veterans and new reasons for observing Memorial Day.

1305. The God of Battles.

Just after the famous engagement off Santiago de Cuba, in which the Spanish squadron was destroyed, Commodore Schley, coming alongside the Texas from the Cristobal Colon in his gig, called out cheerily: "It was a nice fight, Jack, wasn't it?" The veterans of the Texas lined up and gave three hearty cheers and a tiger for their old commander- in-chief. Capt. Philip called all hands to the quarter deck, and, with bared head, thanked God for the almost bloodless victory.

"I want to make public acknowledgment here," he said, "that I believe in God the Father Almighty. I want all you officers and men to lift your hats and from your hearts offer silent thanks to the Almighty."

All hats were off. There was a moment or two of absolute silence, and then the over-wrought fellings of the ship's company relieved themselves in three hearty cheers for their beloved commander.

1306. An Immortal Saying.

Fighting Bob Evans comes in also for an immortal saying. "In the battle my men fought like American seamen, after the battle they were tender as American women." That is fine, would illuminate any page of the finest author—a well balanced, euphonious and noble contrast—but it is not the rough diamond which fell from the heart and soul of the brave, pious and honest Captain Philip.

1307. Flowers and Memorial Day.

Flowers are the most exquisite materialization of God's ideas. He has woven them as embroidery for Nature's garments, but most of all to furnish men with a token of his love. On nodding stem and waving branch God has hung the blossoms of every conceivable beauty of form and color as perpetual expressions of his love for us. Is it any wonder then, that when human hearts drawn by the divine instinct, seek some token of their affection, they pluck the flowers, messages of God's love, as symbols of their love for each other? It was certainly a very beautiful thought, born in a Southern woman's heart and first practised by Southern woman, of strewing the graves of the soldier dead with these beautiful tokens of love.

And wisely we call the day a memorial day—a memory day. As we strew the graves of our patriot dead with blossoms, mingling our tears with their heroic dust, two words seem to greet our eyes as if written on some immortal scroll. These words are "memory" and "duty."

1308. In Flanders Fields.

From now on every Memorial Day, the poem by Lieut. Col. John McCræ, will be recited. It is most appropriate that such should be the case. Lieut. Col. McCræ, of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, was a distinguished physician of Montreal, Canada. He died in Bolougne, France, January 28, 1918, and at his own request, was buried in Flanders with the other fallen soldiers of the Allies. His poem, entitled, "In Flanders Fields," is said to be the greatest poem of the war. Many answers to it have been written.

In Flanders Fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved; and now we lie
In Flanders Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you, from failing hands, we throw
The torch; be yours to lift it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In Flanders Fields.

1309. Bring Flowers.

Bring flowers, bring flowers, the sweetest, the best,
To garland the beds where our brave are at rest.
Bring pansies for thoughts, unforgotten are they;
Bring laurel for glory they won in the fray;
Bring lilacs for youth—many fell ere their prime;
Bring oak wreaths for Liberty, goodness sublime;
Bring chrysanthemums white for the truth they implore;
Bring lilies for peace—they battle no more;
Bring violets, myrtles, and roses for love;
Bring snowballs for thoughts of the heaven above;
Bring hawthorn for hope which surmounts earthly strife;
Bring amaranth blossoms for immortal life.
Bring flowers, bring flowers, the sweetest, the best,
To garland the beds where our brave are at rest.

—*Youth's Companion.*

1310. The Hand of God.

"If I were a religious man, and I hope I am," said Admiral Dewey in Manila, "I should say that the work of our navy was the hand of God. I remember, when we engaged the fleet, seeing shells fired directly at us, and I do not understand under

heaven why we escaped." It is as easy for God to control human events to-day as it was three thousand years ago—as why should he not? He, at least, is unchangeable. Is it supposable that He should concern Himself over the affairs of a nation of three millions and have no care for the destinies of a nation of seventy-three millions?

1311. Clasping Hands.

On a memorable Memorial Day observance in New York City a few years ago, before an immense audience in one of its largest auditoriums, General Stewart L. Woodford, the presiding officer, stepped to the front with two gentlemen, one on either side, and said, "I have the inexpressible pleasure of presenting to you, first, Major Stevens, now Bishop Stevens of the Reformed Episcopal Church, who pulled the lanyard at General Beauregard's orders, which fired the first shot of the Civil War, at the Star of the West as she was conveying supplies to Fort Sumter; and next, General Doubleday, under whose orders the first Union gun was fired." And then these two former foes clasped hands as the vast assemblly rose to its feet with tumultuous shouts and cheers.

1312. A Touching Civil-War Incident.

It was at the battle of Wauhatchie, in Tennessee. When the Union army's victory was achieved a shout went up, "It was Geary's men that won the fight. Where is General Geary? Bring him so we may congratulate, promote, and brevet him." The staff officers found Geary in his tent, with his arms folded and in utter dejection. The staff officer rushed in and congratulated him and said, "General Thomas wants you to come to the field at once, so that you may be promoted and breveted. I am glad that you got through safe." "Oh, no!" said Geary, "don't congratulate me. I can't bear it. Tell General Thomas I cannot come. Tell him that I care nothing for promotion."

The officer said, "I cannot go back to General Thomas with an answer like that. You are all right. You haven't a scratch. You are not wounded."

Then said Geary, "I am wounded, I am mortally wounded. I am shot through the heart." Then walking over to a corner of the tent, the general turned back a blanket and exposed the dead body of his only son, who had been shot through the heart. For that father the shouts of victory seemed like mockeries. His own heart was crushed and broken by grief over the death of his precious son.

This incident only indicates something of the awful price in blood and tears and heartaches, paid for the preservation of the Union and the ridding of the country of slavery.

1313. "And It Shall Be."

One Memorial Day, in a New England town, the flag on a certain school-house was set flying at half-mast, in pathetic memory of the perished patriots of the nation. After a time there came along a man (who might have been the janitor, or a school-committeeman), and, without saying anything to anyone, he quietly hoisted the flag to the top of the mast. That man believed more in the future than he did in the past. He was convinced that though the patriots had fallen patriotism had not perished. His motto was, " 'Let the dead bury their dead,' but go thou and build up the kingdom of the future, which is the kingdom of God!"

There is always call in a jeopardized republic for these patriots of the future—for the man whose favorite

text in the Bible consists of the prophecy, "And it shall be." What shall be? God's will and way in the lives of individuals and of nations —those "bright designs" which he is even now treasuring up, and the graces and glories of the millennial state of existence. Almost the whole of the Bible, or at any rate of the New Testament, is a categorical, if not an itemized, answer to that question, "What shall be?"

Then let the chastened, hallowed memories of "Memorial Day" prove to be the rich, warm soil in which the growths of future years may prophetically find to-day a germinal start. As the past has served the present so the present is under obilgation to the future. "After us the deluge!" is the rant of the unconcerned voluptuary whose end is destruction. Let ours be a different motto, conceived in Christian hopefulness and actualized with faith and prayer—We will not forget Thy word, O God! We will walk forever in Thy paths!—*Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.*

1314. Our Memorial Day.

"Where the grasses gently wave
Over many an unknown grave,
Bend with me a listening ear;
Then, if we are swift to hear,
Sweeter than a silver bell,
Softer than when dews are shed,
Comes this message from the dead:
'Children, love your country well,
Love it well.'"

1315. Wooden Bullets.

One of our naval officers who was rummaging around on the wrecked Spanish Maria Teresa, Spanish war, found a number of Mauser bullets made of wood and filled with hair and a sprinkle of powder. What a story that find told of official dishonesty and national rottenness? How could such a nation fight? Wooden bullets are often used in the warfare against evil in the world. They are sometimes fired from the pulpit.

1316. The Nation's Solemn Tryst.

"We are not many, we who stand
Beside our comrades' graves to-day,
Yet, while we live, with reverent hearts
We'll honor those who went before;
While as each brother, called, departs,
Is re-enlisted one name more.
We stand upon the river's verge
And see the Golden City shine. . .
Dividing River, bright and cool,
O'er which we all must take our way,
When to that Harbor Beautiful
We all shall sail some day—some day."

1317. Faith of Captain Philip.

"I wish to make confession that I have implicit faith in God and in the officers and crew of the 'Texas,' but my faith in you is secondary only to my faith in God. We have seen what He has done for us in allowing us to achieve so great a victory, and I want to ask you all, or at least every man who has no scruples, to uncover his head with me and silently offer a word of thanks to God for his goodness toward us all."

This was what Capt. J. W. Philip said to his officers and men immediately after the great battle off Santiago de Cuba.

It was a beautiful afternoon. God's heavens never looked so clear and the Stars and Stripes never seemed so pure as they did when we lay alongside of the "Cristobal Colon" after she had been beached and had surrendered to us.

We had been engaged in a fierce fight to the death when these words came from the lips of the same man who had a few moments before given the various orders for attack.—*Rev. H. W. Jones.*

1318. Not a Coward.

A surgeon relates that before Santiago, he going to the front, came upon a young officer sitting beside the road, trembling like a leaf and whiter than the dead men around him. At sight of the surgeon he began to talk. "I'm a coward," he said; "I knew I'd run, and I did. Oh, I wish you'd kill me! I'm disgraced forever. I just got

scared. I knew I would. I was going along all right, not thinking of anything but getting at the Spaniards, yelling to my men to come on, and running ahead as fast as I could, when all of a sudden I stubbed my toe on something, and then I can't remember being scared, but I must have been, for I came galloping back here, sick as a dog. Oh, I feel so awfully gone! I'm a low coward, and I wish I were dead! Oh, why don't somebody shoot me! I've got such an awful goneness right here," and he put his hand to his stomach. The surgeon gave him a quick look and caught him as he plunged forward in a faint. Where the awful goneness was a Mauser bullet had found its billit. They carried the wounded man to the field hospital and he chuckled all the way; "Oh, my! oh, my!" he said, over and over; "I wasn't scared! I wasn't scared!" And then he would laugh delightedly: "I wasn't scared. I was hit—I was just hit. I ain't a coward after all!"

1319. Memorial Day Revival.

The World War gives new significance to Memorial Day. Up to 1914 the day was losing. The veterans had died off in great number; a new generation had come on the stage, and to the foreign born Antietam and Chancellorsville were unknown words. It was painful to older ones who remembered the moving significance of the memorial in the last century to note that the day was turned over pretty completely to sports and diversion. However, there are now new dead to recall and honor. In hundreds of thousands of homes and to millions of men and women the day set apart for the soldier dead must bring to mind youths no less handsome and alert and rejoicing than those on the streets—but now no more. On field and in hospital they have died since 1917. The proclamation of President Harding is a call to fitting tribute on May 30.

1320. Keeping Faith with the Dead.

Behind the crosses of Flanders overtopping them is the cross of Calvary, "Fill up the sufferings of the Lord Jesus." What does that mean? Take his place! Be baptized for him. Carry the banner of the Gospel. Lift it high! Don't break faith with him. Fight until the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of the Lord Jesus.

1321. The Hall of Heroes.

Our hero-dead! They lie on lonely mountain side, and in sequestered glen, and not a few, happily, in the home cemetery amid ancestral ashes. Some were left to sleep with beat of muffled drum and droop of folded flag; but many more with no requiem, save that of sighing wind and whispering foliage. One has his name cut deep and large in monumental granite, but, alas! not a few have no memento of their memory, save a pine-board with the legend, "Unknown!" Still of each alike is it true:

"He sleeps while the bells of autumn toll
Or the murmuring song of spring flits by
Till the crackling heavens in thunder roll
To the bugle blast on high."

In Sweden long years ago the youth who was intended to serve his country was taken into the Hall of the Heroes —a room filled with paintings and statues of the nation's valiant men, whose deeds were recited to him until his mind was fired with great purposes and lofty ideals, and animated with an ambition to do what these heroes had done, and so win a place among them. Such a Hall of Heroes is Memorial Day, and not its least service is to kindle in Young America the noblest devotion to God and country—to remind them that

"The brave alone shall win the crown;
The noble only clasp the bay."
—*Rev. S. B. Dunn, D.D.*

1322. Memorial of Women's Work.

On Memorial Day the work of our women is not mentioned as often as it should be. A fuller record of the personal sacrifices and services of our American women in times of war is due. We hear of the Spartan mother who presented her sons with shields with the injunction to return with them or on them. We read of the fair dames and maidens of Carthage who diverted themselves of their beautiful tresses to furnish bow-strings for their soldiers. We are told of the Jewish women who preferred a death of torture to the acknowledgement of the power of the tyrant over their country's rulers and their faith. Might we not well hear more of the thousands of wives and mothers and maidens who in revolutionary and in the more recent wars gave up freely at their country's call their best beloved and also rendered active, self-sacrificing service at home or in the field?

1323. Heroic Deeds of the Spanish War.

Such deeds as these should not be forgotten.

Rowland's brave work. Cowboy Rowland, from Deming, New Mexico, was shot through the thigh. He limped to the hospital on the trail, and was told that nothing could be done for him. He crawled to the front on his belly, firing with the rest.

The brave "skulker." Colonel Wood saw a trooper apparently skulking fifty feet in the rear of the firing line and ordered him sharply to advance. The boy rose, hurried forward, limping. As he took his place and raised his carbine, he said: "My leg was a little stiff, sir." Colonel Wood looked and saw that a bullet had ploughed along his leg for twelve inches.

Commended for bravery. When Battery A, Second Light Artillery, tried to advance beyond El Poyo, Privates Helen, Smith and Underwood were blown to pieces by shells, and Sergeant Helvey and Privates Veite and Cornfield were badly hurt, and other men were wounded, including Corporal Keene and Private Barr. One of them was shot three times and the other was shot twice; but, in spite of their injuries, they stuck to the crippled guns until the enemy was forced to give up the assault.

1324. Tenderness in Battle.

"Don't cheer!" shouted Captain Philip, after the Spanish vessel had been driven ashore at Santiago; "the poor devils are dying." It seems to us, that this expression of a tender, sympathetic humanity is just as fine as the "Kiss me, Hardy," of the dying Nelson.

Marshall, the correspondent. The spirit of correspondent Marshall, of the New York *"Journal,"* was admirable. He was shot in the first firing line, and, though the bullet passed within an inch of his spine and threw him into convulsions, he continued, in intervals of consciousness to dictate the story of the fight.

1325. A Soldier's Description of War.

A Massachusetts veteran of the Civil War, a quaint character of Irish birth, bore a local reputation for heroic service. He was often besought by the younger generation to tell his story of his part in the bloody struggle. One day, finding himself besieged by a number of persisting questioners, the modest warrior consented to speak.

"We'd get up in the mornin' at five o'clock," he began, "an' have breakfast. Begin fightin' at six, knock off at twelve. Begin' shootin 'ag'in at one, knock off at six and ate supper, an' turn in to sleep. Every day the same old thing; that's all."

1326. Tall Monuments.

Tall monuments, artificially chiseled with rarest skill, cannot honor our dead soldiers as much as the loyal, patriotic impulse planted in the hearts of our boys and girls to-day by the record of their deeds, impulses which, if properly nourished, shall engender loyalty, patriotism, and love for the flag which makes free,—

"That flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battlefield's thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their flame."

—*Rev. H. H. Hutchins.*

XX. CHILDREN'S DAY

(Usually Observed the Second Sunday in June.)

1327. Done for Little Ones.

That was a fine thing I read about the other day. A policeman in Glasgow saw a poor woman pick up something from the street, quickly put it in her apron, and then hurry on. Thinking it was something valuable, he went up and asked her what it was she was concealing. The woman was very confused and would not answer him for a time, and that, of course, only confirmed his suspicions. But at last she opened her apron, and what was there?—only a few pieces of broken glass. The important policeman felt, of course, a little crestfallen. Her explanation, however, was very touching: "I thought"; she said, looking at the broken bits of glass, "that I would take them out of the way of the bairns' feet." You know in Scotland in the summer time, the children like to go about barefooted, and this dear, good woman, poor as she was, had a motherly heart, and removed out of the way of the children's feet what might have hurt them. "That was not a great thing," some might say, but the angels would say it was one of the greatest because it was done in the spirit of love. In the spirit of love let us remove dangers from the paths of the little ones. Let us dedicate ourselves to this work this Children's Day.—*H.*

1328. "Thank You, God!"

A dear little girl, finding an unexpected pleasure awaiting her one morning smiled up at the sky sweetly, reverently remarked, "Thank you, God!" Another little girl, brimming over with the innocent joy of life, asked of her mother if it would not be all right for her to say "Good morning" to God as she did to the flowers and the trees and her pets, as well as to members of the family.

A tiny boy, noting that rain followed a meeting called to pray for it, naively inquired when the "Thank you!" meeting would take place.

We smile at the little ones, but, after all, shouldn't the smile be a bit thoughtful? For the "little ones," as we know, "behold the face of their Father" more clearly and frequently than do those of us whose spiritual sight is dimmed by too long earthly contact.—*Ethel Colson.*

1329. No Difference.

Mercy, a little colored girl, eight years old, was setting the table, when the son of the house, who was in the room, said to her, "Mercy, do you pray?" The suddenness of the question confused her a little, but she answered, "Yes, every morning and every night."

"Do you think God hears you?" the boy asked. And she answered promptly, "I know he does."

"But do you think," said he, trying to puzzle her, "that he hears your prayers as readily as those of white children?"

For full three minutes the child kept on with her work; then she slowly said, "Master George, I pray into God's ears, and not his eyes. My voice is just like any other girl's; and if I say what I ought to say, God don't look at my skin."

In these days even the boys and girls need to learn such lessons as this.

1330. A Self-winder.

Tommy, whose uncle was a farmer, had been spending his holidays there. One morning, anxious to amuse the youngster, his uncle took him round to make a tour of the land.

In the yard they came across a small retriever puppy, who was whirling round and round chasing his tail.

"Oh, uncle," cried Tommy, "what kind of a dog is that?"

"That's a watch dog, Tommy," replied his uncle.

"Oh, I see," continued the little lad, "I suppose he is winding himself up now!"

Boys, you can make an application of that story. Be a self-winder. If you are a watch be the best kind of a watch.—a self-winder.—*H.*

1331. Not Giving Up.

Among some skaters was a boy so small and so evidently a beginner that his frequent mishaps awakened the pity of a tender-hearted, if not wise, spectator.

"Sonny, you are getting all bumped up," she said. "I wouldn't stay on the ice and keep falling down so; I'd just come off and watch the others."

The child looked from his advisor to the shining steel on his feet and answered, half indignantly.

"I didn't get some new skates to give up with; I got 'em to learn how with."

Hard tasks are never sent for us "to give up with"; they are always intended to awaken strength, skill and courage in learning how to master them.

1332. Childhood Adrift.

A little four-year-old child strayed from her home near Liverpool, Perry County, Pennsylvania, recently, and came unobserved to the bank of the Susquehannah River. A skiff was lightly beached on the shore, and the tiny little girl got into it. The jar loosened the boat from its hold and it drifted away. After several hours had elapsed the mother missed the child and instituted a search, but without success. She then thought of the river, and went to the place where the boat had been beached, and where she and the child had so often gone together. She was filled with horror to observe that the boat was not there, firmly believing that the child had been in it and had been carried away with it. After an all night search the child was found in the boat twenty miles away, and was returned to her almost distracted mother. Alas, all the children who get adrift do not reach home again. There are dangers that beset children on all sides, and parents need to watch with ceaseless vigilance to save them from drifting away from the harbor of safety.

1333. Look Up.

Miss Margaret Slattery told us that one day she was walking along the street when she heard a little voice say: "Hello, Miss Slattery." She looked around, but saw no one. Again the little voice. She looked everywhere, but still saw no one. Then the little voice said, "Keep a-lookin' up, Miss Slattery." She said, "I looked up, and up, and up, and finally saw her way up in a tenement house,

and when I found her she said, 'You didn't see me, Miss Slattery, because you didn't look high enough.'" Jesus took the little children up into his arms, and taught us not to look down for them any longer.

1334. Kindo.

Not long ago I heard a child who had mastered only two or three words, in one of which I was deeply interested. It sounded like "kindo." I wondered what it could be. The active and lovely baby was using it often as she was trying this and that experiment in seeking to master her new and wonderful world. She could almost hurl her little word at the things she struggled with. I soon found out what "kindo" meant. It was her abbreviation for what her mother had said to her often, "Baby can do it." Wise mother! starting the child on the journey of life equipped with the truth that "if can be done." More than once since then when I have been in the presence of a hard task I have seen that little child trying to handle a new experience and saying to it, "Kindo, kindo."—*Rev. O. S. Davis, D.D.*

1335. Children's Sayings.

My kindergarten children were talking about a little new-comer, who had been adopted into a childless family. "Robbie has been adopted," said Will.

"Have you ever been adopted, Anna?"

"No," replied Anna, adding,—with a note of triumph, "I've never been adopted, but I have been vaccinated."

A small boy of Wilbraham, Massachusetts, heard his parents talk of moving.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"We are going to St. Paul," said his mother. "St. Paul is in heaven," he said in an awestruck voice. "Are we going to live in heaven?"

When our Constance returned from Sunday school kindergarten, she was asked, "What did you learn to-day?" She replied, "Teacher told us God made man. What I want to know is, who made the women and children?" —*Julia E. Peck.*

1336. Bell That Rings Under the Sea.

This bell is rung by electricity under the sea to warn a ship of rocks in foggy weather. The ship has a wonderful microphone inside its hull on either side; this microphone collects the ringing of the bell and magnifies the sound. A wire connects each microphone with the receiver of a telephone in the wheelhouse of the ship. The captain at once turns his ship until he hears the bell equally well from each microphone, and when he points his ship toward the bell. His chart marks the position of the bell, and he knows where he is in the thickest fog.

Children, the Bible is a bell that rings under the sea. It tells us the right way, warns us from the wrong way. Let us take this lesson home from this Children's Day service.—*H.*

1337. Pretend You Are a Bird.

Whenever you're angry,
Pretend you're a bird,
And sing just a little
But don't say a word.

—*Normal Instructor.*

1338. If I Were You.

If I a little girl could be,
Well—just like you,
With lips as rosy, cheeks as fair,
Such eyes of blue, and shining hair,
What do you think I'd do?
I'd wear so bright and sweet a smile,
I'd be so loving all the while,
I'd be so helpful with my hand,
So quick and gentle to command,
You soon would see,
That everyone would turn to say,
"'Tis good to meet that child to-day."
Yes, yes, my dear; that's what I'd do
If I were you.

—*Independent.*

1339. If I Were a Girl.

Here is a little poem by Linnie Hawley Drake that has in it good Children's Day lessons.

If I were a girl, a bright, winsome girl,
Just leaving my childhood behind,
I would be so neat from my head to my feet,
That never a fault could one find.
So helpful to mother, so gentle to brother,
I'd have things so cheery and sweet
That the streets and their glare could never compare
With the charms of a home so replete.

If I were a girl, a true-hearted girl,
Just budding to fair womanhood,
There's many a thing that I would not do,
And numberless more that I would;
I never would frown, with my mouth drawn down,
For the creases will come there to stay;
But sing like a lark, should the day be dark—
Keep a glow in my heart, anyway!

If I were a girl, a fond, loving girl,
With father o'erburdened with care,
I would walk at his side, with sweet, tender pride,
With ever a kiss and a prayer.
Not a secret I'd keep that could lead to deceit,
Not a thought I should blush to share;
Not a friend my parents would disapprove—
I would trust such a girl anywhere.

1340. One-minute Sermon.

The other day a peddler drove by crying his wares, and each time one of the wheels of his wagon rolled round there was an unearthly squeak and a creak that grated harshly on the ears that had to listen to it. It was a symbol of many lives that creak, being rusty about the gearings and squeakingly move with difficulty, for want of lubrication.

There is a story of an old man who caried a little can of oil with him everywhere he went, and if he passed through a door that squeaked he poured a little oil on the hinges. If he came to a gate and it opened hard, he oiled it. And thus he passed through life, lubricating all the rusty, squeaking and hard places, and making it easier for those who came after him. He filled his can daily, and carried it with him to lubricate,—when and wherever needed. Blessed is the girl or boy who carries an oil can to lubricate life and make things go smoothly.—*Rev. C. A. Terhune.*

1341. The Swan's Dinner Bell.

There is a pretty story that is often told about the swans in the moat of the palace of the Bishop of Wells, England. The old gatehouse, with its gray, ivygrown walls, still stands, and the swans sail up and down the dark waters of the moat, which centuries ago was a defense of the castle.

The peculiar thing about these swans is that they ring a dinner bell whenever they are hungry, and expect to have it answered at once. A long string hangs out of the gatehouse window and, as the story is told, when the swans are hungry, the leader swims gravely up to the bell rope, pulls at it, and then waits quietly for the lodge-keeper's wife to bring out her basket of bread.

It is said that fifty years ago the daughter of the bishop who lived there then taught the swans this trick with great patience and care. The swans that have come since have apparently in turn learned the secret of the bell rope so that one who is able to perceive the connection between the pulling of the string and the appearing of the bread-basket, has always been among them. That the swans communicate their demand for bread to their leader, who is always the one to ring the bell, is evident from the fact that after the black swans were introduced into the moat the ringing became so frequent that the housekeeper had to take the string in to secure herself a little peace. Evidently the newcomers were hearty eaters.

We all have a right to pray: "Give us this day our daily bread." We are taught, "Ask and ye shall receive." Let the swans teach us this Children's Day the lesson of prayer.—*H.*

1342. Being Happy.

A little boy busy at play gave a glad little laugh. "Why, what happened, John?" his father asked. "Nothing, father; only I'm happy because it's your holiday and you're home with mother and me, and it sort of bubbles over."

Once some of God's people were so happy that they said: "Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing." The heavenly Father, like a good earthly father, gives joy to his children just by being near them, and by the loving things he does for them. He does not let yesterday's loving kindness do for to-day; his mercies are new every morning.

On Children's Day be happy,—be real happy.—*H.*

1343. Having Two Faces.

Have you ever seen a person who had two faces? I have seen such people. These strange folks can change their faces whenever they wish.

One girl I met at Sabbath school and then visiting among her friends. The face she had on at these times was sweet and kind, so that I thought her a very pretty girl. I supposed that she always wore such a face, for people are supposed to have only one. But one day I went to her house, and just think! She had on a face that was so ugly and cross-looking I hardly knew her. She changed quickly, but not before I saw it. If she had worn that face out in company, no one would have liked her; but I learned that it was her home face.

A little boy I know has the finest face, all smiles and sunshine, that he puts on whenever he can have his own way. But just let some one cross him in anything, and instantly he puts on a face covered over with pouts and frowns. He will wear that ugly face until we all are very tired of it.

Another boy I knew had one face that he used when he worked and a very different face that he wore when he played. His work face was long and the corners of the mouth drew down. It made him look very unhappy. And to look at him made mamma sad. But his play face, which he put on when he could play ball or go fishing, was so round and smiling that you would think him the happiest boy anywhere.

I know a man who had two faces when he was a boy, but now he has just one, and it is the ugly face. That is the way all these two-faced people get. I would rather have just one smiling face and wear it all the time.

1344. Dollies had the Measles.

When Queen Wilhelmina was a little child, she was not allowed ordinarily, says the *Chicago Herald,* to share dinner with the older members of the royal household. Only on special occasions was she permitted to make her appearance at dessert, and place herself beside some special friend.

One day she was seated beside a fine and courtly old general. Presently she exclaimed:

"I wonder you're not afraid to sit next to me!"

Everybody in the room turned at the sound of the child's treble.

"On the contrary, I am pleased and honored to sit next to my future queen. Why should I be afraid?"

Assuming a woe-begone expression, the little queen replied: "Because all my dolls have the measles."

I hope all the little girls who are here this Children's Day are as sympathetic, and bright, as well, as was little Wilhelmina.—*H.*

1345. Funny Sayings of Children.

A small boy in the juvenile grammar class, being told to compare the

adjective "little," answered: "Little, small, nothing at all."

Robert had been running one day and when he came in the house was panting very hard. His grandmother asked him what was the matter, and he said,

"I am just getting the tired out."

His pet dog was dead, and Willie W. was inconsolable. In vain his parents sought to comfort the lad, offering to replace his pet. To this, Willie would not listen. After grieving for a week, and thereby disturbing the peace of the entire household, rushing into his mother's room one day, Willie burst forth: "O mamma, mamma! Do get me another dog! Now I know just how the widowers feel. I must have another dog!"

He got one.

One cold morning our little brother, four years old, was playing about unnoticed, while his mother was busy about her work. Finally, tiring of his play, he evinced a desire to talk, and said, "Mother, what am I about?"

As the mother gave no heed to his question, he insisted upon an answer by the same query in a loud voice, "Mother, what am I about?"

Aroused by the little fellow's earnestness, his mother made answer: "I do not know. What are you about?"

Imagine her surprise when the baby voice answered, soberly but earnestly, "I'm about froze."

I know of a little boy who, like many other small chaps, was capable of asking an unlimited number of questions, some of which were very difficult to answer, with any degree of satisfaction. One morning, however, he capped the climax in that line when, after having studied the fire very seriously for some time, he asked, "Mamma, where does the fire go when it goes out?"

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed little Bessie, "just look what big ears that man has!" "Hush," responded the mother in a whisper, "the gentleman might hear you." "Well," continued Bessie, "if he can't he ought to take down his signs."

1346. What a Little Worm Did.

"Papa," said a six-year-old boy one morning, as he and his father walked through an orchard, "What made the leaves of that tree turn yellow?" "True enough," said his father, "they are turning very fast; there must be a worm at work somewhere." So he went and examined about the roots, and he found that a worm had dug its way into the very heart of the tree and had killed it. That worm represents sin, and one sin allowed in the heart will be the means of destroying our peace with God.

1347. A Man Who Lives in the Pansy.

The Little Sister came in from the garden, her hands full of flowers, and begged her mamma for a story—"a brand new one, mamma." So mamma tried to think of a new story, while the Little Sister kept very still. At last mamma caught sight of a pansy among the flowers that Little Sister held, and this is what she told the Little Sister.

"In the middle of every pansy there lives a little old man. He must be a very cold little man, too, for he is always wrapped in a little yellow blanket, and even then has to have an extra covering of velvet pansy leaves to keep him warm. And he sits in the flower with only his head uncovered, so that he can see the world.

"But the queerest thing about this little old man is that he always keeps his feet in a foot-tub. Such a funny little tub, too—so long and narrow that you wonder how he manages to get his feet in it. He does, though, for, when you pull the tub off, there you

will discover his two tiny feet, just as real as can be."

The next time you pick a pansy see if you can find the man and his little foot-tub.

Every flower here this glad Children's Day has some story to tell. You listen, and learn many sweet lessons for life and duty.—*H.*

1348. Tom Thumb.

Yes, there was a real Tom Thumb, not as small as the dwarf told of in old fairy tales and ballads, however. He was about three feet high, and was just as famous as he was small. Your father and mother may have seen him and talked to him. I had that privilege when quite a small boy.

One of his best friends was Mr. Barnum, whose wonderful circus delighted little folks years ago. He and Mr. Barnum are buried in the same church-yard in a little town in Connecticut. It was Mr. Barnum who made him famous, for the little dwarf became part of his circus. Children in every big city in the country and in many small towns and villages learned to love "General Tom Thumb" and to watch for his coming. He could sing the national airs of any country he visited. Kings and queens sent for him to come to their palaces, and he made friends among the most powerful people, as well as among those in more humble circumstances. In fact, he had a wondreful life and was a great favorite.

The things that people can accomplish do not depend on their size. The children who are here will grow up and be much bigger than Tom Thumb; but they do not have to wait to grow up, but can do a great deal of good now, day by day.—*H.*

1349. Good Intentions.

Little Dot was drawing a picture with pen and ink on a paper. It turned out to be a cat without a tail.

"Where's the tail?" asked the mother.

She looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied: "Why, it is in the ink bottle yet!"

Many of our good intentions, dear young friends, are like that. They are in the ink bottle yet. They are not yet definite enough.

We each intend to enter actively into the Christian life. But, let us not forget, now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation. Now is the time to carry out our good intentions. This moment is the time of opportunity.—*H.*

1350. Candle Lesson for Children's Day.

An evangelist was talking to a meeting of children. He brought out a row of candles on a board; a very long candle was at one end, a very short one at the other. Between the long row and the short one were candles of various heights. He said that by these candles he wanted to represent the grandfather, father and mother, boys and girls and the baby of a family who never heard of Christ until a missionary came,—whom he represented by a lighted candle—and then they all gave their hearts to Jesus, and from that day loved and served Him. He then asked which candle they thought represented the grandfather, the mother, and so on. They all thought that the tallest candle would be the grandfather, but he told them; "No, that stands for the baby, the youngest member in the family." Presently one little boy said, "I know why; he has the change to shine the longest for Jesus."

Yes, this is one of the great advantages of being a little Christian—of beginning early. You have the privilege of shining for Jesus so long. If any of you have not done so, that is a very special reason why you should give your hearts to Jesus now, while

you are young. Then you can shine for Him as long as you live, and you can also have the joys of His religion as long as you live. Pray, "O, satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."—*H.*

1351. Watch Your Steps.

An interesting speaker related recently, in an effective address, that at the subway stations in New York a man was placed whose business it was to repeat "Watch you step," as passengers were coming to and passing from trains, for a misstep might mean a serious accident if not certain death. This man receives a salary of $75.00 per month for the performance of the simple but important duty.

Many an accident might be prevented by watching one's step. It is a true saying that it is "the first step that costs." Why? Because many persons have been started on the road to ruin by carelessness in taking the first step. After the first step downward is taken it is much easier to take the second, third, and so on. The cost of the first step is difficult to estimate, because so many individual interests are involved.

Is not that a good lesson for us all? How important it is that we watch our steps, especially when we are tempted to go to a wrong place or do a wrong thing. Don't make a misstep. Don't take a hasty, thoughtless step. Don't take a wrong step. Watch your step.—*H.*

1352. The Lesson of the Lily.

With our Master standing by, Lily, what wilt thou teach us? "I try not to be in a hurry. I have the whole summer in which to grow and I am to bloom but this once. Yet I do not allow myself to be idle because I have the whole season. I have no time to waste. I keep steadily at work every day, adding something to my size or strength. Then I toil contentedly, though sometimes the sun is very hot and there are frightful rainstorms. I know God wants me to be beautiful and the heat and the storm are necessary to bring out the color and to nourish my strength. With His care, I am confident and content."

"Yes, little flower; you are telling us the spirit in which you work. But what do yon do? By what means do you grow?"

"Why, I just stay right here in this corner of the field, where the good Master planted me, and reach out into the ground for anything that will nourish me, while I keep my face upturned for the shower and the sunshine."

And the Master, smiling, greets our surprised, upturned faces and says: "That is all. Just apply these two ideas to your life. In the place in which God puts you, reach out and up for the food of the soul. Be content to grow slowly and quietly. See to it that you keep steadily at it and you, too, will grow. If God cares for the flower of the grass, will He not much the more for you?"—*Rev. F. W. Sweet.*

1353. What Pleases Pets.

Love your pets and do not let them feel forgotten or neglected. After we have taught them to love us, we must be very good to them. A pet spaniel whose little mistress was sick for a long time began to be sick, too, and by and by they asked the doctor about it. He said, "Give it to somebody who can 'mother' it and cuddle it. The poor little thing is dying of lonesomeness." Talk to your canary. Say "Nice pussy!" whenever you pass the cat. Take pains to say at least "Good dog!" when Rover wags his tail at you. He likes that better than a bone any day.

1354. Sunshine.

Here's a verse you can quote to teach the boys and girls to be cheerful. It is by J. B. Cook.

Keep your face with sunshine lit,
Laugh a little bit!
Gloomy shadows oft will flit
If you have wit and grit
Just to laugh a little bit!

1355. An Efficient Protector.

Geese are always thought to be very stupid creatures, but perhaps they are so because they never had a chance of going to school!

There are some geese that have been taught to do things, however, and they do those things in a very clever way, so that makes me think that if every goose had the chance of going to school no one would call geese stupid any more.

Just to show you how clever a goose can be, I will tell you a story of one that lived in France. Every Sunday, when an old blind woman wanted to go to church, the goose took hold of her dress in his beak and pulled her gently along the road to the door of the church. Then, when the old woman was inside, the goose spent the time in strolling about the churchyard. But when the church service was over the goose was always waiting at the door for her.

Once a gentleman said to the old woman's daughter: "Aren't you afraid to let your mother come alone?" "O no, sir," said the daughter; "we are not afraid, as the goose is with her."

I have known children not as kind or as wise as that goose. I am sure you will all make a new resolve this Children's Day.—*H.*

1356. Would You Like to Have Such Names?

The following are some of the names which African mothers have given their children: Spoon, Saucepan, Hotel, Pumpkin, Gingerbeer, Cigarette, Shilling, Sixpence, Penny Coffee, Sweet, Pudding, Very Nice, Office, Tomato, Fifteen, Vinegar, Sugar.

1357. Do It Now.

Once a boy was walking along the seashore when he saw a very beautiful shell. But he had his hands full just then and he said. "I'll pick that up when I come back."

When he came back after awhile he could not find it. The waves had washed it out into the sea.

Sometimes a boy or a girl says: "I'll not do this kind act to-day; I'll leave it until to-morrow."

But by to-morrow the chance of doing it may be gone.

1358. Children's Sayings.

My little daughter, one dark, rainy day, came indoors with a wet, half-starved kitten, and on my remonstrating with her to take it out at once, she became indignant and said, "You don't remember, mother, when you was a little cold cat yourself."

"Well my little man," said the kind old gentleman, "how old are you?"

"Five," answered the child.

"And what are you going to be?"

"Six," was the quiet reply.

One mother, recounting at great length the details of the illness of a little dog to her small girl, several times mentioned "the dog-doctor." She was surprised, at the very end, by the question, "What sort of dog was the dog doctor?"

1359. Dr. Jowett's Use of Tin Whistles.

When Dr. Jowett was in Newcastle he inaugurated a children's service in connection with his church. At the opening service four boys slyly blew their tin whistles in the rear of the gallery. The youngsters were brought before the preacher in the vestry, where they expected a severe reprimand. Much to their astonishment, Dr. Jowett asked, "Can't you play better than that on tin whistles?" And

before they could gather their wits together to know how to answer, he added, "I must ask Mrs. Jowett to teach you to play properly." She undertook to teach them, and in a few weeks' time these same lads gave a tin whistle quartette at the children's service, Mrs. Jowett accompanying them on the piano. Thus they were won and used, and no better helpers could be found than these boys became.

1360. To Tell to Children.

Elephants sleep standing up. When in a herd, a certain number will always stand watch while others sleep, for the big powerful beasts are timid and cautious at night and will not go to sleep ungarded.

Bats sleep head downward, hanging by their hind claws.

Birds, with few exceptions, sleep with their heads turned tailward over the back and the beak thrust beneath the wing.

Storks, gulls and other long-legged birds sleep standing on one leg.

Ducks sleep on open water. To avoid drifting ashore they keep paddling with one foot, thus making them move in a circle.

Foxes and wolves sleep curled up, their noses and the soles of their feet close together and blanketed by their bushy tails.

Lions, tiggers and cat animals stretch themselves out flat upon the side. Their muscles twitch and throb, indicating that they are light and restless sleepers.

Owls, in addition to their eyelids, have screens that they draw sideways across their eyes to shut out the light, for they sleep in the daytime.

1361. The Indian on the Nickel.

Not many people know that the new five-cent piece bears the portrait of a real live Indian. It is the famous Sious Chief, Iron Trail. In foreign countries the faces of kings or queens are often placed on the money of the land. In the United States we have a picture of Lincoln on our new pennies, and McKinley and a number of other statesmen on our paper money, but Iron Trail is the only living man who is shown in this way. Of course the designer used his picture because his face is typical of all Indians. But the chief is very proud of his distinction. When any one asks him for his picture he promptly gives them one of the new nickles. On the opposite side of these coins is an excellent representation of the buffalo, which was so closely associated with the old life of the Indians of the plains.

Pennies, nickels, dimes and dollars will be welcome in our Children's Day offering.—*H.*

1362. A Child's Faith.

Five sailors went to hear Dr. Dixon preach. A little girl nine years of age noticed them, and began to pray earnestly that, if they were not Christians, they might be converted that night. When an invitation was given, one went forward; then one went out. She prayed that he might be brought back, and in a few minutes he returned; soon a second went forward; but three remained in their seats. Several men spoke to them, but they refused invitations. At last the eager little girl herself rose, went to them, and pleaded that thew would accept the Saviour. She had the joy of seeing them all rise, go forward, and make a bold confession of Christ.—*An incident that occurred at the Bible Institute of Los Angeles.*

1363. The Wrong Button.

"Dear me," said little Janet, "I buttoned just one button wrong, and now that makes all the rest wrong," and she tugged and fretted as if the button was at fault for her trouble.

"Patience, patience, my dear," said

mamma, coming to the rescue. "The next time look out for the first wrong button, then you will keep all the rest right." And, added mamma, "look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another is sure to follow."

Janet thought for a moment, then she remembered how one day, not long ago, she struck Baby Alice. That was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it. That was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong just because one was wrong.

1364. A Hungry Boy.

You can brighten the faces of the little people by telling them the story of the hungry boy. Boys are said to be always hungry. This little story is by Clara J. Denton.

I know a funny little boy.
Who ate a Teddy bear—
The whole of it—and did not give
To any one a share.

You think perhaps this made him sick
So that he stayed in bed.
Oh, no, because this Teddy bear
Was made of gingerbread!

1365. Ringing True.

That Sunday school superintendent had the immediate and perfect attention of old and young when he began to drop silver dollars on the table and asked the boys if the coins were worth anything. The first and second were all right, but the third was declared no good. They all said it did not ring true. Then he drove home the lesson, that while the coins all looked good, one was found to be bad when it was dropped. "Can you stand a bump?" Such was a question he put at them, and then he also insisted that every one would get some such test sooner or later. The character is not something on the outward side, mere appearance; it is a matter of the inward side, true worth. The older people present that Children's Day found a lesson as well as the boys and girls.

1366. How Do You Write Your Name?

Boys have a fashion of putting their names on things. The ever-ready knife carves name or initials in all sorts of places. The pen or pencil or popular rubber stamp impresses it upon their books and other belongings. Even their skates write it in shining curves and flourishes on the ice, if they have sufficient skill to do it.

Their names, like all others, are written in the hearts of their friends and acquaintances, too. The odd thing about it is that they can be written there in so many different ways. One boy may write his in rudeness, in selfishness, in ill-temper, in all sorts of unpleasant scrawls. Probably he would be much surprised if he could see what his name stands for in the hearts of those who know him.

Another writes his name in letters of politness, of kindness, of good-natured readiness to do nice things for others; and he, too might be surprised if he could see the record. But it would be a much pleasanter kind of surprise than that the other boy would feel. It is worth while for you to be careful how you write your name in the hearts of others.

1367. A Word to Boys.

Many people seem to forget that character grows—that it is not something to put on, ready-made, with manhood or womanhood, but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy. The boy

that is late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I didn't think," will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the sufferings of weaker things will never be a gentleman.

1368. One Astray.

An American bishop related the following; "A youth belonging to a Bible class thought fit to discontinue his attendance. The class assembled, but his place was empty, and the leader looked for the familiar face in vain. He could not be content to conduct the Bible reading as usual, ignorant as to the condition and whereabouts of the missing one. 'Friends,' said he, 'read, sing, and pray; my work is to seek and find a stray sheep,' and he started off on the quest. The stray sheep is before you," said the bishop to his hearers, "my teacher found me, and I could not resist his pleading. I could not continue to wander and stray while I was sought so tenderly."

1369. Had the Measles.

A Massachusetts boy told the teacher that his sister had the measles. The teacher sent him home and told him to stay there until his sister got well. After he had skipped joyfully away another boy held up his hand and said, "Teacher, Jimmy Dolan's sister what's got the measles lives in California."

I wonder how many of the boys and girls in this Children's Day audience think either of these boys were quite square. They were smart enough, surely, but hardly to be commended.

1370. Why the Wolf Was Brave.

"My father," said a wolf to a fox, "was a real hero. He defeated over two hundred enemies; and this makes it all the more strange that he should at last be defeated by a single one."

"You forget," said the fox, "that the two hundred enemies whom he defeated were only sheep and asses; and the first time he attempted to seize a bull he was killed."

"It is always quite easy for the strong to crush the weak."—*Lessing.*

1371. Engine or Freight Car: Talk to Boys and Girls.

The author of a recent book for boys, in which he is urging them to stick to school, asks whether they want to be engines or freight cars.

The latter are things that just sit around until they are pulled or pushed here or there by some other force. They are only made to carry burdens for other people. They do not cost so very much or take a great while to make. The workmen that make them do not need to be especially skilled. When the cars are wrecked usually they are piled along side of the track and burned.

On the other hand, the engine comes out of the shop filled with power and throbbing with energy that only waits to be directed. They always lead and pull or push. True they cost more than cars, and it takes longer to construct them. The workmen must be skilled men. Only the very best materials can be used in them. When they are wrecked they are carefully picked up and every part is saved to be used again.

The parable is a good one. Not only the youths, but their parents should consider it. Will the boy or girl be one to be shoved here or there at another's will? The temptation to the boy is to take the short cut and get out into business life. But he is likely to become a burden-bearer, and nothing more. A little more time and expense now will make a leader of him. And the world needs leaders badly.

The railroads are clamoring for engines rather than cars, according to the newspapers—*P. A.*

1372. Resting Places: Your Sabbaths.

"Lots of telegraph poles are growing up," said Willie. "They are just so far apart from each other, and every time I go from our house to yours, grandpa, I stop and rest at each pole."

"There are lots of Sundays in my life," said grandpa, "and they are the same distance apart, and they are on my way to my father's house. Every time I come to one I stop and rest, too."

Sundays are resting places; places to get a new start in the Christian life. Young people, put high value on your Sundays. "Keep your Sundays for the great things of the soul."—*H.*

1373. Why She was Happy.

The small girl of the family was busy over the flower beds. She pulled the weeds and grass out carefully, so that not a flower root was disturbed. She dug and watered and trimmed, and all the while she hummed a happy little tune to herself. A passing neighbor paused, looked and listened for a moment, then said:

"You must like your work, Bessie. You seem very happy over it."

Quickly the child looked up with a laugh. "I'm doing it for mother, and I'm always happy when I'm doing things for folks, aren't you?"

Her reply was the key that will unlock the door of happiness for anyone who will use it. Her question holds a challenge to the world of selfishness. It gives a lesson we all may learn, grown-ups and little folks, this Children's Day.—*H.*

1374. The Wolf Who Repented.

A wolf who was dying expressed sorrow for his evil life, but added:

"While it is true; I have sometimes been cruel. I have not been so bad as others. I remember once seeing a lamb that had strayed from the flock, but I did not devour it; and at another time I listened to the angry abuse of a number of sheep without punishing them."

"I can bear witness that all this is true," said a fox, "for I remember distinctly the time. It was when you had that bone stuck in your throat for a week, so that you were too ill even to eat."

"Many thieves are honest when they are unable to steal."—*Lessing.*

1375. "Something Else Beautiful."

A little girl named Hilda and her mother stood one cold winter morning looking out upon the landscape, in which everything was covered with an icy armor that sparkled with glittering beauty in the sunshine.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Hilda.

"Yes," answered her mother, "but it will be all gone before noon time."

The little girl was quiet for a moment as she gazed upon the fairy-like scene that lay stretched out before her. Then she looked up and said brightly, "Never mind, mother; there'll be something else beautiful to-morrow."

What a charming thought was uttered by that little girl in those words! What a comfort it is to know that though some beautiful things may pass away, God will send others just as beautiful to take their place. This is Children's Day and we have the beautiful flowers all about us in greatest profusion. But "God hath made every thing beautiful in his time," and every season of the year has its beauties. Yes, though some beautiful things may pass away, God will send others just as beautiful to take their place. Every time in life, too, has its beauties and its joys. There is beauti-

ful childhood, and beautiful youth, and beautiful old age. Beauty and joy are two of God's richest gifts.—*H.*

1376. Not Taking Chances.

"Don't be afraid," said a mother to her little boy at a museum, "the lion is stuffed." "P'raps he is," responded the lad; "but he might find room for a little boy like me!"

1377. The Boy Escapes.

Edwin, aged four, owned a picture book in which a fierce-looking cow was running after a small boy. He looked at it a long time; then, carefully closing the book, he laid it away. A few days later he got the book again and found the picture. Bringing his chubby fist down on the cow, he exclaimed in a tone of triumph; "She ain't caught him yet!"

1378. The Missing Word.

Little Mary was telling what she thought was an exciting story about a dream. She stuttered in her effort, gulped, and paused hoplessly without completing the sentence. "Why, child, what is the matter?" her mother asked. The little girl smiled ruefully, and replied, "I swallowed a word."

1379. A Wrinkle Swallower.

Little Irene, aged three years, sat watching her mother ironing, and was still for a long time. Then she remarked: "Mother, where do all the wrinkles go? Does the iron swallow them?"

1380. A Big Brother's Defence.

"Johnny," asked a nervous neighbor, "what makes the baby at your house cry so much?"

"It doesn't cry so very much," was the big brother's indignant answer, "and anyway, if your teeth was all out and your hair was all off and your legs was so weak and wobbly that you couldn't stand on them, you'd feel like crying yourself."

1381. Disappointed.

A little girl who had mastered her catechism confessed herself disappointed. "Because," she said, "though I obey the Fifth Commandment and honor my papa and mama, yet my days are not a bit longer in the land, because I am put to bed at seven o'clock."

She was a funny little girl and had a funny idea of the fifth commandment. But God does reward those who keep it.—*H.*

1382. The Cross Squirrel.

Once there was a squirrel that did not like his home, and he used to scold and find fault with everything. His papa squirrel had long, gray whiskers, and so was wise—besides which he could shake his whiskers quickly.

"My dear, as you do not like your home, there are three sensible things you could do:

"Leave it, or change it, or suit yourself to it. Any one of these would help you in your trouble."

"Oh, I do not want to do any of those; I had rather sit on a branch of a tree and scold."

"Well," said the papa squirrel, "if you must do that, whenever you want to scold, just go out on a branch and scold away at someone you do not know."

The little squirrel blushed so much that he became a red squirrel, and you will notice to this day red squirrels do just that thing.

Grey squirrels are bigger and handsomer and stronger and more valuable than red squirrels. Look out young friends, that you do not turn to red squirrels. Would it not be an awful thing if all boys and girls were to turn into red squirrels when

they get cross! Look out! Keep sweet.—*H.*

1383. A Peacemaker.

A litle girl said to her mother one evening:

"I was a peacemaker to-day."

"How was that?" said her mother.

"I knew something that I didn't tell," was the reply.

There are many boys and girls who could be peacemakers every day, if, like this little girl, they wouldn't tell some of the things they know about others. Repeating a bit of evil gossip about somebody else has led to many a quarrel and sad misunderstandings have often arisen from some careless remark which has been told by one to another.

Jesus said, "Blessed are the peacemakers," and surely it is worth while trying to be one of those on whom our Saviour pronounced His blessing.

Next time that we hear anything unkind about another, let us be careful not to repeat it, and in this way we may show ourselves peacemakers.

1384. Why a Ship is a "She."

The word "ship" is masculine in French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese and posseses no sex in Teutonic and Scandinavian. Perhaps it would not be an error to trace the custom of feminizing ships back to the Greeks, who called them by feminine names, probably out of deference to Athene, goddess of the sea. But the English speaking sailor assigns no such reasons. The ship to him is always a lady, even though she be a man-of-war. She possesses a waist, collars, stay, lace, bonnets, ties, ribbons, chains, watches and dozens of other distinctly feminine attributes.

Life is a sea. We are the ships. Let us go straight to the harbor. The end of the voyage is heaven if we do.—*H.*

1385. A Funny Bone.

"Father," said the little daughter, "I feel it in my bones that you are going to buy me a new hat for Children's Day."

"Which bone, darling?"

"I'm not sure, but I think its in my wish-bone."

1386. The Sin of Ignorance.

Sir Robert Ball, the famous English astromoner, whose death ocurred some time ago, used to tell a little story of an experience he had when he was at the Dunsink Observatory. A farmer came to him one day, and asked if he might look at the moon through the telescope.

"Surely you can," said Ball. "Come around to-night, and I will be very happy to let you see it through the telescope."

"Can't I see it now?" asked the farmer, surprised.

"I'm sorry that you cannot," answered the astronomer. "You will have to wait until to-night."

"Huh!" was the contemptuous reply. "Then your old telescope is not so great a thing as they say. I can see the moon at night without it."

I suppose it is not right to think of ignorance as always a sin. But, young people, it is a great thing to know much both of things temporal and of things eternal.—*H.*

1387. A Small Beginning.

One day a little English girl was walking along a street in London, on her way to school. She carried her books and a little bouquet for her teacher. A poor little boy, leaning on crutches, said to her: "Say, gimme a flower?"

The kind-hearted little girl picked out a rose and gave it to him. Four or five other children gathered around her, each begging for a flower; and one by one she gave them all away, and had no bouquet for her teacher.

The next day she took two bouquets, one for the teacher and one for the street children, and day after day she carried flowers until at last she carried a basket especially for the poor children.

This was the beginning of the Flower Mission. The news spread and the idea was taken up all over London, and then some one in Boston began it, and then in New York, and now thousands of flowers are given away all over the country. So all this beautiful work started with one kind-hearted little girl.

We have flowers all about us to-day. Sometimes Children's Day is called Flower Sunday. Let us learn lessons, life lessons from the flowers to-day.—*H.*

1388. Flower Sunday.

Children's Day is often called Flower Sunday. So I am going to tell you the legend of a little flower we call Ragged Sailor.

Once upon a time there was a sailor commonly called the ragged sailor. He sailed in the Discoverer.

The sailors came upon an island undiscovered. The ragged sailor went to look for food. He found a little dark blue flower.

When they sailed for home they took with them large bunches of the flowers to the king and queen. The queen said it should be called after its discoverer, the "ragged sailor." So it comes about that we have the ragged sailor with us to-day.

1389. An Accidental Discovery.

Blotting paper was discovered purely by accident. Some ordinary paper was being made one day at a mill in Berkshire, England, when a careless woman forgot to put in the sizing material. The whole of the paper made was regarded as useless. The proprieter of the mill desired to write a note shortly afterwards and he took a piece of this waste paper, thinking it was good enough for the purpose. To his intense annoyance the ink spread all over the paper. Suddenly there flashed over his mind the thought that this paper would do instead of sand for drying ink, and he at once advertised his waste paper as "blotting."

There was such a big demand that the mill ceased to make ordinary paper, and was soon occupied in making blotting paper only, the use of which soon spread to all countries.

A great many good things have been found out by accident. But, young friends, it does not pay us to trust to accident. We must plan for and purpose the advances we are to make in life. That may be one useful lesson we may learn on this Children's Day. —*H.*

1390. The Harm of Doing Nothing.

"Sam, dear," asked Mrs. Prouty, who had been away from home the greater part of July and August, "what is the matter with the garden?"

"I don't know," answered Sam humbly. "I haven't done anything to it." Don't be satisfied, young friends, just to do nothing.—*H.*

1391. A Dandelion's Way.

A dandelion loves to have her own way, just as you and I do. She loves to grow up tall, with a fine long stem, nodding and shaking her head and swaying merrily in the wind and sunshine. When the storm comes beating she draws her green waterproof cloak up over her head, and while the thrush sings so cheerfully, she makes merry with the raindrops—gay little dandelion!

But the dandelion cannot always have her own way, sweet as it is, for there is the gardener who comes cutting her down cruelly with the lawn mower again and again and again.

How discouraging all this is when one feels herself made to live on a

long stem with such jocund friends as the rain, the wind, and the sunshine! But the dandelion is not to be discouraged, and in a wise little brown heart she considers how she may best adapt herself to such adverse circumstances as gardeners and lawn mowers.

The next day she comes up as light and friendly as ever, only with a shorter stem. Again she is cut down, and again she springs up bravely with a still shorter stem.

At last she is trampled upon and bruised and crushed under foot to the earth, but the brightness and gladness and beauty are still there in the faithful brown heart, and, gazing steadfastly into heaven, she sends up one trustful little bud without any stem at all.

Her sister dandelions do the same, and they bloom and bloom and bloom until the green lawn looks as if it were buttoned down all over with pieces of brightest gold.

This is a true story; but if you don't believe it, you may ask the dandelion.

There are not a few children who think they have no chance and that things go hard with them. You may think that you are held back by circumstances or by things that happen; but, never mind, make the best of your opportunities. Be beautiful, and kind and thoughtful and helpful anyway. This is a good lesson you may learn this Children's Day from the little yellow dandelion.—*H.*

1392. How the Sea Birds Get Drink.

"When I was a boy," said an old sailor, "it was always a matter of wonder what birds, a thousand miles out to sea, did for drink, when they were thirsty."

"One day a squall answered that question for me. It was a hot and glittering day in the topics, and in the clear sky overhead a black raincloud appeared all of a sudden. Then out of an empty space, over a hundred sea birds came darting from every direction. They got under the raincloud, and waited there for about ten minutes circling round and round and when the rain began to fall they drank their fill. In the tropics, where the great sea birds sail thousands of miles away from shore, they get their drinking water in that way. They smell out a storm a long way off, they travel a hundred miles maybe to get under it, and they swallow enough raindrops to keep them going."

Boys and girls, and older people too, have spiritual thirst. Christ can satisfy that thirst. He says, "Come unto me and drink."—*H.*

1393. Always Learning.

A boy of seven protested earnestly after his vacation against being sent back to school. "What!" said his father, "don't you want to go to school?"

"Yes, but not that school."

"And why not to that one?"

"Because they want to teach me a lot of things that I don't know anything about."

Was not he a strange boy? Learn. Let us be always learning. No boy or girl can learn too much,—not too much about the things that are good and true.—*H.*

1394. What Children Say.

For many years I have been listening to children, and I find among my material some queer and interesting sayings which I have heard from their lips. My boy George, now nearly six years old, during this past three years has been the originator of the following:

I told him that a cat had caught some of our chickens in the night, and suggested that we get a cat-trap. "What shall we bait it with?" I asked. He answered, "Cat-fish."

I told him the fable of the lion caught in the net, who asked the mouse to gnaw the knots and set him free. When I had finished, he asked, "What did the man say when he found his net spoiled?"

When we were planning a visit to Central Park, he asked whether he would see eagles, and whether all of them would be gold. "What makes you think eagles are gold?" I asked, and he answered, "All the eagles I ever saw were gold." He had only seen the eagles on flag-poles.

I had remonstrated with him for being bad, and said, "O George, you don't love me!" "Yes, I do," he said; "even when I don't love you, I love you."

He came home one day with wet feet, although he had on his rubber boots. When his mother asked him if the other boys got their feet wet, he said, "Oh, no; they didn't have rubber boots; they kept out of the water."

Dressing is very irksome to him, and we were not surprised when he remarked one morning, "I wish you could push a button and your clothes would be on."

Roy, seven years old, awoke one night in October, just after the family had moved into their new house, called his mother, and asked, "Do you suppose Santa Claus knows where we have moved to?"—*William D. Murray.*

1395. A Boy with Two Faces.

I've heard about the queerest boy,
A boy that has two faces;
One face is round and full of joy,
As out of doors he races.
But when his mother calls him in
He changes to the other,
And that is long and sour and thin—
I'm sorry for his mother.

1396. A Boy in Blossom.

"O grandpa," said Charlie, "what lots of apples there are going to be this year! See how white the trees are with blossoms."

"Yes," said grandpa; "if the trees keep their promises there will be plenty of apples. But if they are like some boys I know, there may not be any."

"What do you mean by keeping their promises?" asked Charlie.

"Why," said grandpa, "blossoms are only the trees' promises, just as the promises little boys make sometimes are only the blossoms. Sometimes the frost nips these blossoms, both on the trees and in the boy, and they never bear any fruit."

"I see," said Charlie. "Then you think when I promise to be a better boy, I am only in blossom? But I will try to show you, grandpa, that the frost cannot nip my blossoms. I am going to bear fruit."

"I hope you will," said grandpa, delighted with his answer.

Yes, boys and girls, you are all blossoms. Here in God's house, on this blessed Children's Day, resolve, resolve in God's strength that you will bear fruit.—*H.*

1397. God's Service Flag.

It was a beautiful thought of the little child when, seeing the evening star glowing out brightly on the dark blue sky, she exclaimed: "There, God has hung out his service flag, and there's only one star on it." Our minds are turned to think of the One who for our salvation "endured the cross, despising the shame."

1398. Helping the Minister.

"One thing helped me very much while I was preaching to-day," said a clergyman.

"What was that?" inquired a friend.

"It was the attention of a little girl, who kept her eyes fixed on me and seemed to hear and understand every word I said. She was a great help to me."

Think of that, little ones, and when you go to church fix your eyes on the minister and try to understand

what he says, for he is speaking to you as well as to grown-up people. He is telling about the Lord Jesus, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

1399. Children's Sayings, with Lessons.

They were holding midyear examinations in one of the public schools. The subject was geography. One of the questions was, "What is the equator?"

"The equator," read the answer of a nine-year-old boy, "is a managerie lion running around the center of the earth."

A little girl was taking her bath one chilly morning when her mother turned on the cold water faucet. She jumped up quickly, saying indignantly:

"Don't do that, mama, Look at me —I'm all 'duck skin!'"

"To-morrow," announced five-year-old Sidney proudly to his kindergarten teacher, "is my birthday,"

"Why," returned she, "it is mine, too."

The boy's face clouded with perplexity; and, after a brief silence, he exclaimed. "How did you get so much bigger'n me?"

Children have philosophy, and there are valuable lessons that can be drawn from every example of their thoughts we can gather.—*H.*

1400. God is Near.

Once upon a time there was a young fish that had heard other fishes talking about the sea. One day it thought, "I will go and find the sea." So it set forth to find the sea. It searched for a long time, but could not find it. Then it met another fish, and asked, "Can you tell me where I may find the sea?" And the fish said: "No, I have often wished to see it, for I have heard much about it, but I do not know where to look." The young fish met another fish, an old and wise fish, and asked, "Can you tell me where I may find the sea?" And the old fish said, "Why, this is the sea; you are swimming in the sea; you have been in it all the time. So do we look for God, thinking that He is far from us and difficult to find, when "in him we live and move and have our being." God is all around us, so near us that He hears our tiniest thought.

1401. A Wonderful Tree.

In far off Persia grows a shrub which is called the Sorrowful Tree. Another name for this tree is the Night Jasmine or the Sad Tree. The reason why it is called the Sad or Sorrow Tree is because it blooms only at night.

When the first star appears in the sky the first bud opens on the wonderful tree. As the evening advances, the buds open more rapidly until the tree is covered with the delicate bloom, and it appears like one vast white flower. The bloom is fragrant, and the odor is like the perfume of the evening primrose. As the stars begin to grow dim and the dawn approaches, the flowers begin to fade, and by the time the sun has risen, not a bloom can be found on the tree.

During the hours of daylight the tree appears to be withering, as if it had been injured in some manner; but in reality it is simply regaining its strength in order to put forth new blossoms on the following night.

This tree is held in high esteem by the natives of the country where it grows, and is looked upon as a curiosity by florists throughout the world. When cut down these trees send up sprouts from the roots that will mature into a flowering tree in a very short time.

We do not wish any of our children to be sad or sorrowful. But is it not a wonderful thing to be able to bloom and shed perfume in the night

—when it is dark and things do not go as we wish?—*H.*

1402. About Habit.

Various kinds of fishes came together and held a convention. There were sharks, catfish, bass, eels, mackerels, flounders and almost every kind that you could name. At the opening of the meeting a shark presided and made a speech. He said that it would be nice to invite the little crabs, to which all agreed. So on one Sabbath afternoon all the fish came. They walked straight. The little crabs came walking crooked and wabbling, sometimes walking sideways and backwards. The shark said the first thing to do was to teach the little crabs how to walk straight. The other fish took the entire afternoon to teach them how to walk. Then they went home. They met again on the next Sabbath afternoon, but the little crabs came walking as crooked as ever. So they spent the entire afternoon teaching them how to walk, then all the fish went home. On the third Sabbath afternoon as the little crabs came to the convention the little crabs walked just as crooked as ever. The other fish began to get discouraged. Then a shark made a speech. He said it was no use trying to teach the little crabs how to walk, for their fathers and mothers didn't walk straight at home. What could you expect of them?

The home must help in the teaching given in the Bible school. The Bible school is not simply a place for little folks, but for fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers.

The lesson of this story, or one of the lessons, is about habit. Boys and girls should grow up to be noble men and women. We begin to form habits early in life. We should try to form correct habits that will be a help to us in after life. We all imitate, but we should aim to imitate the virtues instead of the faults of others.

1403. The Sermon the Sunflower Preaches.

I want to tell you about a great sermon that is preached to me every morning. The preacher is a flower that grows in my garden and the sermon is its life. It is not a fine flower either—the kind that you find growing in beautiful gardens and parks, in company with tulips and dahlias and roses, but it is a humble plant that is content to grow in out of the way places and in forgotten corners.

A little while ago I planted some of the seeds of this flower and they are blooming now. When I go out in the early morning every one of the blossoms are facing the sun that is just peeping through the trees of the orchard. At noon they have lifted up their heads and are looking straight up into the face of the sun. At evening I find them turned to the west as though eager to catch the last rays of the setting sun. During all the days of their youth they follow thus the sun in his course across the heavens. At last, grown large and heavy with seed, they can no longer turn as of old. Then for the last time they turn from giving their farewell kiss, back to the East, to stand and greet their Lord on his return. They seem to say, "If we cannot longer follow him and can gain but one greeting in the day, let it be a greeting of the morning, a greeting of joy, when our Lord comes forth in all his strength to run his course."

How many boys and girls know the name of my preacher, and how many have ever heard the sermon? The preacher is the familiar sunflower, the sun-seeker, and we call it that on account of its habit of keeping its face toward the face of the sun.

The lesson that I learn from this roadside flower is this: if we seek

the face of God earnestly as this flower seeks the face of the sun, God will bless us and help us to grow strong and beautiful. He says, "If my people shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear them from heaven, and will forgive their sins." So keep your faces turned toward God, in the morning, and at noon, and at evening. Seek him as earnestly as the sunflower seeks the sun and God will bless you.—*Rev. A. J. Cohee.*

1404. The Grumble Man.

Now, my little friends, I have a new Children's Day story for you. I wonder if you ever heard it, or heard anything like it. It is the story of the Grumble Man.

"I wonder how he ever got into this house. I am sure the front door was locked. Yes, and the windows shut, but he got in somehow!"

"Who, mother?" piped up May, as she lay on the lounge complaining. "Who got into our house? Did he steal anything? Where is he?"

"Yes, child," replied mother, looking grave. "He stole—let me see. Yes, his name was Mr. Grumble: he came to the face of my little girl and stole away the pretty smiles, and put deep furrows in her forehead, drew lines across her mouth and made her lips pout. He changed the expression of her face so that no one, to look at her, would recognize her as my little girl, who usually has such a happy face."

"Oh, mother, you are making fun of me!" cried May, and the tears began to fall in earnest.

"Dear me! Now we will have rivers, too, if we don't look out; run quickly and open the door, May, so that the horrid fellow can get out."

May ran to the door and opened it, and a nice, soft breeze blew in her face and tossed her pretty hair; and she came back laughing, and said: "I chased him out, mother, and he shall never get into this house again, if I can help it."—*H.*

1405. Making Faces.

Every day as we walk along the street we meet many people and look into many faces. Some of these faces are hard and unpleasant, others are pleasant and beautiful. At one time, not many years ago, each of these faces had the privilege of expressing kindness and beauty. We know that in ten years from now, as to-day, we shall see hard, cruel faces as well as noble and kind ones. These faces are going to be made by the boys and girls of to-day.

As the artist makes his picture line by line, so are we just as surely making faces. We can see the artist at work because he works on the outside of his picture. We cannot see our friends or ourselves at work because it is all done on the inside. The artist works with a brush, but we work with thoughts, words and deeds. Whenever we are tempted to say an unkind word or do an unkind deed to hurt somebody else, then we ourselves receive the greater harm. In time they may forget our cruelty, but it is built into our lives and finds its way to our faces, where it is seen by the world.

In the theater men paint their faces to fit the parts they play. If they are to represent a wicked man they make their faces look wicked. In life whatever part we play our faces grow to look the part. We should all desire to have beautiful faces, which stand for character. When the artist paints a picture he has a model to follow; if the model is ugly he paints an ugly picture, and if the model be beautiful he paints a beautiful picture.

When we say that a boy or a girl may be a Christian we mean that they may take for their lives the most

beautiful model. We always think of Jesus as having a beautiful face because his life was beautiful. If we follow his life and teaching we cannot have hard, cruel faces for the world to see. God meant all faces to be kind and noble, and therefore he has given us his Son as our life model.

We must always remember that what the poet says is true for us:

"Beautiful thoughts make a beautiful life,
And a beautiful life makes a beautiful face."

—*Rev. Chester J. Armstrong.*

1406. Beginning and Preventing Quarrels.

I have two Children's Day stories to tell you. They are funny stories, but they teach real serious lessons, about how quarrels begin and how they can be prevented. The first story is an illustration of most quarrels among little people or big.

Ina came in from the country on her fifth birthday, to visit her Cousin May. At night they were put to bed early. An hour passed, when heart-breaking sobs were heard from the children's room.

"What is the matter, children?" asked May's mother, entering the dark room.

From under the bedclothes Ina sobbed out, "May won't give me any of her peanuts."

"But May has no peanuts," replied her aunt.

"I know that," sobbed Ina, "but she said if she did have peanuts, she wouldn't give me any."

There is an old saying: "It takes two to make a quarrel. Here is an illustration of that.

Two boys who lived near together were such good friends that they never quarreled. The other boys tried to persuade them to do so. "But we cannot," they replied, "we do not know how." "Very well," said one boy, "we will show you how. I'll lay this stone between you, and you (turning to one boy) must say it is yours. Then you (turning to the other) will declare it is yours. Now begin!"

"This is my stone," said the first boy.

"No, it is mine," said the other, mildly.

"Very well, then," replied the first boy, "you may have it."

It always takes two to make a quarrel.—*H.*

1407. Making God Hear.

A very little girl said one day to her father: "Papa, I have something I want to tell God. I want you to say it to Him for me."

"Why can't you tell Him yourself, little one?" said the father.

"Because I have such a little voice that I don't think I can make Him hear away up in heaven; but you have such a big, loud voice that He will be sure to hear you."

Then the father said: "God will hear a little child's prayer if it has a little weak voice, if it whispers, or if it only thinks the wish and does not say it in any words. If all the angels in heaven are singing, and God listens to that music, he will hear at the same time the prayer that the little child speaks in a low voice, or whispers, or even thinks."

No matter how weak your little voice is, God will hear your prayers up in heaven.

I hope my little friends here this Children's Day all believe in prayer, that you all do pray, and that you will be sure that God always hears. No matter how weak your little voice is, or how timid your faith, God always hears your prayers up in heaven. He hears to answer in the very best way, too.—*H.*

1408. A Clever Elephant.

A gentleman who lived in India for many years tells an interesting story

of the cleverness of an elephant which he owned.

This gentleman had two small sons, to whom the elephant took a great fancy. So devoted was this elephant that the father felt perfectly safe in leaving his little boys in its care.

One day the elephant and the two boys went off on a tramp together. They remained away so long, however, that the father became anxious, and finally went to look for them. After searching for some time he came to the river bank, and there a funny sight met his eyes.

The great elephant was standing knee-deep in the mud, with a happy small boy squatting on either side of him, and all three were fishing just as hard as they could. The boys held their rods in their hands, and their companion held his with his trunk. By and by the elephant's line gave a flop, and the boys crowded up to see whether it really meant that he had caught a fish. He had and while the big brute watched them solemnly, they pulled out the line, detached the fish, and then, putting on another worm, gravely handed the rod back to its owner.

Do you know, there is a good deal in the Bible about fishing? There is something, too, about fishing for men. A good many of Christ's apostles were fishermen. Boys and girls can learn to "Take souls alive"—to do the noblest fishing in the world.—*H.*

1409. Lessons From the Lilies.

"Consider the lilies." They can teach us many things. Consider their growth. Consider their beauty. Consider their unselfishness. They are clothed with beauty. They grow without anxiety. They never fret because of heat, drouth, rain or cold. God takes care of lilies. They do not grow by chance. These are all lessons from the lilies. But there is a special lesson, sometimes overlooked, we ought to learn. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow." Yes, that is it, how they grow.

A vistor to Morningside Heights, New York City, casts an admiring glance upward to the "Cathedral of St. John the Divine," now rising slowly but surely to its magnificent completion. But to simple admiration would surely succeed a wonder beyond power of expression were the beholder as he stands gazing, to see the sublime structure, wall and arch and dome and tower, going higher and higher all of their own undirected and unaided accord—no architect, superintendent or workmen in sight; no scaffolding, and not only no derrick with its long sweeping arm stretched out to lift huge blocks and beams, but no beams or blocks in sight to lift.

Yet how, again, must both admiration and wonder mount to almost incredulous amazement were the already rapt beholder to be assured that all that the architect had done was to bury his plans and specifications at foundation depths, having first imparted to them the power to do as they would like with the earthly material around them; to change that formless material into bronze, marble, steel or wood; to give to each product thus transformed its own fit and size and shape; to lift each to its own proper place; and, to crown all, power to drop from turret-top and pinnacle fully formed and safely folded plans and specifications for other like and alike self-erecting cathedrals.

In such case, supposing it to exist, will not this wondering beholder feel himself constrained to pause awhile and very thoughtfully to "consider" this building—"how it grows!"

Lilies grow. Cathedrals do not. Oaks grow. Church buildings do not. How wonderful the power of God! The lilies grow. "They toil not, neither do they spin." They just grow. They grow the way in which

God intended they should. No wonder when Christ wanted us to think of God's power and providence He said, "Consider the lilies, how they grow." —*H.*

1410. Lost Art.

"I said the strangest, strangest things
Before I learned to talk,
And wore the longest, longest clothes
Before I learned to walk."

I think I hear some of the tiniest tots here to-day speaking like this. One of the purposes of Children's Day is to have us listen to what children say.—*H.*

1411. Children's Philosophy, with Lessons.

When Bobbie went to his grandmother he was much interested in whatever went on in the kitchen. One day she said to him: "I'm going to make you a nice little pie in a saucer, Bobbie, all for yourself. Don't you think I'm pretty good to take so much trouble?"

Bobbie thought about it. "Grandma," he said at length, "Mother told me not to be a bother, and if it's goin' to be any trouble, you can just as well make my pie reg'lar size."

Look out! little people; don't be selfish.

Mary was seven, and she didn't want to take her music lesson. "Why, Mary, don't you like your music?" asked her mother anxiously.

"No," sobbed the little girl, "I hate those little black things sittin' on the fence!"

Don't be scared by little black things sitting on the fence, or away from any duty.

Little Doris could not count beyond four. One day, when she was showing me five berries that she had picked, I asked, "How many have you, Doris?" Her brows puckered; then, dimpling with smiles ,she answered: "Wait till I eat one; then I will tell you!"

Learn. Learn all you can. Learn to count, and then you will not need such a strategy to keep you from showing ignorance. But Doris will learn. Any girl as smart as that can learn, we are sure.—*H.*

1412. The Goose That Was Only a Goose.

A goose, proud of her white feathers, pretended that she was a swan. She left her own relations and swam alone around the pond, trying to bend and stretch her neck like a swan's.

But it was all of no use, her neck was too short and stiff, and after all her trouble nobody thought she was a swan, and she only succeeded in appearing a more silly and ridiculous goose.

"It is quite useless trying to deceive people by appearing what we are not." —*Lessing.*

XXI. COMMENCEMENT DAY

(Usually About the Middle of June.)

1413. Get a Good Ready.

An old Greek officer counselled the generals on the eve of an engagement, "The secret of victory is in getting a good ready." It was in line with this when General Foch said: "Battles are won the day before." Did not Wellington say that Waterloo was won at Eton?

The "day-before" preparation is just what our schools and colleges give. —*H.*

1414. Christian Education.

Victor Cousins, in addressing the French Chamber of Peers, said: "Any system of school training which sharpens and strengthens the intellectual powers, without at the same time affording a source of restraint and counter-check to their tendency to evil, is a curse rather than a blessing." This points clearly to the imperative necessity not of education alone, but of Christian education.

1415. Will It Pay?

"Will an education pay?" Pay in what? Money! In nine cases out of ten it does that. Statistics show that the vast majority of men who stand high in business have been educated men. But there are so many higher things than money! Education pays in developing mental power, in giving a man resources in himself, in leading him to choose the higher joys, in fitting him for the duties of life.—*Journal and Messenger.*

1416. The Education of the Heart.

There never was a time when the people needed the inspiration of the Bible more than they do at the present day. And there is not a community which cannot be purified, redeemed and improved by a better knowledge and larger application of the Bible in their daily life. No money that is invested pays so large a dividend as that spent in the moral uplifting of the community. I am inclined to believe that we have overestimated the value of mental training and underestimated the value of the heart's development. A good heart can use a very dull mind and make that mind serviceable to society, but a bad heart cannot make use of mind, however brilliant.—*William Jennings Bryan.*

1417. The College Man at Attention.

Commencement exercises in our colleges bring the students face to face with vocational duties, perhaps with the real work of life. They stand at the parting of the ways, or at the end of the road. It may not be best to select one's profession till his college work is nearing completion. Such a course opens up so many avenues of service with which one was unacquainten before that former decision may be set aside by new light.

1418. Danger of Mediocrity.

The danger of college life to-day is in mediocrity. There is less distinction now than formerly in being a graduate. Our homes and streets swarm with them. There is more likelihood of dwelling on the common level, since that level is higher than it was. But not the less does the constant ascendency of life call for your elevation in individuality, in aim and in achievement. The charm of novelty is past, the very abundance of our academic privileges is sometimes a barrier to stern and deeper discipline. We must not cease to conspire with each returning day, to insist upon a new bias and a fresh authority, for those eternal truths toward which the whole creation moves and of which you are the representatives and the advocates.—*Rev. Samuel Parkes Cadman, D.D.*

1419. Victory and Vantage-Ground.

To the student in college, commencement day is a goal; when reached it is a starting-point. Education is both an end and a means. The same may be said of every lesson: well learned, it is a victory and a vantage-ground.

1420. To the Graduate.

"Be true to the dreams of thy youth,"
O graduate, hopeful and bright,
Thy life lies before thee to-day,
See to it thou use it aright.

"Be true to the dreams of thy youth;"
'Mid the sordid distractions and cares
Awaiting each eager young heart,
Ne'er lose early longings and prayers.

"Be true to the dreams of thy youth:"
Forget not thy purposeful aim;

Move forward and upward each year,
And the fruit of thy labor thou'lt claim.

"Be true to the dreams of thy youth,"
Preserve the now-cherished ideals,
Until in His own gracious time
Our Father His glory reveals.
—*A. W. Lyon.*

1421. Colleges Making Men.

Voicing the spirit of the West, Sam Walter Foss has written:

"Give me men to match my mountains,
Give me men to match my plains,
Men with empires in their purpose,
Men with eras in their brains."

1422. Public School Idyl.

When a jingle strikes the popular ear and voices a common experience at the same time it is likely to find its wings and fly far. The question of over-cramming in our public schools has found its rhymester and many a parent will hardly know whether to laugh or sigh over Frank Lintabar's poem in Punch which begins:

"Ram it in, cram it in;
Children's heads are hollow!
Slam it in, jam it in;
Still there's more to follow.
Hygiene and History,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, Histology,
Latin, Etymology,
Botany, Geometry,
Greek and Trigonometry—
Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow!"

1423. Education and Mere Facts.

Education is not merely the writing of facts on the mind as one writes on a blank slate. It resembles rather the placing of fresh color on canvas on which earlier colors are not dry. The new colors mix with the old. So the living mind mixes new information with what is already in it, judges the new in the light of the old.

1424. Coaling for the Voyage.

Ambitious boys chafe at being kept in school because they think that school is make-believe and the job is a reality. But school is, in reality, a part of the job. It is like two steamers coaling for a long voyage. One sails away with her bunkers half full. She gets a long start on the other. But the second, by staying in port until her bunkers are full, passes the other in midocean, where her coal has given out.

1425. Wrong Learning.

A man who knows all about the rocks, and his heart remain as hard as they; he may know all about the winds, and be the sport of passions as fierce as they; he may have all the knowledge of a Newton, a Laplace, a Watt; he may know many mysteries and understand many hidden things, but if he has no personal knowledge of the love of God, brought near to sinful men in Christ, what shall it avail?—*Jewish Missionary Magazine.*

1426. The Fool-Killer.

J. Ogden Armour, makes the remark that the college is one of the greatest fool-killers in the country, for a while many fools enter college, few fools come out.

There is truth in this saying. But the truth must be expanded to include all life. All our experience is designed to eradicate the fool. I believe it was Robert Burns who remarked that a man may be born a fool, but there are few men that die fools. I am afraid that this is too sweeping a statement, but it is quite as true as Mr. Armour's epigram.

After all, college is organized to impart knowledge, not wisdom.

1427. What He Wanted to Know.

The professor was delivering the final lecture of the term. He dwelt with much emphasis on the fact that each student should devote all the intervening time to preparing for the final examinations.

"The examination-papers are now in the hands of the printer. Are there any questions to be asked?"

Silence prevailed. Suddenly a voice from the rear inquired,

"Who's the printer?"

1428. A College Education.

A college education not only rubs the greenness off young people and combs away most superfluous kinks, but it gives to them a certain polish and finish and ease which nothing else seems quite able to do. Then, again, it widens the mental horizon of young folks in remarkable fashion when we consider what a short time they are actually at college. They are introduced to departments and realms of knowledge of which they had never thought in their wildest fancies, and these ever-widening avenues leading to those rare and choice regions where the great and the beautiful of mind and spirit have dwelt in winsome seclusion are found to be more and more delightful and desirable as the years pass. We are taught how to handle books, how to read them aright, how to master them, and how to discriminate in the use of books. At college we learn the difference between the show of things and the reality, between the spurious and the real.—*Nashville Advocate.*

1429. Commencement Mottoes.

The message which, through the American Legion, Marshal Foch left for the young men of the United States is full of good sense. It is the message of a great general, and it sums up the principles by which he has won his battles.

"He who hesitates is lost." "He who moves forward wins." Those two maxims were proved on many a hard-fought field of the World War.

"Plan your battle of life in advance," writes this master of tactics. "Map out every detail of what you want to accomplish, and then follow out your programme." That is exactly what Foch did.

"Success is work, and work is success," writes the man who labored more constantly and untiringly than any other man in his vast armies.

But the Foch mottoes are not all secular, for the marshal is deeply religious. He especially commends to American young folks his own life motto, a quotation from Racine, "Fear God, and have no other fear."

1430. The Defenses of To-morrow.

Doctor Finley, then Commissioner of Education of the state of New York, on his recent return from France brought this message, "Do not let the needs of the hour, however heavily they fall upon the men and women of to-day, permit neglect of the defenses of to-morrow."

Education is one of the strong defenses of to-morrow.

1431. Esteem and Toleration.

School and college are good places to make friends. The team-work that is there part of a young person's training is a valuable part of education. In the public school, too, that melting-pot of different nationalities, children learn to respect those of other races. Education includes esteem and toleration.

1432. Growing Education.

The only man the world can use is a growing man. A lady college graduate living in the country feared lest she lose scholarly interest in such an environment. So she made a special effort to keep studying at odd moments. "I improved my mind just a little every day," she said. In consequence she became an eminent leader in all the social and religious activities of her country, and her influence penetrated into ever-widening circles. —*Henry C. Winter.*

1433. The Noblest Study.

The Bible is the noblest study, and we shall make a great mistake if we study smaller books and do not study the greatest Book of all. The Bible gives us the spirit in which to study most effectively, and it interprets to us all the facts we may learn about nature and man.

1434. Not a Sponge But a Fountain.

Education, instead of converting a human being into a sponge to suck up other lives into his own, should make him a fountain, flinging forth streams of sympathy and service, helpfulness and good cheer on other lives.

Education put to this use is one of the mightiest and most beneficent forces in the world. May the many young men and women who are just stepping out of school into life realize this ideal.

1435. Education and Experience.

Education and experience are both necessary to win the battle of life. But education does not always give experience, as the graduate soon learns when he finds himself facing the stern realities of life. Education is preparation. Experience is operation. "We learn to live by living." That college or institution of learning is most successful that best fits its students for a constant and consistent meeting of life's duties with courage and faith. Only as a school or college furnishes sturdy Christian influences for its students will it lay the foundation for real success in life.

1436. The Great Teacher.

Of Mark Hopkins, president of Williams College, President Garfield said, "A log cabin in Ohio, with a wooden bench in it, Mark Hopkins on one end and I on the other, would be college enough for me." Thus we see that the essential elements of a school are not the building or equipment but the teacher and the pupil.

The world acknowleges Jesus Christ as the Great Teacher. But before He began to teach He took a full course in God's school and graduated with the highest honor. He was a child that He might be the children's teacher, a youth for youth, a mature man for those of riper years. He experienced the highest joys of God's school for He was a most apt pupil, and, "that He might be made like unto His brethren in all things," He suffered its most severe discipline. He thus proved to all those who feel the divine chastisement that discipline is no sign of God's ill will but it may be a sign of special love, for "He that spared not His own Son but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him freely give us all things."—*Charles E. Corwin.*

1437. A Good Investment.

The best investment of to-day is in making the men and women of to-morrow. Christian education is essential to Christian citizenship. The essential factor in education for citizenship is that the persons being educated shall have developed in them the Christian principles of reverence, self-control, justice and brotherliness, so that they shall become not merely efficient but good citizens.

1437a. Educators Shaping Destiny.

The most dynamic and valuable thing in education is the impact of life upon life, provided always it is the right kind of life which makes the impact. "He shaped my destiny in life," said Thomas Jefferson of William Small, a member of the faculty of William and Mary College. That "no one could sit in his classroom through four years of college course without becoming an earnest Christian" was said, long after his death, of the great president of a small college. The real

teacher reproduces himself mentally, morally and spiritually in the life of every real student who studies under him.—*Rev. Calvin H. French.*

1438. Education By Association.

"I am sending my boy to school to be educated by school boys," said a discerning father. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Nowhere is this more true than in a company of college boys. Great as is the power of a real teacher over the developing life of a real pupil, it scarcely surpasses the power of college friendships. Of such friendships Tennyson wrote:

"Since we deserve the name of friends
And thine effect so live in me,
A part of mine may live in thee
And urge me on to nobler ends."

Fortunate is the boy or girl who becomes a member of a college community in which noble traditions of campus life have become established. A tradition is a fixed community habit; few things are more potent. Rules may curb or direct outward activities without touching the inward life. A real tradition secures the allegiance of the soul. Through loyalty and obedience to itself, it remakes the soul in its own image of idealism.

1438a. School Democracy.

The average American boy is democratic. His school does not suppress his idea of democracy. On the contrary, the spirit of his school as well as the teachings of his masters with almost religious fervor try to impress upon him the importance of Mr. Roosevelt's ideal: "The square deal for everybody." The grandson of an eminent American statesman enrolled in one of our large private schools said to his mother: "I never before saw a place like this. They do not ask, 'who is your grandfather?' 'what is your father worth?' but they say, 'who are you, and what can you do?'" *W. M. Irvine.*

1439. Education and Religion.

The aim of the Christian college is not reached by turning out students who are merely believers in Christianity, who consent calmly and indifferently to its creed. It aims to fill its students with the spirit of St. Paul, to make them alive in the service of Christ, and to fire them with the enthusiasm of humanity.

There are special reasons to-day which show that the part taken by the Christian college in our national life is growing important and strategic. America, already the richest of nations, is to become far richer. The number of the wealthy will be increased, and millions will have most of the comforts, and even luxuries, which the very rich now enjoy. The tendency of opulence is to enervate. Christian character needs to be hardened and fortified against luxury. And a "manhood that can stand money" is what the Christian college aims to produce.

Our civilization rushes to a vast and fatal plunge unless God is enthroned in the educated minds of our people. Education without religion is architecture without foundation and roof. —*Barrows.*

1439a. The Educated Man.

The educated man has greater ability to grasp new truth and facts. The uneducated man is more likely to be unbalanced by new schemes and isms. The educated man has a broader mind and is more open to the opinions of others.

What special advantage does the college-trained man gain over the self-made man, so called? The educated man has the advantage of being able to think more systematically. He has at his control a mass of facts, and he

is trained to see the fallacy of false schemes.—*D. L. Moody.*

1440. Values.

A Jersey bull sold recently for $65,000. It is a queer freak of human judgment that can see so tremendous a value in a bull yet deems it unprofitable to invest a like sum, or less, in a boy or an institution that takes a boy and develops in him a manhood of the truest, highest type, that thereby the great human race may be improved and saved from deterioration.

1441. Education and Finding Mission.

Education ought to help one to an early and clear conception of his mission. One of the prime purposes of the smoky, industrious little tugs which ply their craft upon the waters of our great seaports is to lead out, from their docks and moorings, the great ocean steamers to the place where, beyond the breakwater and the land-locked bays, they feel the deep swell of the ocean tide, and there, loosing the hawser, point the prow toward the far-going voyage and the distant destination, and plunge out into the deep. So the first mission of education is to lead out the young life from the locked and sheltered harbor of home and parental control to the place of self-direction. To the ocean of deep water, tides, winds and storms one must come, and it is the business of his education to see that he comes thither prepared for what is before him.—*Burnham.*

1442. Passing Dividends.

The other day the richest railroad in New England passed its semiannual dividend. The president of the road reported that the road had made a large profit, but that the directors thought it wiser to use the money for improvements than to pay it to the stockholders. The stockholders and the public praised this action, because they knew it was needed.

Every young student is passing his dividends. High school or college students may earn considerable money, and some of them do. They might pay it to those who have taken stock in them, their parents, but they are allowed to use it for improvements.

But passing dividends is an emergency step; it ought not to be made a habit. Those who have invested their money in a railroad have a right to the interest on their money. And so also with the student. His parents may not need his money, but they have a right to expect his improvement. Those who sustain the schools and colleges by their gifts or their taxes have a right to find an improved product when school days are over, and to-day every educational institution is being tested and judged by this question.

The best justification of any school of higher learning in the past has been that it has furnished leaders to the nation, and many an earnest student has been made brave during his monkish days of struggle by the thought that he was being trained to be a man of authority. Figures show that the colleges have well met the expectation and that they send out ten times as many leaders as come from the uneducated group. But if they should fail to do this in the future, they ought at least to furnish graduates who do their work well. So when one who has had high-school or college training neither leads nor does his work well, he is passing the dividends that the world has a right to share.—*W. Byron Forbush, D.D.*

1443. The End of True Education.

The end of true education is not the passing of the examinations with honor. This may or may not be the best thing. Some walking encyclopedias are useless. Education should

enable a person to find out the secret of knowledge and then make the best possible use of its treasury. Mark Pattison of Oxford, England, deplores the evil results often seen even in college. "A young man is put in possesion of ready-made notions on every conceivable subject, a crude mass of matter, which he is taught to regard as knowledge. Swollen with this puffy and unwholesome diet, he goes forth to the world, regarding himself, like the infant of the nursery, as the center of all things, the measure of the universe."—*Rev. A. W. Lewis.*

1444. Continuing Education.

Circumstances over which she had no control placed a lady, a college graduate, in a country district, miles from a railroad. Fearing that in such an environment she would lose her scholarly interest, she made this resolve: "I will improve my mind a little every day." To-day her influence extends even beyond her own state. Truly has it been said: "If you have what the world wants, the world in time will find its was to your door."

1445. The Useless Graduate.

"There was a man there who had a withered hand." Mark 3: 1.

Many a graduate, supposedly well trained, has "a withered hand."

For instance, he cannot hold the ballot—he cannot wield the instrument of the American freeman in hewing the path for American freedom. But he can talk brilliantly and sarcastically about our national failings and shortcomings. And he becomes very jocose in discussing the efforts of those who make some effort to better the evil conditions he sees so clearly.

And he cannot hold the Bible or a hymn-book. He can read some ephemeral book or a newspaper crimsoned with sin and blackened with woe. But he can not hold the big Book—that Book which has imagery more wonderful than Dante, philosophy more profound than Plato.

Nor can he hold an oar, not even in this age of practical philanthropy. He cannot row out to the dangerous eddies, to the spots where men have been overcome by sin and are being drawn by the undertow of death. No; his right hand is withered, and he can only stand on the shore and make sarcastic remarks about foreign missions, home missions, and college settlements.

Such a man can not honor schools, standing for years in the market-place and doing no useful work—for his right hand is withered. It is because of such men as he that we hear so many jokes by so called self-made men about college graduates.

Now it is possible to become so much devoted to matters of technique that we neglect other faculties of our nature altogether. It is because of such neglect that the evils have arisen which I have endeavored to describe. And the cure for those evils will be found in an honest effort to follow Jesus of Nazareth.—*Rev. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson.*

1446. Education Honored.

The Rock of Plymouth has nothing in it which renders it intrinsically superior to thousands of other rocks. The site of Jamestown has nothing but its interesting associations to engage the attention of any one. But these spots being the first habitations of European settlers in America are invested with an interest felt by all. And this interest instead of growing weaker by the lapse of years gathers new strength. Such interests as these gather about the founding of some of our earliest institutions of learning. It is because education itself is regarded as so important.

1447. Education is Spreading.

For thousands of years the Chinese had no education except in their own ancient learning. Recently they have begun to see something better; and now those applying for public positions must be examined in western knowledge. Formerly only a few were educated; but now schools are being built everywhere. In all the government schools the mandarin dialect must be used; and in time the different tongues will be merged into one. Besides the common schools, colleges, normal schools, manual training and agricultural institutions, mechanical and electrical academics are springing up all over this vast empire with its 400,000,000 people.—*Rev. A. W. Lewis.*

1448. Education Defined.

What is education? The word "education" used in broadest sense means training for life. For using it in this way we have the most distinguished precedents. President Emeritus Eliot has a strong address on "Education for Efficiency." President Maclaurin says, that "the end of education is to fit men to deal with the affairs of life honestly, intelligently and efficiently." Abraham Flexner says, that it is "a concrete device to facilitate the assertion of individual capacity in terms of rational activity." President Thwing says, that its supreme purpose is to equip the student for life. Professor Burton says, that "by education we mean all of the processes, within and without our institutions of learning, by which personality is developed."

It is not to be forgotten that education to be real must be Christian.

1449. To Medical Students.

Lord Kitchener, a man of deeds rather than words, has paid a glowing tribute to America in her fight against disease. He has acknowledged that England is far behind in this most important matter. In addressing the students of the Middlesex Hospital Medical School he said, "I am agrieved to think that England is so far behind other nations in the modern struggle against disease by sanitary methods; but this conclusion was forced upon me when I saw what America had achieved in so apparently "hopeless area as the Isthmus of Panama." Health officers should be encouraged to enforce the merciful laws in promotion of health.—*Rev. A. W. Lewis.*

1450. Commencement Thought.

It is said of Bernard of Clairvaux, who fired all Europe with the new crusade, and who was accustomed to rebuke princes and potentates without hesitancy, though he lived in comparative poverty and obscurity himself, was accustomed to ask himself every morning this question: "Bernard, wherefore art thou here?" "Bernard, wherefore art thou here!" That is a goodly inquisition for every soul and is peculiarly apposite, it seems to me, in the cases of these young gentlemen in the pauses of a Commencement Week, when they are about to confront larger responsibilities and possibly graver problems than have been placed before their attention hitherto.

1451. Teaching to Know.

It would be a great mistake for any graduate from school or college to think that because the long course is ended and the diploma won, therefore days of study are over. The fact is, such days have only just begun. The main object of a course of training is to learn how to acquire knowledge by the process of original research and investigation. The habit of finding out the reason for things, of tracing effects back to their causes, of weighing evidence, of estimating the

value of one's authorities, and thus subsoiling one's knowledge, is worth all the years of discipline it took to acquire it. There is a great deal of surface knowledge afloat in the world that would not bear deep probing. Many a person knows that the earth is round who yet would not be able to prove it. The educated person has learned to substantiate his knowledge, so that he not only knows, but knows that he knows. And he forms the habit of gaining knowledge of which he can say: "I know and I know that I know." In such knowledge there is a power and efficiency that gives its possessor a mastery in the affairs of life such as others do not have.

XXII. INDEPENDENCE DAY

(The Fourth of July.)

1452. Its New Meaning.

The Fourth of July henceforth has a new meaning in the history of America. In the great World War the American people dedicated themselves anew to the cause of human freedom—a world-wide freedom. For the past two years Great Britain, France, Belgium and other of our late allies joined in the celebration of the American Independence Day, because they see that it stands for that for which the world longs and which, by the grace of God and the sacrificial spirit of the American people, the world is likely to enjoy.

1453. Bible Teaches Patriotism.

The Bible teaches intense love of one's country. The Jew was passionately fond of his beautiful land. "Rejoice ye with Jerusalem," Isaiah sung, "and be glad for her, all ye that love her; rejoice for joy with her, all ye that mourn over her" (Isa. 66: 10). When exiled from his own land, the Jew filled his days with weeping. "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a foreign land?" he asked (Ps. 137: 1, 47). Our Lord wept over Jerusalem, and would have gathered her children together "even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing and they would not" (Mat. 23: 37).

1454. Prayer for America.

God help us, as citizens of liberty, blessed with abundance, to pray:

"America! America! God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control, thy liberty in law!
America! America! May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness and every gain divine!"

1455. Patriotic Giving.

A British soldier invalided home with his arm amputed at the shouler, it is related, refused to let any of his friends refer to his having "lost an arm." Said the soldier manfully, "I did not lose it; I gave it." There is an entire encyclopaedia of chivalry and generosity in that distinction. It is the man who has consecrated himself to an unselfish use of all that he is and all that he has, who can see any part of himself or his possessions taken for the benefit of that cause and still feel no sense of loss. In place of lamentation for what he is deprived of, he is conscious of a prideful honor in what he has been enabled to do.

1456. Twentieth Century Patriot.

The battles which the twentieth century patriot must fight are harder than those waged on bloody fields. For he has to go forth against in-

trenched greed, inert ignorance, deadly class hatred, and the complex and difficult social problems which tax the best trained brain and the stoutest heart.

1457. Our Flag.

Here comes The Flag!
Hail it!
Who dares to drag
Or trail it?
Give it hurrahs,
Three for the stars,
Three for the bars,
Uncover your head to it!
The soldiers who tread to it
Shout at the sight of it,
The justice and right of it,
The unsullied white of it,
The blue and the red of it,
And tyranny's dread of it!

Here comes The Flag!
Cheer it!
Valley and crag
Shall hear it.
Fathers shall bless it,
Children caress it,
All shall maintain it,
No one shall stain it,
Cheers for the sailors that fought on the wave for it,
Cheers for the soldiers that always were brave for it,
Tears for the men that went down to the grave for it.
Here comes The Flag!

—*Arthur Macy.*

1458. A Good American.

Calvin P. Titus, the young American soldier who planted the Stars and Stripes on the walls of Peking, and received for his bravery a West Point scholarship and a medal by Congress deserves to be honored as a hero. He also deserves honor for this saying: "My greatest aim is to be a good American."

1459. Cannot Buy.

General Joseph Reed was approached with a heavy bribe by British emissaries similiar to those who bought Benedict Arnold. He answered their offer as follows: "I am not worth purchasing; but, such as I am, the king of Great Britain is not rich enough to buy me."

1460. He Stands Fire.

One of the boys who had recently enlisted in the army, knelt down on his first night in the barracks to say his prayers. The men laughed at him; but he remained on his knees. The next night caps and belts were flung at him, with all manner of epithets, but he remained on his knees. The third night the same thing was repeated, with jeering and whistling; but he remained on his knees. On the fourth night, when the cyclone began, the corporal said: "Boys, let that fellow alone. He stands fire." The world respects that sort of moral courage. It stands aside for the man who stands fire. Not principalities, nor powers, nor spiritual wickedness in high places can prevail against him.—*Intelligencer.*

1461. The Flag Goes By.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky;
Hats off!
The flag is passing by.

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steep tipped ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and save the state;
Weary marches, and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips.

Days of plenty and days of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe.

Sign of a nation, great and strong,
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor, all
Live in the colors to stand or fall
Hats off!

—*H. H. Bennett.*

1462. How the Flag was Saluted.

Once upon a time there was a famous singer whose name was Jenny Lind. She came to this country and sang so beautifully that the people thronged to the places of entertainment where she was. While she was in New York City the American Frigate St. Lawrence came home from a trip abroad, and on their first night ashore

some of the midshipmen went to hear Jenny Lind sing. They were so impressed that the next day they went in a body to call on her, hardly daring to hope that she would receive them; but she did. They invited her to come on board the frigate, and she accepted their invitation. They were much pleased and gave her a royal good time. As she was about to leave the boat Miss Lind said, "I should like to salute your flag," and looking up to the Stars and Stripes she sang with a wonderfully rich expression, "The Star Spangled Banner." When she started to sing, every man and officer came on deck and on every near-by ship the officers and crew crowded the bulwarks to hear her. As she finished the song deafening cheers rang out from every vessel, and the whistles blew wildly. Such was the salute that Jenny Lind gave to our flag a good many years ago.

1463. Exalted by Righteousness.

Two things are now quite generally conceded among civilized and even semi-civilized peoples. The first is that God rules among the kingdoms of the earth; that He presides over and controls the destinies of nations. The second is that those nations that are righteous God exalts, while those that are sinful become a reproach and are destroyed. To a sinful nation it can be said, in the words that were on the walls of a wicked king's palace, "God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it." The history and doom of every sinful nation is expressed in the words of the prophet: "The nation and kingdom that will not serve Thee, shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted." The fact is that the holy people are the happy people, the prosperous people, the people that are to have a lengthened and happy history. "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."—*H.*

1464. Patriotic Thanksgiving.

Admiral Sir David Beatty was in charge of the British-Allied fleet that received the surrender of the German fleet in the Firth of Forth. At sunset the signal was given from the Admiral's ship to haul down the German flags. Following that this historic signal was sent out by the Admiral: "It is my intention to hold a service of thanksgiving at 6 o'clock to-day for the victory which Almighty God has vouchsafed his Majesty's arms, and every ship is recommended to do the same."

1465. God in History.

The motto engraved upon the coins struck to commemorate the great victory over the Spanish Armada is from Psalm 147: 18: "Deus afflavit"—"God Causeth his Wind to Blow." God's hand is in history. His hand is clearly seen in our nation's history.

1466. The Christian Voting.

In the great election of 1886 in England the late Prof. Henry Sidgwick travelled from Davos, Switzerland, to Cambridge, England and back again in order to cast his vote. This act of personal sacrifice is the essence of citizenship. Professor Sidgwick was sure that his party would win; but he felt it his duty to help make the victory greater.

1467. The New Americanism.

Here is heroism: To venture the use of the Spirit of Jesus is industry, in diplomacy, in the practical situations in which men find themselves in our complex relations. Our highest Americanism is our confidence that the Cross of Christ is the wisest and strongest force in existence; that to be led by its eternal spirit is to be in possession of the only omniscience and omnipotence of God's command; and that employing its strength only

can we ever hope to weld the forces of our civilization, bind their hearts in devotion to our country and secure that measure of peace and happiness and joy among our citizenship and that fidelity and that loyalty to the Master, whose goodness and mercy alone can guarantee and safeguard the home and the lives and hopes of our people.

But the New Americanism stands even for a larger and more glorious sphere of service—a sphere of service commensurate with world obligation and limitation. To the thoughtful student of world affairs to-day, it is evident that in this supreme struggle for Christianity, America must be a dominant force, whose voice shall and will and must be heard in world affairs; and that we must illustrate in practical religion our faith and our hope.—*Rev. R. L. Bell.*

1468. Unselfish Patriotism.

At the siege of Yorktown, Lafayette said to Thomas Nelson, Governor of Virginia, "To what particular spot would your Excellency direct that we point the cannon?" "There," promptly replied the noble-minded, patriotic Nelson, "to that house; it is mine, and is the best one you can find in the town; and there you will be most certain to find Lord Cornwallis and the British head-quarters." It would be well if some of the real-estate owners of the present day were as self-sacrificing as this eighteenth-century governor.

1469. For My Country.

When the Japanese enlist they count themselves as dead to everything but their country's protection. A sailor heard a temperance appeal and signed the pledge with the statement: "I have given my body to my country. I now want to bring it to the best so that I can render the best service. Liquor, I now see, cripples my usefulness, so I will give it up that I may be a better fighter."

1470. Your Flag and My Flag.

Your flag and my flag,
  And how it flies to-day
In your land and my land
  And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
  The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white—
  The good forefathers' dream;
Sky-blue and true blue, with stars to gleam aright—
The gloried guidon of the day; a shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag!
  And, oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
  Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
  Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed—
  Red and blue and white.
The one flag—the great flag—the flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside—the red and white and blue!

Your flag and my flag!
  To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
  And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your flag and my flag—
  A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope—
  It never hid a lie!
Home land and far land and half the world around,
Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the sound!

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

1471. Test of Patriotism.

Any person who would defraud the nation by evading customs duties, by shirking public tasks, by falsely representing his liabilities to taxes, or by rendering less than full market value in every transaction with the government, must be enrolled somewhere outside of the rank of patriots.

1472. The Passion of Patriotism.

"My greatest aim is to be a good American," said Calvin P. Titus, the young American soldier who planted the Stars and Stripes on the wall of Peking, and who received for his bravery a West Point scholarship and a medal by Congress. Bishop Galloway said concerning Senator Lemar: "With Lemar patriotism was a pas-

sion and politics a phase of religion." "Patriotism," said Noah Webster, "is the passion which aims to serve one's country either in defending it from invasion or protecting its right and maintaining its laws and institutions in vigor and purity; it is characteristic of a good citizen, the noblest passion that animates man in the character of a citizen."

1473. John Brown's Scaffold the Calvary of Slavery.

Victor Hugo declared, in one of his most impassioned sentences, that the gibbet of John Brown was the Calvary of the anti-slavery movement; and, assuredly, the execution of the brave old man was the death sentence of slavery.—*Justin McCarthy, History of Our Own Times, iii, 187.*

1474. July Fourth in American Wars.

The Fourth of July has been a big day in the wars of this republic. In 1861 July 4th was the first day of the extra session of Congress, with eight States unrepresented.

On July 4, 1863, Vicksburg surrendered to General Grant.

On the same day news was sent over the country that the Federal forces had won at Gettysburg.

On July 4, 1864, Grant was gradually driving Lee back, though at a terrific cost of human life.

On July 4, 1898, we got the news that Cervera's entire Spanish fleet had been destroyed off Santiago by the United States fleet, that 600 Spaniards had been killed and drowned and 1,400 taken prisoners on the day before.

On July 4, 1918, well we were pretty busy pushing back the Hindenburg line and sundry other useful war maneuvers in France and elsewhere.

1475. The Flag.

The flag means liberty. It also means law. Its red means devotion, even to the shedding of red blood. The flag cost the blood of thousands. Because they gave their lives we have what we enjoy. The time has come when we must give life for the flag. The white means purity and intelligence. Good citizenship means good character. Wrong doing is treason to all the things for which the flag stands. Honesty, industry, and sobriety are all in the salute to the flag. The white also stands for intelligence. No one who is ignorant is a full American. The hand that casts the ballot must be directed by the head that knows the ballot. Then the stars in the blue of the flag stand for him who is back of the stars. This is not an infidel nation. We may not understand God alike, but we do all alike believe there is a God. The great moral laws of God are the basis of America's laws. When any man turns his back on God, he turns his back on the flag.

1476. Standard for Patriotism.

A hostess of Mr. Jacob Riis once asked him how, when he was only a reporter, he so reported the crimes of lower New York as to rouse the city to reform the shocking conditions there. The philanthropic reporter hesitated, gave one or two possible reasons, then added, "And then, you know, I am a Christian, and when a Christian sees a wrong he must do his utmost to right that wrong." That is a good standard for patriotism.

1477. The Throne Room.

When Raphael's great picture, the "Sistine Madonna," was first brought to Dresdon it was displayed in the castle in the presence of the king. It was brought into the throne room, but the most favorable spot in the room was occupied by the throne itself. The king, taking in the situation, pushed the throne to one side, saying, "Make room for the immortal Raphael. The

first place and the best place belong to him." So the chief place in a nation's life belong to God. The throne room is his rightful place.

1478. Dear Old Flag.

Dear old flag! brightest of tri-colors, precious bit of bunting, symbolic of holy love, eternal hope, and unshaken faith. Fly to the breezes of every wind under high heaven and teach mankind everywhere the truth that shall make men free!

Here's to the whole of it—
Stars, stripes and pole of it,
Body and soul of it,
On to the goal of it,
Carry it through,
Home or abroad for it,
Unsheated the sword for it,
Fight in accord for it,
Red, White and Blue."
—*Rev. Edgar DeWitt Jones.*

1479. Reward of Patriotism.

History tells us that Garibaldi relinquished the comforts of his home at Caprera for some years, to fight the battles of his king. The magic of his name, the fire of his patriotism, his genius for command, wrought marvels for his country. He refused a reward, but the grateful king prepared a surprise for him. When he approached his home, he saw no object that he could recognize. His rough and tangled farm had been changed, as if by enchantment, into elegant grounds, with roads, paths, lawns, gardens, shrubbery, and avenues. His cottage was gone, and in its place stood a villa, replete with every convenience within and without. As he walked from room to room, wondering what magician had worked this transformation, he saw a full-length portrait of King Victor Emanuel, which explained the mystery. If Christian men were generally agreed upon the sacrificing of their personal comfort that righteousness and purity might prevail in the land, would they not find, sooner or later, a similiar transformation in their own home surroundings, and, better than all else, would they not find, revealed in the lives of their dear ones, the likeness of their Victor King, Emmanuel?

1480. God's hand in History.

God's hand in history is nowhere more plainly apparent than in the growth of thirteen feeble colonies along the Atlantic seaboard into a strong and prosperous nation. The boldest imagination of the olden days would never have predicted such a result. What God has wrought for us implies some grand work yet to be done for him by the American people. It is a task for our Christian patriotism to discover what that special work is, and to set about the doing of it without delay.—*Forward.*

1481. The Country Faith.

Here in the country's heart
Where the grass is green,
Life is the same sweet life
As it e'er hath been.

Trust in a God still lives,
And the bell at morn
Floats with a thought of God
O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain,
And the crop grows tall—
This is the country faith
And the best of all!
—*Norman Gale.*

1482. True.

Nothing is politically right that is morally wrong.—*O'Connell.*

1483. A Nation's Mission.

The world has only begun to see that no country is great and no cause just that does not help on the world's happiness and the world's good.—*The Churchman.*

1484. E Pluribus Unum.

Land of the brave and free,
How shall thy motto run?
"Many states shall there be,
But a nation ever one!"

Aye, and more can we trace;
Thus shall the motto run:

"Many and many a race;
One people—and only one!

"Many a party brand,
Many a civic call;
One love for our native land,
And the flag that shelters all!

"Many our human needs,
Many a prayer as we plod,
Many the churchly creeds—
But the one and only God!"
—*John Clair Minot.*

1485. The Weakness of Selfishness.

Frederick Palmer, in a recent magazine, says: "If we acquire a few more million automobiles, and plumbers ride in five-thousand-dollar instead of three-thousand-dollar cars, I wonder if we may develop acute melancholia; for the faces in the triumphant procession of democracy's luxury along our gasoline-perfumed highways on Sunday mornings did not seem as happy as the faces of the holiday-makers whom I had seen on foot in the Bois-de Boulogne, or those of the singing recruits for the army in Poland. Yet one ought to be happier riding than walking. Else, why buy cars?"

Might not the answer to Mr. Palmer's question be "Selfishness"? We are unhappy in the endless struggle for more wealth which, when gotten, is spent in an exaggerated effort to find pleasure and momentary recreation from the wearying routine. Let this Fourth of July find us dedicating ourselves to higher ideals, of peace and contentment and industry and sane and simple living.—*H.*

1486. Making a Religion of Patriotism.

Dr. W. L. Watkinson, of England, when in this country a few years ago, intimated that he considered the outstanding feature of American life to be the presence of school children laden down with their books. Said he: "Your flag is always flying from the school buildings and your national anthem is constantly on the children's lips. You have made a religion of your patriotism and hence you have built the nation strong. . . . The parents have come from every land, but the children seem conscious of being Americans."

1487. Patriotism and Purpose.

Patriotism may be used as a cloak for concealing selfishness and rascality. Samuel Johnson's observations led him to say that sometimes "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." Patriotism must spring from pure purpose else it is perverted easily into demagoguery.

1488. "I Was There."

We are told that many years ago, after a hard fought battle, wherein the valor and heroism of the soldiers were made apparent, the victorious commander presented his soldiers with a medal bearing the name of the battle, and the simple words, "I was there." The soldiers received and prized these medals far more than though they had been of the finest gold studded with priceless jewels. So, my countrymen, we are in the midst of the greatest battle of the ages, not of swords, but of ideas and principles. Shall this Republic be Christian or infidel? Shall this people be a temperate and chaste people, or shall it become drunken and licentious? Shall the flag wave o'er the triumphant millions in the years to come as the emblem of union and the cross of Calvary?—*Rev. H. W. Bolton, D.D.*

1489. America Forever!

We cry "America forever!" But what kind of an America shall it be? Strange words are creeping into the language. Chief among them is "graft." And when it applies to men in high places it strikes most ominously on the ear.

The old Indepedence bell sounded

forth notes of freedom, justice and loyalty. Loyalty to the right. Would God that our Independence Day might appeal to the hearts of men, forcing them to a regard and pursuance of such principles as make for the glory and upbuilding of the fairest nation of the earth.

1490. Follow Christ.

A French soldier, ready to go to the front said: "I am dead; France is dead; both I and France are dead that France may live." He meant that as a soldier he was ready to die, he was as good as dead, and that he and the youth of France were willing to die in order that France's liberties might be preserved. The soldier gives himself to his country or king; gives himself utterly, to death if need be, and goes where he is sent, obediently.

The Christian soldier must serve Christ in the same noble spirt. He must die to sin; he must be ready to obey his king; he must be willing to follow Christ; to fight sin. And he will find that the first fighting takes place in his own heart. It is easy to fight others; it is hard to fight our own desires. Yet that is where our first victories must be gained. Are we willing to deny ourselves and follow Jesus?—*Rev. R. P. Anderson.*

1491. The Best Patriot.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation." This may safely be taken as a general principle. Righteousness promotes the life of a nation. Good has in it the seeds of life. It is constantly reproducing itself. It has in it the potency of increased harvests of good. It produces thirty, sixty and an hundred fold. Evil has within itself the principle of decay. Its tendency is toward death, disintegration, and destruction.

Righteousness promotes the prosperity of a nation. Evil does not pay. Good does pay. It is true of nations as of individuals that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come." Queen Victoria was right when she handed a Bible to an ambassador from a foreign court and said: "Tell your master this is the secret of England's greatness." The best patriot is the man who loves his Bible best, tries hardest to live by it, and to get others to live by it.

Righteousness is the chief factor not only in the prosperity, but in the safety of any nation.—*H.*

1492. No Ambulance For Him.

The old soldier was telling of his thrilling adventures on the field of battle to a party of young fellows, one or two of whom were sceptical as to his veracity.

"Then," he said, "the surgeons took me up and laid me in the ammunition-wagon, and—"

"Look here," interrupted one of the doubtful listeners. "You mean the ambulance-wagon."

But the old man shook his head.

"No," he insisted; "I was so full of bullets that they decided I ought to go in the ammunition-wagon."

1493. American Initiative.

When Dewey's squadron needed coal, the admiral purchased a large amount of it without consulting the department. The following official correspondence is self-explanatory:

Navy Department, Washington, D. C. To Dewey, Manila: Why did you buy so much coal?—*Bradford.*

Flagship Olympia, Manila.

To Bradford, Chief Bureau Equipment, Washington; To burn.—*Dewey.*

American initiative did not begin in the World War. It was there, but it had precedents.

1494. True Heroism.

Faith in yourself, your army, your cause and in Almighty God is essential to victory. He who doubts is damned. A colonel during the Civil War once said to his regiment: "After you charge on yonder fortifications report to yonder ravine; and, as I am a little lame, I will start now for the ravine." Every one of the soldiers reached the ravine ahead of the colonel.

1495. What the Liberty Bell Said.

Don't you always feel glad that it was a boy who helped send out the news that our Congress in the State-house in Philadelphia had decided that our country was to be free? On the morning of that fourth day of July the old bell-ringer of the State-house had been up in the steeple waiting to ring his bell if Congress should adopt the Declaration of Independence. He had put a boy down at the door to send him up word as soon as there should be any news. Hour after hour went by. The old bell-ringer said, "They will never do it! They will never do it!" and then suddenly there was a great shout from below, and there stood the boy clapping his hands and crying, "Ring! Ring!" The old man caught the clapper of the bell in his hands and swung it back and forth a hundred times, and every time the bell called out, "Free! Free! Free!"

There is a strange thing about the words engraved on that bell. They say, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land and to the inhabitants thereof," and yet those words were put there when the bell was cast in 1753, which was more than twenty years before we ever thought of being free from England and an independent country.

1496. Liberty Leads to Liberty.

A nation may be independent or free and a great part of its people may be slaves. American independence did not liberate our slaves. But the logical outcome of independence was emancipation. A nation cannot permanently remain half slave and half free, as Lincoln clearly said. That is true in moral life also. One kind of liberty leads to another.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

1497. The Pillars of a Nation.

As General Diaz, of the Italian army, was bidding farewell to the Disarmament Conference at Washington, he said: "While the limitation of naval armament is being discussed in this country, there must be disarmament in the hearts of the men of all nations, so that envy and hatred may be dispelled and that the world may realize its age-old dream of peace. The hearts of men must be right in order that the suffering, pain and misery which we have endured in wars shall not visit us again." These golden words should thrill the hearts of all mankind.

God's Word says, "Keep the heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." As heart power builds up the body, the dwelling place of the mind and soul, so the heart power of a nation can build up the principles of liberty and justice for all the world. When the pillars of the nation rest upon hearts of love, her foundations will be secure. The Church of Christ rests upon the cross of loving sacrifice. The nations should stand side by side with the Church in the work of civilizing and redeeming a world.—*Rev. E. W. Caswell. D.D.*

1498. Your Flag and Mine.

Your flag and mine! How splendidly
  It flutters out against the sky;
How glorious it is to see,
How fair to you, how dear to me—
  Most proud of all the flags that fly!
Your flag and mine, and ours to keep
  Unsoiled, unshamed, and waving high—
Our trust unfeigned, our courage deep—
For those whom, after we shall sleep,
  It shall inspire and glorify.

—*S. E. Kiser.*

1499. Keep Time With God.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation." Nations, like individuals, need to keep time with God. "I was in a large telegraph office the other afternoon when a voice from an upper room said, 'Sixteen hours.' Instantly each operator stopped signaling, and set all clocks and watches in the establishment at four o'clock sharp. Every day, from the city observatory at Madras, the timepieces of over nine thousand telegraph offices in the empire are set right, and the operation takes two minutes. It is worth while, so the government thinks, to stop the traffic on over 72,000 miles of telegraph lines, and over 287,000 miles of telegraph wire, at least once every twenty-four hours, to correct wayward clocks and set them to the sun. That set me thinking. Do I stop habitually, systematically, and regularly in the rush of life's duties, at least once a day, for my spiritual nature, very wayward, alas! to be set right with God?"—*Richard Burgess.*

1500. Civic Use of the Tongue.

The way to get reforms is to agitate for them. When the suffragettes in England went to Mr. Balfour and asked him to do something for their cause, he told them to go out and "make a noise." They have done so. From days of old the tongue has been used in protest against civic wrongs. Moses used it when he startled Pharaoh with the request to let Israel go. As a matter of fact, the tongue has more victories to its account than the sword. Through it changes are being effected in the industrial world. Through it politics are being cleansed. Instruction, the letting in of the truth, is one of the most potent forces for social and civic righteousness.—*Rev. R. A. Anderson.*

1501. Belong to the Nation.

"No one has a right to belong to a country if he does not place the interests of the whole earth above the interests of his country, just as no one has a right to belong to a denomination if he does not place the interests of the church universal above the interests of his denomination, and just as no one has a right to belong to a political party if he does not place the interests of his country above the interests of that party."

1502. Victory Ascribed to God.

In the second war with England, on the 11th of September, 1814, after Commodore Macdonough had cleared his vessels for action, in the bloody and decisive battle on Lake Champlain, he gathered around him his officers and men, and, kneeling on the deck of the Saratoga near his heaviest gun, he prayed for the aid of Almighty God, and committed the issue into His hands. In the moment of triumph, he sent to the Secretary of the Navy the following dispatch: "Sir: the Almighty has been pleased to give us a a signal victory on Lake Champlain in the capture of one frigate, one brig, and two sloops-of-war of the enemy." A few days after the battle, at a public dinner in Plattsburg, when he had left the table, this toast was offered: "The pious and brave Macdonough—the professor of the religion of the Redeemer —preparing for action, he called on God, who forsook him not in the hour of danger. May he not be forgotten by his country."

1503. Freedom By the Truth.

We doubt very much whether any wiser use could be made of Independence Day than to devote it to a study of the foundations and limitations of political freedom. The new day will not be so noisy as the old, but it will be saner. It may not be so spectacular but it will be more profitable. We shall never stand secure until we know where and why we stand. And we shall honor some elements of

national life now despised of the public if we are led to see that political freedom is in the divine nature of things inseparable from moral character. No man, no nation, is ever long free unless made free by the truth.

1504. Not a Sane Fourth.

He was testifying about the Fourth of July explosion of a small cannon, an explosion which had sent him to the hospital for some months.

"Please give your version of the explosion," he was asked.

"Well," he said, "I was standing beside the gun, there was an awful racket, and the doctor said, 'Sit up and take this.'"

1505. Limiting Loyalty.

Heroism is not limited to battlefields, and let no one suppose that opportunity is lacking in these days for splendid service to one's country. The greatest duty that one owes his country is to become a worthy citizen, for it is not broad lands nor crowded cities, nor mines of gold, nor world-encircling commerce that makes a nation great; its real greatness can only be measured by the character of its citizens, and service to the limit of his ability is required of each. To limit loyalty to fighting is to lose sight of the bulk of life. The day of election tests a nation no less than the day of battle.

1506. God or Gold?

"Just before I went to Brazil I was the guest of the President of the Argentine Republic. After luncheon, he said to me, 'Mr. Babson, I have been wondering why it is that South America with all its natural advantages, its mines of iron, copper, coal, silver and gold; its rivers and great water-falls which rival Niagara, is so far behind North America.' Being a guest, I said, 'Mr. President, what do you think?' He replied, 'I have come to this conclusion. South America was settled by the Spanish, who came to South America in search of gold; but North America was settled by the Pilgrim Fathers, who went there in search of God.'"—*Roger W. Babson.*

1507. God the Victor.

(Exodus 17-9)

Victor in battles, cause our eyes to see
How great thy help was, how great it is still;
Lend thy swift aid, and us from sin set free,
And win the world to love thy holy will.

Cleanse thou the nations; take away their greeds;
For hates arise, and war clouds thickly lower;
Oh, show thy grace while our high Leader pleads,
And let thy strong arm save us in this hour.

Amalek then may boast and Christ belie;
Evil may threaten, trenched without, within;
But as we lift our "rod of God" on high,
Surely thy love shall break the power of sin.

Trustful we are, but only in thy might;
By faith we march up hill or down dark slope.
Banner of God, unfurl thy folds of light!
Expel world-wrongs and impel heaven's sweet hope.

—*Rev. John Grant Newman, D.D.*

1508. Two Fourth of July Events.

On the Fourth day of July, 1868, five years after the surrender of Vicksburg, two very important events occurred at Washington: First, the issuing by the President of the Amnesty Proclamation pardoning all who had borne arms against the Union, who had not been under presentment or indictment in the United States courts. It was a most important measure and went a long way toward reconstruction and the re-establishment of the spirit of brotherhood, after the long and bitter strife.

The second event taking place on that day was the signing of the Burlingame Treaty at the Capitol.

1509. Tribute to the Flag.

Oh, thou child of seventy-six, conceived in the tears of brave women, and born of the blood of heroic men! When the father of his country unfurled thy broad stripes and bright stars on the field of Cambridge, and the nation's eye first beheld thy beauty and significance, small wast thou then mid the nations round. Behold, how thou hast grown! Wake thy proud folds. Shake thy starry self. Thou art the admiration of the world. See thy great cluster composing their invisible and invincible sisterhood. Born with thirteen stars, each star a star of hope and struggle, thou hast bounded up to almost half hundred. Thou art hoary grown, how be it, more with honor than in years, for it was but yesterday when thou wast born. Much blood hath bought thee. Thou art ours.

Thy name, "Old Glory," the extent of thy dominions, from sun to sun, thou art the arbitrament of the earth. Thou speakest and all the world listens. Thou sayest to the opressed, Come and find liberty. The defenseless with thee has a defense. And behold younger hands have brought thee to us as a gift. Ours thou art, indeed. In our hearts we enshrine thee, thou dearest of all earthly gifts. Thou hast been blessed from heaven above and from earth beneath. Consecrated art thou by the blood of a thousand battlefields.—*Rev. A. A. Chapman.*

1510. Patriotic Ideals.

In the last analysis the fundamental requisite of good citizenship from the standpoint of the country is that a man should have the very qualities which make him of real value in the home, in the church, in all the higher relationships of life.

Our country calls not for the life of ease, but for the life of strenuous endeavor. Let us, therefore, boldly face the life of strife, resolute to do our duty well and manfully; resolute to uphold righteousness by deed and by word; resolute to be both honest and brave, to serve high ideals, yet to use practical methods. — *Theadore Roosevelt.*

1511. A New Declaration of Independence Needed.

We need a new Declaration of Independence in this country.

A Declaration of Independence from the money power; and to this end we, the citizens, need to free our own souls from the spirit of greed.

A Declaration of Independence from the saloon power; and to this end we need the spirit of union and the courage of our convictions.

A Declaration of Independence from traditionalism; and to this end we need to examine all new ideas, all honest reforms, without prejudice and with sympathy.

A Declaration of Independence from militarism; and to this end we need to cultivate the closest friendly relations with all other peoples and races.

A Declaration of Independence from bosses; and to this end every citizen needs to study political conditions, become acquainted with the records of candidates, and take an active part in political affairs.

These five evils are worse for this country than George IV. ever thought of being, and this new Declaration, if made by all of us with sincerity of purpose, would do more for our land than the Declaration promulgated on July 4, 1776.—*Christion Endeavor World.*

1512. Our Flag.

Resplendent on a field of blue,
A star for every sovereign State,
With seven bars of crimson hue,
And six of white in alternate.
Flag of our Union!—Everywhere
On land and sea and under sea,
And in the ocean of the air—
A pledge of law and liberty.
—*E. P. Selden.*

1513. Wanted: Men!

Wanted: Men!
Not parties bound with mystic ties,
Nor platforms framed of clever lies;
Not politicians smug and bland,
Nor candidates with eager hand;
But men,
Strong, patriotic men,
To serve the people of the land
With vision clear and hearts sincere;
To quit themselves like men.

—*Unidentified.*

1514. "No Rent; Take It."

Those words of Henry Ford's will become historic as an expression of prompt and ungrudging patriotism.

The famous manufacturer, whose exertions in behalf of peace, noble if Quixotic, are well known, after our declaration of war devoted himself ardently to the task of winning a speedy victory. He had offered to assist the Administration in any way he could; so when a location was sought for a terminal supply-station, and his great automobile assembling plant in Boston was reported as most suitable, the government telegraphed Mr. Ford asking if the building could be obtained and what the rental would be. As quick as lightening came the reply, "No rent; take it." His answer was characteristic of the man, and largely characteristic also of the times and of our American people. Our best is at the service of our country: "No rent; take it."—*A.*

1515. Mammon a Nation's Destroyer.

One of the greatest dangers that threaten the republic is the commercial spirit, which would trample down and degrade even the highest aims and noblest ideals. An American poet, Nelson Gardner, whose work will be better known in the coming years, has this wonderful stanza, which might well be written in letters of fire, so that all might read it at the Fourth of July celebration:

"'Beacon of Nations' is thy rightful name,
And always should thy states resemble stars.
Thy torch of freedom heavenward should flame,
Consuming chains, and melting prison bars;
But Mammon now thy native luster mars,
And often are thy people stricken down
Low as are serfs that kneel before a crown;
For gold is power, and man but grovels when
The purse is mightier than the sword or pen."

1516. Faithful.

In one of the landings in Gallipoli there was a desperate hour. The Turks counter-attacked fiercely, and beach parties who were disembarking stores were ordered to pick up rifles and re-enforce the firing line. In the darkness many rifles could not be found. But every man who could find a weapon went forward to help the troops, while the rest carried up a constant supply of fresh ammunition. Among these others a young midshipman covered himself with dozens of bandoleers, and carried them forward. Though knocked down on his way, he managed to carry on, toiling so bravely that others noticed his plucky willingness to serve.

It was not his proper work, of course; young midshipmen do not join the navy for the purpose of carrying bandoleers. But that was the task lying at his hand. He did it, and found honor in the doing.

And always in life there are services to be done quite close to us, to the youngest of us. The great thing is to have eyes to see and a heart to do these often simple yet invaluable bits of work.

1517. Derailing Switches.

The railroad from Cripple Creek to Colorado Springs drops more than four thousand feet in forty miles. All along the line are signs marked "Derailing Switch." I asked the conduc-

tor the meaning. "Why," said he, "if an engine should lose control of itself and come plunging down this fearful grade it might destroy a whole train-load of people below; so we are always ready to wire to the first derailing switch, where the switchman will throw the engine into a ditch or against the rock. It is better to destroy one train than two." All along the track of history God has had "derailing switches," into which individuals, cities, and nations that have lost control of themselves and become menaces to the world have had to be thrown.—*W. A. Sunday, D.D.*

1518. Patriotism.

Our Country for Christ is another way of saying Christ for the world! A true Christian is always a Cosmopolitan. Go, therefore; and keep on going with this blessed Gospel until, to the utmost of your ability, you have given it to the last man.—*D. J. Burrell. D.D.*

1519. Patriotism and Religion.

There was once a story written, called "The Man Without a Country." I am not sure that I ever read the story. If I did it is forgotten, but the title is not forgotten; it was burned into the memory. A man without a country! The thing is a monstrosity, the man is an outcast. Every man has a country—the land that gave him birth, or the government under which he lives. Your country and mine is America, "the land of the free and the home of the brave." A still more startling caption would be "The Man Without a God." Every man has a god. Your God and mine is Jehovah, the same in substance with our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

To our country we owe our love and devotion, even to the yielding up of our property and our lives as our country may have need of them—and this we call patriotism. To our God we owe our love and devotion, even to the yielding up of our property and our lives as He may have need of them—and this we call religion.

Patriotism and religion! In these two words are summed up all that makes a man worthy to live; these two forces compel to all noble action, and without them a man is not a man but a thing, sooner or later to be cast out and trodden under foot or men.—*Rev. G. A. Wilson.*

1520. Colonel Roosevelt and the Fourth of July.

Col. Roosevelt was opposed to the celebration of the Fourth of July by race groups. He said: "I believe that we should make the Fourth of July a genuine Americanization day and should use it to teach the prime lesson of Americanism, which is that there is no room in this country for the perpetuation of separate race, groups or radical divisions, th. we must all be Americans and nothing but Americans, and that, therefore, on the Fourth of July we should all get together simply as Americans and celebrate the day as such without regard to several racial origins."

1521. When Victory Came.

Hardly had the posters appeared announcing the signing of the armistice in the early morning, when the vast crowds of New York joined in a pæan of rejoicing. Before the celebrations had lasted more than five minutes a tall, fresh-cheeked English girl, with the Devonshire bloom still on her cheeks, climbed to the platform of Liberty Hall, at the meeting point of Broadway and Seventh Avenue. The crowd became hushed as she raised her hand. Then in a clear, silvery voice the girl sang the Doxology. A churchly stillness spread over Times Square. Heads were bowed and hats came off as the song of praise to the Almighty winged its way upward.

1522. Church Banishing Plague.

A recent writer says, "The church has banished, or helped to banish, many of the social plagues that used to poison and devastate human life." Slavery is gone. Child-labor is going. The power of great wealth is to be controlled more and more. The church makes for the decencies of life. It is leaven at work in society moulding the national will, slowly, painfully, but surely, to the will of God.

1523. Abuses Creep In.

Abuses creep into nations as the money-changers establish themselves in the temple. Jesus drove the latter out, and we must apply the same principle to evils in our nation. The liquor traffic cannot be condoned or reformed; it must be expelled.

1524. Sin a Reproach.

"But sin is a reproach to any people." It cannot be denied that in our times iniquity most alarmingly abounds. There is not a sin known to Satan which is not more or less prevalent in our beloved country. Fraud and dishonesty, embezzlements and defalcations, profanity, Sabbath breaking, licentiousness, intemperance, gambling, political unfaithfulness—these things alarmingly abound, and are a deep reproach upon our people. For the sake of the happiness, the prosperity, and the perpetuity of our nation they must be attacked by the people, and overcome by the power of law, public sentiment and right living.—*H.*

1525. Ring In Liberty.

William Hurry was merely the bellman and janitor at the old State House, but he had the glory of ringing in the freedom of the nation. Early on the morning of the Fourth of July, 1776, there might have been seen an old man, dressed in a Continental suit, crossing the State House yard, Philadelphia. This man was janitor of the State House, who was on his way to ring the bell which convened Continential Congress. By his side was a little curly-headed, blue-eyed boy, who listened attentively to the words of his companion.

The boy was stationed at the door below, with instructions to signal the bellman if the Declaration was passed. The hours rolled by, the crowd became impatient, and as the shadows of the State House lengthened, the grey-haired veteran sighed, and said, "They'll never do it!" Finally, the door of the hall opened, and the sergeant-at-arms stepped out and whispered to the boy, who, nodding assent, bounded up the steps two at a time; and to the bellman in the tower he shouted the message, "They've signed it, signed it! Ring! Ring! Ring!!" Thrilled with emotion, the old man seized the iron tongue of the bell, and hurled it back and forward a hundred times, his long queue keeping time to its motion. And brave men listened gladly, for it rang out the heartless and hopeless past, and rang in the promise of a helpful and hopeful future.

As will be seen by the inscription on an old tombstone, in Philadelphia, the patriotic bellringer was fifty-five years of age when the old State House bell first proclaimed liberty to a waiting people.

1526. A Great Flag.

During the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign there was hung in the Grand Central Station, New York, a flag measuring 80 by 160 feet and weighing 400 pounds. It was magnificent and yet the tiny silk flag in baby's hand stood for the nation's glory and by its very nearness to the heart touched the seat of affection. The effort must now be made to keep it clean and potent wherever found and wherever

flung. May it never touch the ground in its ideals. The stars belong above the grime and dirt. May peace not find us again indifferent to its presense nor irreverence mark our demeanor as it is carried down the street in military or civilian procession. It is a great flag whatever its size. May we greatly honor it by a worthy life—be fit to live under it as ready to die in its defence.

1527. All Fourth-of-July.

In one of his lectures Wendell Phillips said of "the average American" that "you might cut him up into a hundred pieces and boil them all down and you will find him Fourth-of-July all the way through." This humorous description called forth more laughter then than it would now, for at that time Independence Day was in its observance supremely a national institution. Everybody "celebrated" in those days. For one twenty-four hours the most serious American "turned himself loose" and made it a duty to be noisy; boasting became a virtue. Political differences were forgotten and sociological problems ignored. Every village green was embowered for the occasion, and in rural districts each picnic grove was swarming with a happy multitude which had come up from the surrounding farms to keep the feast. The blacksmith's anvil, doing duty as a cannon, roared its loudest, and the omnipresent brass band blared and boomed at frequent demi-semi-intervals. The "thirty-two young ladies dressed in white representing the states of our glorious union"—there were only thirty-two then—waved their painted muslin flags in smiling coquetry; and from the high platform, fitfully shaded, "the orator of the day" let the eagle scream.

It was a happy time, full of glorious memories and overflowing with cheerful prophecies. It could not be reproduced to-day because it was the expression of a life which has ceased to be. It existed not as the "miseen scene" of a well devised comedy, but as the natural expression of sentiments and beliefs of which, as Mr. Phillips said, the average American was made up.

1528. Revival of Civic Patriotism.

There is a new revival.

It is the revival of civic patriotism.

It is none the less religious for being civic, for the new patriotism is rooted in the old piety. The same old religious spirit that all along has been regenerating souls and reforming society is rising to the rescue of the city. Once more piety and patriotism, citizenship and religion, the interests of the community and Christianity, are becoming identical.

There have been such revivals before. Under Moses and David the national spirit and the religious spirit, the commonwealth and the kingdom of God, were one and the same to the people of Israel. Savonarola succeeded, even in Florence, in uniting what God had joined together and man had put asunder. From his cell and cloister garden and cathedral throne he cried to the apostate city, "Your sins make me a prophet." His prophecy was so far fulfilled that a contemporary writer confessed, "Indeed, the people of Florence seem to have become fools from mere love of Christ."

John Calvin wrought the redemption of Geneva; first, by refusing the Eucharist to its citizens because of their immortality, and by separating church and state—it may be feared too far; and then, by making the city itself "a normal school of religious life."

The Cottons and the Mathers, in the Old Colony, laid deeply and firmly, even if roughly and crudely, the spiritual and civic foundations for the republic of God that it is ours to rear.—*Graham Taylor, D.D.*

XXIII. OLD PEOPLE'S DAY

(Observance Optional, by Appointment.)

1529. Love and Old Age.

A little kindness and petting is a wonderful blessing to children, but none the less so to the aged. Those in the prime of life are too apt to think that the dear old fathers and mothers do not care for any special attention. It is a sad mistake. None appreciate more than they little acts of kindness and special attention. Elizabeth Porter Gould had the correct idea when she beautifully wrote:

"Put your arms around me—
There—like that;
I want a little petting;
At life's setting,
For 't is hard to be brave
When feeble age comes creeping.
And finds me weeping,
Dear ones gone.

"Just a little petting
At life's setting;
For I'm old, alone, and tired,
And my long life's work is done."

1530. Golden Sunsets.

"At evening time it shall be light." What magnificence, what affluence of color, what splendor and glory are heaped and piled in the western sky at the sunset hour. Sometimes we take long walks and climb steep hills that we may get a wider view of the sunset sky, and gazing our fill on its radiance, we turn away at last carrying a dream of beauty.

Loveliest hour of the day is the sunset hour. Behind us is the work of the day, its burden and its heat, and we have reached the hour when there comes to us a call from the hermit thrush singing in the trees, from the shadows softly falling on the velvet slopes, from the cattle lowing contentedly as they fare homeward over the valley, from the flowers scattering fragrance on the random breezes —an invitation to rest, to meditate, to be silent and quiet, and forget that there is haste or waste in God's good world. After a long hot day God gives us a golden sunset, and then as it fades away, the stars twinkle out in clusters and groups in the pure ether, and stillness replaces noise and, by and by, twilight having melted into night, the watching angels spread their wings over the little children's cots and cradles; peace comes to weary hearts, and in palace and hovel our heavenly Father giveth his beloved sleep.—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

1531. Glimpses Through Life's Windows.

Once I went up the winding staircase of Bunker Hill monument. Its great walls shut in the view on all sides. I could see only the bit of dusty floor at my feet and the cheerless walls that surrounded me. But as I climbed up the staircase there were windows here and there, and through these I looked out and caught glimpses of a very beautiful world outside,—green fields, rich gardens, picturesque landscapes, streams flashing like silver in the sunshine; the sea yonder, and far away, on the other hand, the shadowy forms of great mountains. How little, how dark and gloomy, seemed the close, narrow limits of the staircase as I looked out upon the illimitable view that stretched from the windows!

This earthly life, hemmed in as it is by its limitations and its narrow horizons, is like that tower—a little patch of dusty floor, with cheerless walls around it. But while we climb heavily and wearily up its steep, dark stairway, there lies outside the thick walls a glorious world, reaching away into eternity, filled with the rarest things of God's love. And through the win-

dows of revelation we get glimpses of the infinite sweep and stretch of life beyond this hampered, broken, fragmentary existence of earth. Beyond earth comes heaven.—*Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D.*

1532. Growing Old.

A little more tired at close of day,
A little less anxious to have our way;
A little less ready to scold and blame,
A little more care of a brother's name;
And so we are nearing the journey's end,
Where time and eternity meet and blend.

A little more love for the friends of youth,
A little less zeal for established truth;
A little more charity in our views,
A little less thirst for the daily news;
And so we are folding our tents away.
And passing in silence at close of day

A little less care for bonds and gold,
A little more zest in the days of old;
A broader view and a saner mind,
A little more love for all mankind;
And so we are faring adown the way,
That leads to the gates of a better day.

A little more leisure to sit and dream,
A little more real the things unseen;
A little nearer to those ahead,
With visions of those long loved and dead;
And so we are going, where all must go,
To the place the living may never know.

A little more laughter, a few more tears,
And we shall have told our increasing years;
The book is closed, and the prayers are said
And we are part of the countless dead.
Thrice happy if then, some soul can say,
"I'm better because he passed my way."

1533. Borrowed Time.

In our city there is a unique organization known as the Borrowed-Time Club. It is composed of men who are seventy years of age and upward, or in other words those who are living on "borrowed time." They are very alert in carrying on their business and much interested in all the problems and progress of our day. There is no organization before which I speak which gives keener attention or discusses the subject afterward more intelligently.

1534. Old Age.

"Few people," said La Rochefoucauld, "know how to be old." If true, "the more's the pity," because the only escape from age is through the gates of the tomb. "I make no pretense of loving old age," said a venerable friend to us recently, "nor can I think any man sincere who professes to find it satisfying." Perhaps it is not expected by our Heavenly Father that we should love it, but it certainly is not beyond the power of grace to help us carry it cheerfully.

No age, no condition of life, is without its trials; but, God be thanked, no age, no condition, is without its available compensations.

1535. Welcome Home.

You remember when the great statesman, James G. Blaine, after his extended tour in Europe, returned to his native shores, fleets of ships sailed down the harbor to bid him "welcome home." The air was jubilant with welcome sounds. Bands of music were playing national airs, the crowds were shouting from the piers, the cannons were sending their salutes far out upon the bay, friends were springing upon the deck of the great ocean steamer and pressing forward to shake the returning statesman by the hand. Similar to that brilliant scene will be your entry into the New Jerusalem, O homeward bound pilgrim of hoary years! And if there be joy among the angels over one sinner that repenteth, what will be heaven's joy when that pardoned sinner reaches his reward, and with robes washed white in the blood of the Lamb, goes sweeping through the pearly gates to be with God forever?—*Rev. C. J. Greenwood.*

1536. Getting Old and Growing Old.

The expression "growing old" should be limited to people and plants and animals really alive and actually growing. An old gate on one hinge, a toper dead at the top and already measured by the undertaker is not

"growing" old—they have arrived. For them we sing.

"The times are ripe, yea rotten ripe for change."

Keep alive and young by choice. Dr. Walter L. Lingle says: One day as Spurgeon was driving through London he observed a building which had this sign on it: "Home for Incurable Children." He remarked: "That is where I belong." The fact that Spurgeon was incurably a child accounts for his Christ-like character and for his ability to do such a great work among children and young people.

1537. Happiness in Old Age.

Wilberforce remarked, "I can scarcely understand why my life is spared so long, except it be to show that a man can be as happy without a fortune as with one." And soon after, when his only surviving daughter died, he writes, "I have often heard that sailors on a voyage will drink, 'Friends astern!' till they are half way over; then. 'Friends ahead!' With me it has been 'Friends ahead!' this long time."

1538. Honoring Old Age.

The Germans have a story about a little girl named Jeanette, who once went out to see a grand review. She found a capital place from which to see the soldiers pass, when she noticed a poor old woman in the crowd, trying very hard to get where she could see. Jeanette said to herself, "I should like to see the soldiers march; but it isn't kind in me to stay in this nice seat, and let that old woman stay where she can't see anything. I ought to honor old age, and I will." So she called the old woman, and, placing her in the nice seat, fell back among the crowd. There she had to tiptoe, and peep, and dodge about, to catch a glimpse of the splendid scene, which she might have seen fully and easily is she had kept her place. Some of the people said she was a silly girl, and laughed at her. Jeannette was rewarded in her heart for her kindness to old age. A few minutes later, a man, covered with lace, elbowed his way through the crowd, and said to her, "Little girl, will you come to her ladyship?" She could not imagine who her ladyship was, but she followed the man to a scaffold within the crowd. A lady met her at the top of the stairs, and said, "My dear child, I saw you yield your seat to the old woman. You acted nobly. Now sit down here by me. You can see everything here." Thus Jeanette was rewarded a second time for honoring old age.

1539. White Hairs.

I sat at my desk writing. In a moment of deep thought my hand went involuntarily to my head. A hair was dislodged by the movement, and dropped on the inky page. I started to brush it away, but—it made me think, for it was as white as snow!

White hairs! Work tells.

This is a busy life, and the world waits for no man. Wheels turn; factories rumble; the streets are crowded, even though at Woodlawn and Forest and Calvary they are closing fresh-made graves. The living toil on. It is best to do only the things that are worth while.

White hairs! Time passes.

Time waits not. We are nearer home to-day than yesternight. At ten, life looks long, unending. At twenty, it is rich with many years to come. After thirty, five years is a familiar epoch. At forty, we can talk in decades. And at fifty we are girding ourselves for the last quarter of the course; we have much to do ere the night comes on. "We must work the works of him that sent us while it is day—the night cometh!" After that, 'the dark,' the pilot's call—then work over yonder.

White hairs! Memory brightens.

Through the mist of tears I see a face—two of them—patient, loving, true. Blessed be God for such a mother and father! These silver crowns tell of sacrifice, toil, the burden bravely borne, and peace to the end. We shall never pay our debt to them, unless, perhaps, in eternity we can do more for them than our limited appreciation and power permitted here.

White hairs! We're growing old.

Shall we grow old serenely? Shall white hairs be "a crown of glory" because found "in the way of righteousness?" Who fears to grow old? It is better farther on. Gladly we greet the white messenger, and with faith keep on our pilgrimage.

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned;
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid.'"

—*Rev. E. B. Allen.*

1540. Faithfulness in Old Age.

"Eighty-and-six years," was Polycarp's answer when required to deny the truth, "have I served my Saviour, and he hath never done me any harm; and shall I deny him now?"

1541. Hopeful Old Age.

Mr. Venn, conversing with a stranger, was thus addressed: "Sir, I think you are on the wrong side of fifty?" "On the wrong side of fifty!" answered Mr. Venn. "No, sir: I am on the right side of fifty." "Surely," the other replied, "you must be turned fifty?" "Yes, sir," added Mr. Venn; "but I am on the right side of fifty; for, every year I live, I am nearer my crown of glory."

1542. Learning in Old Age.

Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments. Cato, at eighty years of age, began to learn the Greek language. Petrarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin. Ludovico, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own time. Accareo, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, replied, that indeed he began it late, but he should therefore master it sooner. Franklin did not commence his philosophical pursuits until he had reached his fiftieth year. Ogilvie, the translater of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty. Colbert, the famous French minister, at sixty years of age returned to his Latin and law studies.

1543. A Wonder and a Blessing.

A middle-aged woman went to visit an old schoolmate, and the brightest spot of her visit was—her old friend's mother. "Dear Mother Gray lives with Fanny," she said afterward. "She is ninety-four, bed-ridden for more than a year with a broken hip. But her mind is clear, and she is really happy. She has a little chuckling laugh of forty years ago, sees a joke and enjoys it. She hasn't a complaint to make. Everybody is good to her, she says, and everything that is done for her is just right. She is a wonder and a blessing in the home. One of her sons-in-law says, 'She is walking on the sunny side of the road, just as she always did.' And when I came away she said to me, 'I shall always think of you as long as I live.' It did my heart good."

There, you see, it isn't such a dreadful thing to be almost a hundred years old, if you can still be a "wonder and a blessing in the home."

1544. Almost Home.

Lead me a little longer, Father! Just ahead I see
The gates of pearl and jasper—and beyond them lies my home!
Sometimes, e'en now, the music of the angels floats to me;

While voices that I've loved below are
sweetly calling, "Come!"

I hasten on with eager step toward that
happy land,
Beyond the gray horizon, where the
sun of earth goes down;
Content to know that all the way my
Father holds my hand,
And that ere long he'll give to me an
everlasting crown.

—*Mrs. E. E. Williams.*

1545. When I Grow Old.

When I grow old
God grant that every child
Will feel the youthful texture of my
soul!
And will not turn away from me
As from a shade or shrunken vine,
When I grow old.

When I grow old,
God grant that I may have some task
Which must be done, or some one fare
the worse—
That in some corner of the earth
Some one will need my hand,
When I grow old.

—*E. R. Peyser.*

1546. Age Not A Descent.

My heart throbs with pain when I hear one speak of life as a descent. They say "He or she has passed the meridian of life and now descends." It cannot be so with the Christian pilgrim. With the alpenstock of grace he is continually climbing up, up, in the ever-increasing effulgence of God's love—as the one who scales the rugged steeps of the Apennines, losing sight of past difficulties in the vapors below, mounts higher into the glad, pure atmosphere, and gains at each upward step clearer views of the sun-kissed summits. O the blessedness of an old age that looks not back on the receding past, but keeps the eye of faith steadily fixed on the glories that are to be soon revealed.—*G. Flowers.*

1547. Exchaged for Heavenly Youth.

As the outer man weakens the inner man grows stouter day by day; and when the time comes for his earthly old age to be exchanged for heavenly youth, the sunset hour finds him ready. He listens to the call with a glad heart. He puts his foot into the canoe as it sits lightly upon "the clear and luminous water," and departs, not reluctantly but rejoicingly.

"In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
To the islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter."

1548. The Watched-for Ships.

There is always a suggestion of sadness as well as of hopefulness in alluding to the watched-for ships and their coming home. Old people in particular, in speaking of thwarted plans and frustrated desires, will say, with plaintive sighs, "Ah, well, my ships did not come home." And who of us but has said in hope of meeting some wish of our own, or even more likely that of some loved one, "Well wait till my ship comes home, then see how soon will come the heart's desire."

After all there is comfort in being old. The worst has generally been weathered. Risks are largely of the past. Trust in one unfailing pilot is the chief requirement now. The fitful fever of watching is over. No life is a failure, no life is a wreck, that with the eye of faith looks across the shallow chasms between the Here and There, and sees that safe port where all blissful dreams shall be fully realized, where all missed treasures of earth shall be forgotten in the unspeakable glories of heaven.—*Christian Work.*

1549. Here We Rest.

There is a legend of an Indian chieftain, who, migrating with his tribe, journeyed over high mountains and through dismal swamps, and at last, having reached a valley fair to behold and good to dwell in, threw down his burdens, exclaiming, "Alabama!" meaning "Here we rest." The true Christian is journeying toward

the real "Alabama," the valley-home of the redeemed, where they lay down their burdens and rest. "They rest from their labors and their works do follow them." There is such a "home of the soul."—*H.*

1550. Summer Evenings.

It is often said that only a happy person can endure the sadness of the summer evening. I suppose that this impression is not shared by young people in general, but those who have gone far enough in life's journey to remember the past, more than they anticipate the future, understand what he means.

In the summer evening, the fragment of a score carelessly hummed by a passer-by, the incidental allusion to some old household jest, the scent of the lilies on the lawn, of the new-mown hay in the meadow, the revival in dress of bygone fashion, the sight of the fair girl passing and leaning on her lover's arm, as the twain converse in low and confidential murmurs, all these have power to recall the "touch of the vanished hands and the sound of the voice that is still."

Then comes the feeling, too, borne in upon us strongly, of the fruitlessness of earthly endeavor. Never does the ideal so slip from our grasp, never do our mistakes and defeats so mockingly stare us in our face as on some throbbing summer night, when the stars bloom like flowers in the wide spaces of the sky.

But courage, friends. From these lower levels of discouragement we shall ascend. In summer as in autumn, by every experience by every disappointment, by every loss, He leads us on.—*Zion's Watchman.*

1551. Foregleams of Heaven.

We often say, after a long and tiresome journey, "It was worth while to go away just to find out how good it is to get home." Perhaps that is why our experience of this world is given us—just so that some day we may realize how good it is to get home to heaven.

"When we think of our homes," says a recent writer, "we think of this and that familiar object—the mantlepiece in the sitting room, the old clock in the corner, mother's rocking chair by the mending basket, our own little room with the book-case by the pleasant window. Would it not be a good plan to look ahead to our heavenly home and become familiar with its nooks and corners? It will do no harm to imagine all sorts of delightful things, for we know that the actual picture will far overpass in joyfulness whatever we can imagine." —*H.*

1552. Homestead Rights In Heaven.

Let us not forget that every day we are helping to make our own heaven. A few years ago it was our privilege to take a trip to Europe and the Orient. Among the passengers on our cruise were a bride and groom. They had been married just before the vessel set sail and seemed exceedingly happy in all their experiences. But this we noticed, that at every port we entered and in all the cities, they were buying things and sending them back to America — beautiful rugs, choice pieces of antique furniture, vases and ornaments, and useful articles, too. All these things they were sending over to help make their home when they should arrive. Do we realize it, that there is a sense in which we make our heaven? There are a good many people who seem to think that heaven is to be a gift, ready-made, handed over to each of us complete, without any effort or price from us. No; a heaven into which we have put nothing cannot be a real heaven to us. We must send our treasures, loves, and thoughts forward

into it. We must have learned its language, acquired its spirit, and gained some homestead rights there, if it is to be really a home. The most beautiful house on earth can be made into a home only by the life that goes within it. And the same is true of the heavenly mansions. They will be to us largely what we carry into them. We must build and furnish our heaven by what we do and are day by day, and what we send ahead into it. To the aged saint heaven is home. He has homestead rights there.—*H.*

XXIV. THE SABBATH

(A Day Wisely Observed in the Early Part of the Summer in the Interest of Sabbath Keeping.)

1553. Sun of the Soul.

It is said that some old makers of violins never regarded an instrument as finished until it had been so placed that it was bathed in the light of the sun. They thought it could not respond properly to the skill of the musician until it had been saturated in sunlight. Man is a wondrous instrument, and he needs the Sabbath in which to let the light of the Sun of Righteousness shine upon and through him, so as to bring out all the spiritual music of his nature.

1554. Toning the Spiritual Life.

A traveler tells of having visited a painter. "I saw on his table some high-colored stones, and I asked him what they were for. He said they were to keep his eye up to tone." When he was working in pigments insensibly his sense of color was weakened, and by having a pure color near him he brought it up again, just as the musician by his test fork brings himself up to the right pitch. Now, every day men need to have a sense of the invisible God. No nature is of such magnitude that it does not need often to be tuned, chorded, borne up to the idea of a pure and lofty life. And that is one of the great uses of the Sabbath. It puts us in touch with holy things. It gives us a chance to make comparisons with the standard. It brings the eye and heart and soul up to tone. The effect, if we avail ourselves of the possibilities of Sabbath privileges, is to start us anew on a higher plane of living. It brings the weekly uplift. —*H.*

1555. We Are Seven-Day Clocks.

A manufacturer declared that the goods his men turned in the early part of the week, right after the Sabbath rest, were always better than the goods manufactured in the latter part of the week when his men were tired. The Sabbath comes, and it sooths the nerves, and puts out the fires of anxiety which have burned all the week. The fact is, we are seven-day clocks, and we have to be wound up once a week or we will run down into the grave. The Sabbath is a savings bank into which we gather up our resources of physical and mental strength to draw on all the week. That man gives a mortgage to disease and death who works on the Sabbath, and at the most unexpected moment the mortgage will be foreclosed and the soul ejected from the premises. Every gland, every cell, every globule, every fingernail crys out: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy!"

1556. An Isle of Safety.

In one of his volumes Dr. Amos R. Wells says: "They are trying out in American cities the plan of 'isles

of safety,' which consists of slightly elevated regions in the center of intersecting streets, protected by posts. In these spaces, about fifteen feet long and five feet wide, pedestrians may take refuge, and gather breath in the midst of their precarious transit between dashing teams and in front of wildly rushing automobiles.

"We need such breathing spaces all through our overswift and tumultuous modern life, We need little vacations scattered through our arduous days. We need little recreations to brighten our routine; little avocations to relieve our vocations; little prayers and hopes and dreams to rest us from our worries. He is a wise man who establishes such isles in his life. They will be safety spots that will preserve and prolong his life."

The Sabbath, God-given and especially valuable, is a very blessed isle of safety in the midst of our busy weeks.

1557. For Wide, Clear View.

When a gentleman was inspecting a house in Newcastle, with a view to hiring it, the landlord took him to an upper window, and said, "You can see Durham Cathedral from this window on Sunday." "Why on Sunday above any other day?" inquired the man. "Because on that day there is no smoke from those tall chimneys." Blessed is the Sabbath when the earth-smoke of care and turmoil no longer beclouds our view. We need our Sabbaths for the wide, clear view—for the great things of the soul.

1558. Kept From Blindness.

A gentleman who was passing some mines observed a great number of mules in a field. He asked a little boy why there were so many mules there. "These mules are worked in the mines through the week," replied the boy, "and they are brought up into the light on Sundays to keep them from going blind." Sunday answers the same purpose with men. A blind dead, tired body, and a blind, starved soul are the result of Sundays ill spent.

1559. We Need the Day.

Some one asked a Rocky Mountain locomotive engineer, as he was riding with him, "Why do you switch off your locomotive on a side track and take another?"—as he saw he was about to do—"it seems to be a straight route!" He replied: "Oh, we have to let the locomotive stop and cool off, or the machinery would very soon break down!" The manufacturers of salt were told if they allowed their kettles to cool one day in seven, they would have immense repairs to make; but the experiment was made and the contrast came, and it was found that those manufacturers who allowed their kettles to cool once a week had less repairs to make than those who kept the furnaces in full blast and the kettles always hot. What does all this mean? It means that intellectual men and dumb beast and dead machinery cry out for the Lord's day.

1560. Accomplish More By Rest.

It has been proved by many experiments that workmen who labor seven days in the week accomplish less in the long run, than those who rest on Sunday.

I have read that when the California gold fever broke out in 1849, those crossing the plains who rested on Sundays arrived first at their destination, while great numbers of the oxen of those who did not take their weekly rest died from fatigue, and they were left utterly helpless until the Sabbath-keeping toilers took pity upon them and returned to their help.—*H.*

1561. In Tune With Heavenly Things.

I have read that the air of the famous Kentucky cave has a peculiar power of stimulating the senses. After the visitor has been in it for an hour or two, and returns to the open air, he can discern the scents of the flowers, trees, and grasses in an extraordinary manner. So new perceptions of spiritual things will come if by suitable Sabbath observance we draw aside from the world, and get into the quiet of God's presence.

"Rather a dull day, auntie," said a preacher to an old black saint of his congregation at the close of a dreary, rainy and cold Sunday. "Why, no!" she replied. "Bress the Lord, massa minister, de ole woman's been all over the New Jerusalem to-day." Sunday is a good day to get acquainted with the sights and sounds, the occupations and the spirit of the New Jerusalem. —*H.*

1562. Trivial Excuses.

How trivial are the ways some people try to cheat themselves out of this great boon—the Sabbath .

Speaking in London, Canon Ottley told an amusing story illustrating some folks' idea of keeping the Sabbath. A Scotchman, one Sunday, went into his back yard to mend a barrow. The loud banging which accompanied the driving in of the nails brought his wife to the door. "Donald, Donald," she cried, "What are ye about on the Sabbath?" "I tell ye, I must mend the barrow. I want to use it," answered her husband. "Ye must not," was her reply. "What'll the neighbors say? Or, if ye do, ye must use screws. It's the Lord's Day."

1563. Some One Prosecute Me.

A coal dealer found that competition in business had robbed him of his Sunday rest. "I don't so much as get time to go to early mass." said he, "and I am compelled to keep busy from morning till night. I can't refuse them. If I do, they will quit me altogether, and I shall lose my business. I wish to heaven that someone would prosecute me!" Because at liberty to work, he felt, under the circumstances, compelled to work, and desired the law, even at the expense of prosecution, to secure him the liberty of rest.

A man's doing business on the Sabbath does not actually compell his competitors to do likewise, but it does inflict a loss on those who refuse. All together, they sell but little more in seven days than they would sell in six, and their profits are less because their expenses are increased. But if some do not sell, those who do draw away a part of their custom and thus inflict loss on them. Of course a man of Christian principle will suffer the loss rather than violate the Sabbath in self-defense, but he has a right to call on the state to protect him from that loss. Hence the principle that has been laid down that the liberty of rest for each is dependent on a law of rest for all.

1564. Degeneration By Non-Observance.

The way the Sabbath is observed determines the morals of individuals and of the community. If you can know how the Sabbaths are observed in any community you then know what the conditions of the morals of that community are. So, too, with the individual. The Sabbath saves the soul from utter materialism, from degeneration.

There is a strange old legend that comes from the days of Solomon. According to the old legend Solomon on his way to visit the Queen of Sheba passed through a valley where dwelt a peculiar tribe of monkeys. He inquired as to their history. He was in-

formed that they were descendants of a colony of Jews who by habitual neglect of the Sabbath had degenerated to the condition of monkeys.

There is an important truth contained in that legend.—*H.*

1565. The Sunday Stone.

In one of the English coal mines there is the constant formation of new rock, as the moisture drips from the ceiling of the cavern to the floor. The water is heavily charged with lime in solution, which it deposits as it falls. When mining is going on the coal dust flies in the air and stains the sediment. This gives a dark layer in the mass. Thus it curiously comes to pass that night and day, as the workmen rest or labor, becomes marked with alternate strata of different colors. Of course, due to the longer period that work has ceased, the Sabbath always appears with a broad white deposit larger than any of the rest. So the miners call this the "Sunday-stone."

Well might men thus keep tally of their days and reckon God's Sabbath as white days—holy, happy, home days, the purest and dearest.—*C. S. Robinson, D.D.*

1566. The Family Day.

One chief gift and luxury of the Sabbath, which makes it the "pearl of days" in many households, is, that on that day the father is home with his children. At a recent meeting of the Pennsylvania Sabbath Association, a representative of the Barber's Union of Pittsburgh, told of a barber who, before the shops were closed on Sunday, never saw his children awake from the beginning of the week to the end. The first Sunday he spent at home he heard the children inquire, "Mamma, who is that man?" While few fathers may be such utter strangers in their own households, yet the incident will illustrate the fact of the intimacy of the relation between the Sabbath and any true type of family life. It also gives abundant reason why every true husband and father, whatever his religious convictions or lack of them, ought to be a strong defender of the Sabbath and its observance, and the bitter enemy of any who would break down the barriers which separate the day from all others. —*H.*

1567. Lord of the Sabbath.

Once, at Stockholm, Jenny Lind was requested to sing on the Sabbath at the king's palace, on the occasion of some great festival. She refused, and the king called personally upon her, in itself a high honor, and, as her sovereign, commanded her attendance. Her reply was, "There is a higher King, sir, to whom I owe my first allegiance," and she refused to be present.

1568. Sabbath Bondage.

A devout Scottish minister has told of a house at which he stopped and spent the Sabbath when he was in northern Scotland. The day was rainy and close, and he finally suggested to the woman of the house that the window of the little parlor, might be raised to admit some fresh air. "Mon," said the old woman, with stern disapproval written plainly on her rugged face, "dinna ye ken, that ye nae can hae fresh air in this hoose on the Sabbath?"—*Youth's Companion.*

1569. Wind the Clock.

When the eight-day clock one morning struck the hour very slowly and faintly, it attracted the attention of its owner, who dropped his book, looked up, and listened. "I thought I wound it only two or three days ago," he remarked "but it certainly sounds as if the striking part of it were pretty nearly run down." Small Donald was interested; he watched, questioned, and remembered.

The next Sunday morning Uncle John was so comfortably and pleasantly occupied with his reading that he was reluctant to lay it aside when his wife inquired whether he intended going to church. "Oh, I—suppose so," he answered slowly and so hesitatingly that Donald eyed him wonderingly.

"Why, that sounds as if the meeting side of you was pretty nearly run down, Uncle John!" he exclaimed. Aunt Grace laughed, while Uncle John flushed and pushed the tempting magazine hastily aside. "Maybe, Donald, maybe," he admitted; "but if it is, we'll wind it up again and get a little stronger movement. Neither clocks nor people are of much use when the springs that ought to keep them going are neglected."

1570. The House Dark.

A Jewish rabbi's parable tells of seven brothers who lived together. Six worked and the seventh cared for the house, having the meals ready and the house bright for his six brothers in the evening. But the six said that the seventh must work, too. So in the evening they returned home and found the house dark and no meal prepared. Then they saw how foolish they had been, and quickly restored the old way. The Sabbath is a day among the seven which provides light, comfort, and good for the others. If it is driven out to work, the other days will all miss its blessing.—*Dr. J. R. Miller.*

1571. Observe and Conserve.

It seems a little matter for you, my friend, to trade with a newsboy on Sabbath morning; but think of the professing Christian people all over our country who are corrupting the rising generation that way. The exchanging of a nickel for a newspaper is as much to that newsboy as the sale of a corner lot would be to you. And tens of thousands are being thus educated for larger forms of Sabbath breaking when they grow up.

It is not enough, however, to hew to the line ourselves in the keeping of the Sabbath: it devolves upon us also to see that other people keep it. For it is a true proposition that "The privilege of Sabbath observance for one depends upon the law of Sabbath observance of all." That proposition was laid down in an International Convention of Labor in Geneva years ago: and a moment's thought will show the reasonableness of it.—*Rev. D. J. Burrell, D.D.*

1572. God's Dyke.

The Dutch call the Sabbath "God's Dyke." They know from long experience what their sea walls have done for their nation in rolling back the encroaching ocean, hungry to swallow up their low-lying land. In the same way they see the spirit of secularism and worldliness ever waiting a chance to swallow up all the best things in national and individual life and character, and they rightly believe that the Christian Sabbath is the one great rampart between these things and their destruction.

Any one who stops for a moment of sober reflection cannot fail to realize the menace of a disintegrating dike—whether it be one of sea-walls or soul-walls. Voltaire said that as long as the Sabbath remains the Christian religion could not be destroyed. A San Francisco visitor tells of seeing an electric church sign which blazoned forth the legend, "Keep Your Sundays for the Great Things of the Soul." A Massachusetts supreme court judge says that at one time he gave up church-going, giving his Sabbaths to books and other interests; but after a while he became conscious of a deterioration in his moral nature and he resumed church attendance.

1573. Wilbur Wright's Answer.

The Wright brothers, the famous aviators (of whom one died in 1913), are clean-limbed and clean-minded. From their father, good old Bishop Wright, they inherit two sterling traits—character and a shrewd business sense. When Wilbur was at the high tide of his first foreign success, and was acclaimed everywhere as "the emperor of the air," the king of Spain came to see his machine. An orderly approached and said, "His majesty would like to see you fly." "I am very sorry," was the reply, "but we never fly on Sunday."

1574. The Weekly Mountain-Top.

If a person when lost can gain some height that will give a wide outlook, he may be able to get his bearings. In the unending grind of daily routine there is danger of losing sight of the great aim that should be in it all. Life may seem more like a treadmill than a progress. The one day for other uses gives a chance for a look at life's meaning and goal, and so may give courage and energy for the days ahead.

1575. Testing the Compass.

The safety of a ship and its passengers calls for the testing of the compass and for freeing that from the influence of anything that might make it swerve from pointing to the pole. During our contact with the world of business and social life conscience comes under a sway that may easily escape notice unless the best use is made of the weekly opportunity for more careful testing by God's standards.

1576. Excuse, Not a Reason.

One man says: "I do not go to church on Sunday because I was never taught to go when I was young, so I did not form the habit." Another man says: "I do not go to church on Sunday because I was forced to go when I was young and it grew distasteful to me." One excuse is as good as another when you do not want to do a thing.—*Watchman-Examiner.*

1577. Interests of the poor.

Professor George Adam Smith, discussing the attitude of the Hebrew prophets towards their national Sabbath, said, "The interests of the Sabbath are the interests of the poor; the enemies of the Sabbath are the the enemies of the poor." This sentence ought to be carefully considered at the present time, when so many efforts are being made to destroy the sanctity of our national day of rest.

1578. An Aviator's Resolve.

C. P. Rogers, the aviator, so it is reported, has determined not to again make any ærial flights on Sunday. In spite of the protest from some of the Christian churches of Pasadena he finished his flight to the ocean on Sunday, but received a bad fall. While in the hospital recovering from his bruises he wrote one of the pastors of the city, "I am through flying on Sunday. All my falls have been on Sunday. The last time many people tried to prevent the flight. Many of them offered prayer to keep me from going up. I believe that when a thing is so important that it calls for prayer it is time something was done. I'll not fly on Sunday again!" It is fortunate his life was spared until he came to his senses.

1579. Sweet Day of Rest.

Many saintly characters bear witness to the fact that, "as the flower is to the plant, so is Sunday to the home, envolving all its elements in one fair blossom."

One of the princely religious characters of Scotland for the past

fifty years has been the Rev. Dr. Alexander Whyte, whose life has been one of keen study and profitable ministry. This scholarly preacher said when giving a New Year exhortation in 1913: "If my experience of the Lord's Day is of any value or any interest, to any of you—well, here it is. I have had a long lifetime's experience of, on the whole, a somewhat scrupulously kept Lord's Day. And that day, so kept, has been to me one of my chief blessings in a life full of such blessings."

Beecher rightly said, "Through the week we go down into the valleys of care and shadow. Our Sabbaths should be hills of light and joy in God's presence; and so, as time rolls by, we shall go on from mountain-top to mountain-top, till at last we catch the glory of the gate, and enter in to go no more out for ever."

"In holy duties let the day
In holy comforts pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend
In hope of one that ne'er shall end."

1580. The Habit of Falling.

That was a keen answer of a converted heathen in Syria, whose employer ordered him to work on the Sabbath, but he firmly refused; and his employer attempted to argue with him, saying, "Does not your Master say, that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath day, he may pull him out?" "Yes," replied the Christian servant, "but if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath day, then the owner should either fill up the pit or sell that ass."—*A. E. Kittridge, D.D.*

1581. More Than a Rest Day.

A minister, says the Rev. Edwin S. Stacker, of Ottawa, Kansas, observing a lad starting for the river on a Sunday morning, said, "My boy, the Sabbath day was given you for rest." The boy quickly replied, "I ain't tired!" We must find other reasons for Sabbath observance, especially for folks who are "not tired." There are other reasons—a great many of them.

1582. Not Open on Sunday.

A Boston church-member, having been delayed about calling for his washing, went to the Chinese laundry on Sunday morning, to find this notice on the door: "This place not open on Sunday. I a Christian."

1583. The Lord's Day.

This is the beautiful way to think of the Lord's Day. It is the shadow of Christ on the hot highway of time. We pause in it as in a shelter from the heat, and are refreshed. In proportion as we carry the spirit of it into all days do they also become Lord's Days, and yield us the same refreshment and peace as the Sabbath Day.—*Robert E. Speer.*

1584. Had We Though of This.

Some one tells us the story of a man who was trying to get his negro servant to do some unnecessary work on Sunday. He reminded the servant that Jesus had said it was lawful to pull an ass or an ox out of a pit on the Sabbath. "Yes, massa," was the ready reply, "but not if it fell it on Saturday,"—*Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D.*

1585. Making Sabbath Unholy.

Recently *The Ohio State Journal* of Columbus, O., one of the oldest and most influential daily publications in that state, printed the following leading editorial entitled "Making Sabbath Unholy."

A sign reading: "Dancing every Sunday afternoon from 4 to 7. You are cordially invited to attend," is posted in front of a well-known café in New York City. At this rate, how long will it be before Sunday is driven out of American life? Sun-

day is not near what it was thirty or forty years ago. Even among religious people there is a growing indifference. Of course, the Sabbath was made for man. So were virtue, temperance, honesty, faith, and love; but of what use are they unless they make the life purer and nobler? The Sabbath was made for man, but for what? For dancing, flirting, drinking, indolence, gossip and such other practices for spending time? That is what some people think; and if they are right, God would not have put the Sunday plank in the decalogue.

Intelligent people should learn the difference between happiness and pleasure. One is for the spirit, the other for the body. No man can be a Christian who doesn't recognize the difference and apply it to his life. Happiness is intellectual, spiritual, uplifting; pleasure is sensual, unsound, and degrading. Sunday was made for the happiness of man, not for his pleasure. He is a mere mud man that doesn't know the difference.

1586. The Account Still Open.

An infidel, boasting in a published letter that he had raised two acres of Sunday corn, which he had intended to devote to the purchase of infidel books, adds, "All the work done on it was done on Sunday, and it will yield some seventy bushels to the acre, so I don't see but that nature or Providence has smiled upon my Sunday work, however the Bible may say that work done on Sunday never prospers. My corn tells another story." To this the editor of an agricultural paper replies; "If the author of this shallow nonsense had read the Bible half as much as he has the works of its opponents he would have known that the Great Ruler of the universe does not always square up his accounts with mankind in the month of October.—*Mrs. B. G. Dower.*

1587. Puritanism no Scare.

No Christian to-day, and no patriot, should be frightened by the bugbear of "Puritanism." Puritanism is always a battle against impuritanism, and even with its extreme features is better than its foes. Modern Puritanism has freed itself from some of the rigidities of the older Puritanism. It is the child that has inherited the best traits of its ancestors, and is to-day the strongest conservative force in society.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

1588. Keep Your Sabbaths for the Great Things of the Soul.

Is the following an example of average Sabbath keeping in Christian homes?

A minister who was supplying a pulpit not his own was entertained in the home of one of the prominent members of the church. The conditions of the home life impressed him deeply; and although he was careful not to disclose anything that could identify the family, he referred to the Sabbath spent in their home as among the dreariest and least profitable in his whole experience.

The family, straggling down to breakfast Sabbath morning, brought with them the gossip acquired at various places on Saturday night. Two of them had been at the theater, one had been to a party, most of them had been out late. More than one of the household began the day with a headache.

On the breakast table were three Sunday newspapers. On these the different members of the family pounced and were soon hidden behind them.

Only the father and the mother went to church; the younger people were "too tired," and did not care to dress.

After the morning service the minister found the newspapers well shaken out and scattered. There was hardly

a chair that did not contain one or more parts of one or another of them.

After Sabbath dinner the papers were secured again, and creased and recreased in weary quest for new sensations.

Without questioning the morality of such a Sabbath, what may we not say of the pity of it? Is the soul of man so mean, so sordid, that not one hour or one day in the week can be saved for an acquaintance with the better things of literature and of life and for the higher ministrations of the Spirit?

1589. The Sabbath Essential.

We cannot live physically, and we cannot live spiritually, unless we keep the Sabbath. Men and nations in all ages have put this to the test, and, by attempting to do without a Sabbath day, have wrecked their lives. No human being can stand the strain of seven days' work in every week without breaking down under it. Every man can do more work in six days than he can in seven. And it matters not at all what kind of vocation is his; it is as true of the man whose six days are given directly to religious work as of the man whose work is called secular: from both of these Nature demands her day of cessation.

1590. Not Too Much Conscience.

Nicholas Biddle once had for a private secretary a Christian young man, whom he wished to keep at work on the Sabbath. The secretary objected to working on the Lord's Day. "I shall discharge you," said his employer, "if you do not conform to my wishes." The secretary was poor, and had, moreover, a widowed mother dependent upon him; but rather than violate his conscience by doing what he considered wrong, he gave up his place. A day or two after, Mr. Biddle was in the company of some gentlemen who proposed to start a new bank, and the questioning was, where they should find a suitable man to be its cashier? "I know of one," said Mr. Biddle, and he recommended to them his late secretary, saying, "He had too much conscience for my work, but none too much for the more responsible office you have." And through his recommendation the place was given to him.

1591. General Grant's Observance.

When General Grant was in Paris, the President of the Republic invited him to attend the Sunday races. He knew that to refuse an invitation from the President of France, would be considered especially discourteous by the French people. and yet he politely declined the invitation, saying, "It is not in accord with the custom of my country, or with the spirit of my religion to spend Sunday in that way. I will go to the house of God."

1592. The Year Round.

"It is estimated that since the introduction of the Sunday newspaper not less than 150,000 compositors and pressmen and others are kept at work seven days in the week, 365 days in the year. A reporter was asked, not long since, 'Do you have one-seventh of your time for rest?' 'No,' said he, 'nor one-seventy-seventh. We have no time, regularly given, that we can call our own!'"—*David J. Burrell, D.D.*

1593. The Real Reason.

A group of earnest Christian businessmen were descussing how to get more men to attend the Sunday morning service in their own church. They expressed their surprise that men did not come to hear the stirring, thoughtful, and fundamental messages presented by their minister. One outspoken man summed up the reasons in this terse sentence: "The upshot of the whole matter is that men will take

time to do the things they are vitally interested in."

He followed his remark by telling the story of a man who is vice-president of a ten-million-dollar corporation who took a train at one o'clock in the morning at considerable personal inconvenience in order that he might get back home Sunday morning in time to take charge of the men's Bible class in his church. When the business man with whom he was negotiating expressed surprise that he should go to this trouble, he said, "I wouldn't miss it for anything if I can possibly help it."—*Christian Endeavor World.*

1594. "The Sabbath was Made for Automobiles."

The Sabbath was made for automobiles would be the modern version of Christ's words in Mark 2:27. It's not a bit of use to kick against the automobile. Either it is here to stay, or it isn't. A few years ago some ministers were preaching against the bicycle because it robbed the Sunday morning congregation. Now where is the bicycle?

Who knows but the air-ship will displace the automobile to as great an extent?

The trouble is not with the thing, but with men. All these inventions are simply tests of our balance of mind. Human nature is matured by having some wrong tendency to fight down, some excess to guard against.

Do you believe that fewer people go to church now than before the bicycle was invented? I don't. We must appraise these things as they come, and put them in their proper places. We will work out for ourselves a normal rest-day.

The Sabbath was not made for the "joy-rider," nor for the "highflyer," but for man. Not a man but all men. And we shall work out this problem, as we are trying to work out every one, so as to give all classes and conditions of men a fair chance. We are not going in for arbitration and "trust-busting" for humanity's sake, and at the same time fostering a Sabbath that will make one set of men cater to the pleasure-seeking of another set seven days in the week.

The Sabbath that was "made for man" will be a sane, reasonable, fair, restful, uplifting Sabbath.—*Rev. John F. Cowan, D.D.*

1595. From Flower-garden to Potato-patch.

The Sabbath was made for man, for his benefit, to give him leisure from his toil, to enable him to straighten his back and look up to heaven and remember that he is a spiritual being. This one day, which God of old claimed, was meant to teach us that all days are His, and worship on the Sabbath points to the truth that every act of our lives may be a divine service.

The Sabbath brings physical and mental rest, moral and spiritual culture, home joys and fellowships, respite from the strain of toil, and an opportunity for works of mercy. But beyond these blessings the Sabbath keeps our faces turned in the right direction, seeking heavenly things. Lord Napier was discussing the question of Sabbath-observance with a friend, "I don't see any harm in a man's spending a few hours at work in his flower-garden on Sunday; it seems to me that he might gain great good from it." His lordship replied, "Yes, but when a man begins in his flower-garden he is likely to end in his potato-patch." That is the point. A man can get great good out of his flower-garden if his soul is attuned to worship. The moment he uses the Sabbath for mere amusement, for pleasure, for planning business projects, he is on the way to the potato-patch.

Let us beware lest, like Esau, we barter the boundless spiritual blessings which the Sabbath brings for a mess of earthly pottage.—*Rev. R. P. Anderson.*

1596. Compelling Sunday Work.

There is a side to Sabbath-breaking which is not so strongly emphasized as it might be, namely, how one man's wilful breaking of it compels another's. The thousands who use Sundays for excursions make other thousands work. The thousands who insist on Sunday newspapers make thousands of boys deliver them on Sunday. Some years ago an article in a Scottish magazine on the moral side of golf, called attention to the growing custom of taking boys to the golf links Sundays for the whole day, thus depriving them of religious training. Not long ago the pastor of a suburban church complained that the golf links were depleting his Sunday school. "Nine-tenths of those who enter prison were started on their way by Sabbath-breaking, largely by Sunday sport."

1597. The Supply Depot.

The railroad companies make abundant provision for supplying their engines with fuel and water. No engineer needs to have a dead engine if he will stop at the coal-stations and water-tanks. Sabbath days are the supply-depots, which God has provided for the Christian.

1598. Make Sabbath Keeping a Habit.

The man who thinks he can atone for six days' wickedness by one day of Sabbath-keeping is sadly deceived. God does not permit such a sinful use of the six days. All the time belongs to him. He gives us six days to pursue our secular vocations, but not in sinful ways. The need for rest runs through all nature. If machines or animals are worked seven days in the week, they will not work as many hours by far as if allowed to rest one day in the seven. The razor of the barber shop demands rest, and will refuse to work without it; and the razor is but a type of the universe, the body and soul of men included. The Sabbath should be the most royal day of the week. It lifts us more closely to the Prince of Peace, and the King of Kings. If the keeping of the Sabbath correctly has not yet became a habit, the consecration is not as deep and as thorough as it ought to be.—*Religious Telescope.*

1599. Holiday-Mania.

Undue emphasis is put to-day upon the moral influence of play on the child. Instead of *"Laborare est orare,"* it reads to-day in plain English, "To play is to pray." A prominent "playground expert" expresses this theory in the words, "salvation by play."

We learned years ago that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.' The modern conception of our reformers is, "Little work and much play makes Jack a good boy and a useful citizen." This is not necessarily true. Far from it. Play may make a child both lazy and useless. If play invades the sanctity of the Lord's Day, as it is now attempting to do, excluding moral and religious training, it may make him also irreverent and vicious. We need to put some of the emphasis that is now placed on "play" on the word "pray"; that is, on moral and religious training in the home and the school. To overestimate the advantages, which are many, of sport, games, and amusements for the coming generation is certainly unwise. When brought into the Lord's Day, they become a positive peril according to the uniform teaching of history. The holiday mania may prove itself in our age as serious a calamity to social life as it was in the day of

Charles II of England, who had the "Book of Sports" read along with the Bible on Sunday morning.

1600. Admiral Farragut and the Sabbath.

Admiral Watson said in reference to Sabbath desecration: "That grim old seafighter, Farragut, was a strict observer of the Sabbath, and declared that the non-observance of the day was the greatest peril of this country. I accompanied him to Italy after the war. When we were in Rome, a reception was arranged for him on Sabbath evening by an American long resident in Rome, who had become foreignized. When the invitation came, the Admiral was beside himself with anger, and sent her word, 'that to invite an American to a reception on the Sabbath was an insult.'" Let Christian people stand for the Sabbath with the sturdy and God-honoring spirit that characterized Admiral Farragut.

1601. Japanese Convictions and Courtesy.

The Spokane Chamber of Commerce had an experience with a visiting Japanese commercial delegation which is not likely to be forgotten in that city. They had arranged a long programme, including a dinner and theatre party for the Sunday of the visit. The Japanese delegation courteously declined these invitations on the ground that they had too much respect for the American Lord's Day to accept them. Many of them attended church service, and one of them, an officer in a Kumi-ai church in Japan, expressed his wish "to be true to his convictions while abroad." —*The Congrationalist.*

1602. Take Sabbath Rest, But Don't Be Lazy.

The junction of Fleet and Farringdon Streets, at the foot of Ludgate Hill, is one of the most crowded thoroughfares of London, two streams of travel meeting there. In the center of that junction there used to be a solid oaken bench with a high back, and on it the inscription, "Rest, but do not loiter." On that bench thousands of people every day used to rest their weary limbs. Like that poor man's bench in seething London stands the ordinance of the Sabbath, and over its blessed portal is written, "Rest, but do not lounge or loiter."—*T. L. Cuyler, D.D.*

XXV. LABOR DAY

(First Monday in September.)

1603. Laziness the Original Sin.

Dr. Storrs tells of an Indian who was a candidate for the ministry, and was asked before the Presbytery the important question, "What is original sin?" He answered that he didn't know what other people's might be, but he rather thought that his was laziness. There are no doubt at the present time many who are suffering from the same disease. Truly, he is to be pitied who has nothing to do. He is like a barnacle on a ship, or a floating derelict, unless to himself and dangerous to others.—*Rev. E. W. Caswell.*

1604. Work a Cure for Doubt.

When people began to complain to H. Clay Trumbull about not enjoying religion, he always sought to turn their attention away from their feelings to some kind of wholesome activity in the service of Christ. It was by that

that he himself had merged out of the introspective and gloomy experiences of his earlier religious life. Quite in his spirit was the advice given to a theological student who was coming to be perplexed with religious doubts and gloom. He was advised to find some useful work to accompany his theological studies and he found it in sawing wood.

1605. The Curse of Idleness.

The bees carried to Barbadoes and the Western Island ceased to lay up honey after the first year. They found the weather so fine and the materials for honey so abundant that they became exceedingly profligate, ate up their capital, worked no more, but amused themselves by flying about the sugar houses and stinging the negroes. In these days we have some people like these bees. Because they are not compelled to work, they are not only idle, but vicious.

1606. Every Worker a Helper.

A traveler, standing outside Cologne Cathedral, expressed his admiration of its beauty, "Yes," said a laborer, who was near, "it's a fine-looking building, and took us many a year to finish." "Took you!' exclaimed the tourist. "Why, what had you to do with it?" "I mixed the mortar, sir," was the modest yet proud reply. The laborer had a right to feel that he had a share in the grand work. In the same way, by his consecrated service, everyone can help in the work of building up human society into a holy temple in the Lord. Every worker is a helper.—*H.*

1607. Carrying the Dummies.

I was once crossing the Atlantic from New York to Liverpool, and after leaving New York I soon noticed that the ship was not making her usual time. I counted the revolutions of the screw and found that they were at least ten less than they should be. A look into the engine-room revealed nothing that indicated weakness, but I was not satisfied. I asked an officer what was the matter. He replied by pointing to one of the three pistons. Said he: "That piston nearest you is a dummy. It is moving up and down just like the other two, but it is not only useless, but worse than useless, for it is indebted to the two live pistons for even the life it shows. They not only have to drive the ship, but have to pull the dummy piston along while doing it."

And so I think it is with some men. They not only do nothing themselves but the live, the active, the progressive have literally to draw the dummy men after them, or else the dummies would never get on at all. Let us make no mistake in this matter. It often happens that the very little activity in real service shown by those who are the faultfinders is due wholly to the great activity of the real workers. The real workers are not only carrying the whole load of work, but they are carrying also the men who will not work and who really try to hinder the hard workers by faultfinding. —*T. Moore.*

1608. Down to Sleep, Up to Work.

We are all familiar with the evening prayer of childhood, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Do we know the morning prayer?

"Now I get me up to work,
I pray the Lord I may not shirk.
If I should die before the night,
I pray the Lord my work's all right."

The atmosphere of the Bible is the spirit of toil and industry. It is a workaday world which we see in the Bible. While there are kings and queens in the Book, for the most part the characters of the Bible are men

who tend sheep and plow the fields and draw their nets, and women who conduct the affairs of the household. There is no comfort for lazy folk in the Bible. Everywhere the air is full of the spirit of action. One book of the Bible is called The Acts—more properly it is The Book of Action. The highest example of industry in the Scripture is Jesus himself.—*Rev. E. W. Work, D.D.*

1609. Enough to Keep Busy.

A Japanese "boy" came to the home of a minister in Los Angeles recently and applied for a position. Now it happened that the household was already well supplied with servants, so the minister's wife said, "I am sorry, but we really haven't enough work to keep another 'boy' busy." "Madame," said the Oriental politely, "I am sure that you must have. You may not know what a little bit of work it takes to keep me employed." One does not have to go to Japan to find such people; they can be found in some of our American communities too.—*H.*

1610. Misplaced Energy.

Employer: "Look here, Perkins, if you would devote as much energy to your work as you do to asking me to raise your salary, I'd raise your salary."—*London Opinion.*

1611. American Idols.

The Sunday school lesson had been about the second commandment. The teacher questioned, "Are there any idols in America?" "Yes," replied the small boy, "me father is idle, and me uncle, too."

1612. Build and Launch.

A modern wit has suggested that the trouble with the people who sit and wait and watch for their ships to come in is that they have never launched any ships to begin with. We must build and launch, before sitting down to expect return cargoes.—*The Christian Age.*

1613. He Looked Like Work.

A neighbor knocked at the lazy man's door and told him of a position he could get by going after it. "Um," said the man, "it appears that considerable effort will be involved." "Oh, yes," said the neighbor, "you will pass many sleepless nights and toilsome days, but it is good pay, and a chance for advancement." "Um!" said the man, "And who are you?" 'I am called Opportunity." "Um! You call yourself Opportunity, but you look like Hard Work to me." And he slammed the door.—*The New Success.*

1614. Capital and Labor Keeping the Channel.

At the entrance to the harbor at the Isle of Man there are two lights, which guide the mariner into the harbor. One would think the two signals would confuse the pilot. But the fact is, he has to keep them in line, and so long as he keeps the two lights in line his vessel is safe. And it is just as we keep our eye on the two signals —the love of God and the love of man—that we keep the channel, and are safe from the rocks on either hand.—*Dr. W. L. Watkinson.*

1615. The Bliss of Toil.

J. P. Morgan, the banker, was once asked what he enjoyed most in his long life. He replied, "My work, my home and my family." The most of mankind generally look forward hopefully to the time when they can enjoy periods of leisure, but how few ever reach financial competence, so as to pass the remainder of their days in restfulness! Many are burdened

with age, illness or trials in their elysian retirement.

The true principle of life is to extract pleasure out of toil, delight out of employments. Our Lord said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." "I come to do Thy will, O God." Everyone has a mission to accomplish, and our greatest glory is in the performance of that work.—*Rev. E. W. Caswell.*

1616. Argon People.

That great scientist, Lord Rayleigh, discovered a new element; but, although he made many experiments, he could not find that it served any useful purpose at all. So he called it "Argon," a Greek word, meaning, "doing nothing—useless." There are many "argon" folk among us. Too many—useless people; no good; won't work.—*H.*

1617. Thank God for Work.

Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,
Passion of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world.
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it?
And what is so huge as the aim of it?
Thundering on through dearth and doubt,
Calling the plan of the Maker out.
Work the Titan, work the friend,
Shaping the earth to a glorious end,
Draining the swamps, and blasting the hills,
Doing whatever the Spirit wills,—
Rending a continent apart,
To answer the dream of the Master-heart.
Thank God for the world where none may shirk—
Thank God for the splendor of work!

—*Angela Morgan.*

1618. The Pay Envelope.

Sadly we confess the inescapable truth that what many persons want is not a worthy work so much as a good income. It is the weekly pay envelope, rather than the task, that interests them. While it would be folly to ignore that wage aspect of work, yet it is contended that a truly noble worker is first of all interested in his output; for that is the expression of his life to the world.—*W. T. Ellis.*

1619. Dewey's Delight.

At the close of his autobiography Admiral Dewey wrote a characteristic paragraph: "A gratifying feature of the rank of Admiral of the Navy, which Congress had given me, was that I was to remain in active service for life. While I lived there would be work to do."

This gallant desire of the Admiral's was fulfilled. He was kept at work—worthy and honorable work, work suited to his tastes and to his great abilities. An idle life would have killed him.

How many there are who, far from sharing Dewey's delight in "active service for life," look forward to nothing else so eagerly as to a life of inaction! When duty is all done, their pleasure will be begun.

Of course we know that it is not so. The primal curse is not the curse of labor, but of drudgery. Labor, of proper kind and in due measure, is one of man's greatest blessings. Dewey was right.—*A.*

1620. Less Than the Best.

Some men are failures who seem to be very successful. They are doing less than their best. By a short cut to public favor they have won a temporary applause, when they themselves know that they should be doing a far higher class of work. The king who succeeded as a watchmaker, to the neglect of his empire, was a real failure. Nobody is successful who is not doing the very best of which he is capable. An easy triumph may be a great defeat.—*W. T. Ellis.*

1621. Child Labor.

The Church prays, "Thy Kingdom Come." Whatever interferes with the growth of the kingdom is inimical to the very life of the Church. Whatever promotes the kingdom is the chief business of the Church. The

Seer has taught and the Christ has confirmed the great truth that the kingdom comes by the way of the Child. Towards the Golden Age of the World, towards the establishment of the Holy Mountain, "a little child shall lead." One of the pictures of the city of a future and more blessed age is thus summed up: "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls, playing in the streets thereof." It is almost inconceivable that the children should be toiling in the factories and sweatshops of an ideal city. Perhaps the streets must be made a better environment for the children. But even now in one of our cities, a street full of playing children is itself a sign that the resorts of vice and shame are elsewhere. —*A. J. McKelway.*

1622. Christ a Worker.

"I must work the works of him that sent me." When Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell was a medical student in London, he yielded himself to D. L. Moody's invitation to follow Christ. The Christian world knows what followed. The youth gave himself first to the mission among the deep-sea fishermen, and later found his field on the bleak coast of the Labrador.

Fourteen years after his conversion Dr. Grenfell called on Mr. Moody in Boston. The missionary said: "I realized my debt to him, and wanted just to say, 'Thank you.' He listened to what I had to say. Then, treating religion as the Lord's business should be treated, he said, 'Good! What have you been doing since?' 'Doing?' echoed Grenfell. 'Well, I've been living and working among fishermen from the Bay of Biscay to the coast of Labrador, instead of staying in London.' 'Regret it?' asked Moody. 'No, sir, I should say not!'"

The only regret is for the man who has once met Jesus in the way and yet must hang his head when he comes face to face with the question, as all do sooner or later, "What have you been doing since?"—*Christian Advocate.*

1623. Seed Corn of the Kingdom.

We must not grind the seed corn. —Jefferson Davis, when urged to conscript boys for service in the extremity of the Confederacy.

That nation is hastening to ruin—even to commercial ruin—which exploits its children to increase temporarily its wealth.—*Edward Howard Griggs.*

1624. Work To-day.

In a large city there is a statue of a famous soldier on horseback. The horse stands on the pedestal with the forefoot lifted from the ground, just in the act of taking a step. He is just about to go somewhere, but he hasn't started yet. If you go back there two years from now, you will find him in the very same place and in the same position. The birds have built their nests in his ears, for he never moves.

There are a great many people like that horse, people who are just about to do the right, but who never accomplish anything worth while. They are always just about to do something for missions, for temperance, or for some other worthy and needy cause; but if you go back to them in two years or six years, you will find them where you left them—just about to start. If anything good is to be done, now is the time to begin. The night cometh, when no work can be done, and when all one's good resolutions count for nothing. To-morrow never comes, but to-day is always here, and now is the time for doing.

1625. Carrying Common Burdens.

That Labor should be suspicious of the Church is due to its lack of knowl-

edge of the great, warm, sympathetic heart of the body of church members. The fact is that the large majority of church people are working people. The interests of both the Church and Labor are common interests. They cannot afford to be other than in most cordial relations. They are coming to understand each other better. It is true of them as of the parts of the great Manhattan Bridge which I see from my window as I write. The space between the spans is growing less every day. They will soon be welded indissolubly together and so will they gladly carry the burden assigned.—*W. W. White, D.D.*

1626. The Work Cure.

The queen of Sweeden, it is said, for the sake of curing some nervous derangement, has been ordered by her physician to make her own bed, to sweep and dust her own room, besides taking other and regular exercise out of doors. This has been dubbed "the chambermaid cure," and not a bad cure for many a fashionable dame would it prove. Moreover, it has the advantage of suggesting an endless number of invaluable remedies, which have hitherto been overlooked by the medicine-loving public.

There is the "Office Boy cure" for the dyspeptic millionaire, and the "Stevedore cure" for the nervous merchant, and the "Stable Boy remedy" for Croesus with the liver complaint, and the "Penny-Postman cure" for Midas who is suffering from the accumulation of to much adipose tissue, and the "Nurse Girl cure," for fashionable Mrs. Hysterics who cannot stand the noise of a crying baby, and the "Dress-Maker elixir" for Miss Flora McFlimsy who has palpitation of the heart at sight of a spider or a mouse. But really there is no end to these new and interesting additions to materia medica.

1627. How to Look at Work.

There is an old story of the two men who looked out of the window, and one saw mud, the other stars. Don't you suppose the star-seer was the happier one? Some one has well said that grumblers seldom work and workers seldom grumble. It seems as if there isn't time for both in one life.

Anyhow, work is not anything to grumble over. Dr. Henry Van Dyke says, you know:

> Heaven is blessed with perfect rest
> But the blessing of earth is toil.

And again some one else says for us when things go the exact reverse of smoothly:

> There's this much progress in a blunder,
> It shows you how to stand from under.
> —*Young People.*

1628. Smoke of torment.

> Pleasantly rings the Chime that calls to the Bridal-hall or Kirk;
> But the Devil might gloatingly pull for the peal that wakes the Child to work!
> "Come, little children," the Mill-bell rings, and drowsily they run,
> Little old Men and Women, and human worms who have spun
> The life of Infancy into silk; and fed, Child, Mother, and Wife,
> The factory's smoke of torment, with the fuel of human life.
> O weird white face, and weary bones, and whether they hurry or crawl,
> You know them by the factory stamp, they wear it one and all.
> —*Gerald Massey—"Lady Laura."*

1629. Work With a Will.

There is a very old story, so old that many have forgotten it. But it carries a good Labor Day lesson for us all. It is of a man who took passage in a stage coach. There were first, second, and third-class passengers. But when he looked into the coach he saw all the passengers sitting together without distinction. He could not understand it till by and by they came to a hill and the coach stopped and the driver called out, "First-class passengers keep their seats, second-

class passengers get out and walk, third-class passengers get out and push." Now in the Church we have no room for first-class passengers—people who think that salvation means an easy ride all the way to heaven. We have no room for second-class passengers—people who are carried most of the time, and who, when they must work out their own salvation, go trudging on, giving never a thought to helping their fellows along. All church members ought to be third-class passengers—people who, whenever there is need, are ready to dismount and push all together, and push with a will.

1630. Workers, Shirkers, Jerkers.

Mankind is divisible into two classes—the workers and the drones. But some one has suggested a triple division—into workers, shirkers and jerkers. There are many who will not do the work at all; others who will not do anything but work, and still others who work when the whim strikes them, and then only spasmodically—by fits and starts. Every pastor has some of these "jerkers" in his congregation, who take hold with violent zeal at times, only to let go suddenly before long. A jerker may be better than a shirker, but a steady worker is best of all.

1631. The Church Honoring Labor.

Divine economy has no place for idleness. Adam and Eve were to dress and keep the garden. God never intended that man should derive his chief pleasure from watching the sun go around, and seeing the table spread. One is to earn his bread in the sweat of his own face. Labor is dignified in the Sabbath commandment, which prescribes six days of work before it gives any hint of a day of rest. A Sabbath without previous working days is meaningless. Its purpose, so far as body and mind are concerned, is to relieve weariness, caused by toil. Whoever preaches the gospel of honest labor is in harmony with the Scriptures; whoever neglects to sound the keynote of activity is not doing his duty as a Christian teacher.

1632. Work not Menial.

Men are accustomed to name some callings in life menial. They intend by that designation to imply that there is something degrading in it. But it is not the calling itself that is menial or honorable. It is the man himself who either dignifies or degrades his calling. A king is not degraded by doing a humble task, but he rather dignifies the duty by his willingness to do it. If your calling makes you mean, it is menial, but if it makes you a man it is honorable.

1633. The Blessing of Work.

One of the best things for any young man is work. Idleness is the devil's trap. Work is the liberation of energy, the channel of achievement. Whatever one may lack of native talent may be compensated for by patient and persevering drudgery. The young man who does not have to work is to be pitied; the man who won't work is to be condemned; the man who is willing to work but can find no work to do should have our sympathy and our aid. But work is a generic term. One can work with his brains as well as with his hands; on his knees as well as on his feet; with his pen as well as with his pick; with his pocketbook as well as with his plumbline; with his prayers as well as with his possessions. God has not held any of us to one single line of duty. Obligation is as wide as life, and our energies should be as expansive as our vision and as generous as our prayers.

1634. Take Hold and Lift.

A teacher of one of our Freedmen's schools told me that one day as she

sat at her window, she saw two negroes loading a cart. One of them was disposed to shirk. The other stopped, and looking sharply at his lazy companion, said, "Sam, do you expect to go to heaven?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then take hold and lift," said the other. There was profound philosophy in that remark. There are scores of Christians in our churches who expect to go to heaven, who would greatly increase their chances of going there by taking hold and lifting some of the burdens which they are letting their brethren bear alone. Take hold and lift is a good motto, a good lesson to get on Labor Day.—*H.*

1635. Labor the Basis of Power.

Have the Church and Labor mutual interests? Yea, verily, Labor which does not labor, and a church which does not labor is not worthy the name. The mutual interest of the Church and Labor lies in the wonderful cry of the founder of the Church and the greatest friend that Labor ever had, which was, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor." But present conditions make too plain the sad fact that the great majority of those that labor do not, will not, come to Him. If Labor would have the Church a better Church than it is to-day, let Labor take possession of it, and by its stalwart power and consecrated life mould it according to its own devout and prayerful will. But for Labor to do this it must first come to Christ. He is the laboring man's friend, and He and His Father, the Eternal God, are the two greatest laborers the universe knows, and what He said will be forever true, "My Father worketh, hitherto, and I work."—*Richard S. Holmes, D.D.*

1636. The Gulf and the Bond.

We often hear of the "gulf" between laboring men and the Church. Who made it? Is it real or imaginary? Only in the exception is it real; and both the Church and Labor are responsible.

But what have they in common? Family interest, which means better schools, cleaner cities and the elevating of the whole moral tone, the bringing up of children in that they shall have the best training our land can afford and that they shall not perform manual labor before reaching mature age.—*Rev. C. F. Ensign.*

1637. Social Justice Imperative.

The Christian Church and Organized Labor have this great interest in common—the establishment of social justice. Both insist that men shall be dealt with as men, not as "hands," that justice demands that each shall be given a chance to make the contribution of all that in him is to the service of the brotherhood, and that the brotherhood shall recompense him with a just return. Labor may hold various views as to what that just return is; the Church is bound to insist that it shall be at least an opportunity to develop into a fullgrown son of God in the likeness of Jesus of Nazareth.—*Henry Sloan Coffin, D.D.*

1638. Go Tell the Ropemaker.

"What have you done to-day?" I asked a ropemaker. "O sir, ten hours of hard work, just twisting tow, my fingers sore, my lungs choked with dust. I did not come to the prayer-meeting last night. I was too tired; I went to sleep when I was trying to say my prayers. I sometimes think if it were not for Mary I would end it all—nothing but work, work, work. I am so tired, and I only make enough to keep body and soul together." This is one side. See the other. A ship with eleven hundred souls on board is being driven upon the shore—a land of crags, like giant teeth, stretching

up sheer and sharp. One anchor after another is dropped, each checking the speed of the vessel's drift. The last anchor is down. Will it hold? Yes; the ship is saved! Go, tell the rope-maker not to think of the toil, and the dust, and the monotony, but of the eleven hundred men and women saved. These things are written in the Lamb's Book of Life—the ring of every hammer, the click of every needle, the whirl of every loom. They who truly wait upon the Lord shall hear His angels strengthening them, as they strengthened Christ, with songs of peace and good-will to men.—*Rev. Dr. W. Burnett Wright.*

1639. Christ and His Tool.

Phillips Brooks said: "The chisel cannot carve a noble statue—it is only cold, dead steel. Yet neither can the artist carve the statue without the chisel. When, however, the two are brought together, when the chisel lays itself in the hands of the sculptor, ready to be used by him, the beautiful work begins. We cannot do Christ's work—our hands are too clumsy for anything so delicate, so sacred; but when we put ourselves into the hands of Christ, His wisdom, His skill, and His gentleness flow through us, and the work is done. Christ and we do it—not we alone, for we could not do it; yet not Christ alone, for He depends on us.

1640. Steady Work.

"Don't keep watching the steeple all the time!" The foreman said it to the little girl. She had been so much excited the day before by seeing the busy workmen clustered about the far point of the steeple. This was when the new church was being built. But this day the steeple was deserted, and the little girl had said to the foreman, "You aren't working so fast as you were yesterday, are you, Mr. Smith?" And the foreman said, "Don't keep watching the steeple all the time! It's too windy to work up there to-day. But run inside and see if it isn't coming on pretty well, after all!" And the little girl went inside, and saw there the planing and the measuring and the shaping of timbers, and all the work upon the floors and partitions and great arches. And then she saw that it is not always the steeple that shows best the rate of progress.

In other kinds of work, also, there come "windy days." One cannot always work in sight, on lofty steeples. One cannot have always the satisfaction and excitement of seeing others working in open sight. But the work, if it is a good work, may still go on, quietly and steadily and certainly. Be patient! "Don't keep watching the steeple all the time!"

1641. Labor's Prayer.

Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man!

In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

O Master, from the mountainside,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again.

Till sons of men shall learn Thy love
And follow where Thy feet have trod;
Till glorious from Thy heaven above
Shall come the city of our God.

—*F. Mason North.*

1642. Labor's Memorial Day.

Just as the Memorial Day and the several "birthdays" show our appreciation of those who rendered patriotic services, and just as the Church's "holy days" do honor to those who have served mankind spiritually, so "Labor Day Sunday" should be observed by the churches in honor of the millions of toilers who daily serve mankind in the humbler places of life.

Many a preacher, in his study, preparatory to the service, got a new vision of what the labor movement stands for, and many a workingman, listening to his Labor Day address, caught a glimpse of the purpose of the church which he had never dreamed of. These things will help bring about a better understanding between men. Surely that is the first essential to the full doing of one's duty toward his fellows. And that will help settle the labor question.—*Rev. Charles Slelzle.*

1643. Whistle and Hoe.

There's a boy just over the garden fence
Who is whistling all through the livelong day;
And his work is not just a mere pretense,
For you see the weeds he has cut away.

Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row
By the songs you know.

Not a word of bemoaning his task I hear;
He has scarcely time for a growl, I know;
For his whistle sounds so merry and clear,
He must find some pleasure in every row.

Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row
By the songs you know.

But then, while you whistle, be sure that you hoe;
For if you are idle the briers will spread;
And whistling alone to the end of the row
May do for the weeds, but it is bad for the bread.

Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row
By the songs you know.

—*Unidentified.*

1644. The Dignity of Prosaic Labor.

Labor, originally a curse, has become a crown. It is not ignoble to work, but it is a glory to a man to task himself and toil assiduously, provided the labor is honest, and that it contributes to the well-being of society. But many who admit the dignity of labor in its higher reaches—the labor of the architect, of the statesman, of the scientist, of the artist, or of the inventor—are inclined, consciously or unconsciously, to disparage the work of the humble toilers whose handicraft escapes observation and the rewards of whose toil are very meager. The laborers themselves, too, are apt to fall into a despondent temper and say: "We are wasting our time," when the tasks they are called upon to perform are chiefly the chores or errands which belong to the routine operations of life, which are needed in home or store or on the farm just to keep the machinery going.

This depreciation of prosaic labor arises from the mistake of estimating labor by its results rather than by its spirit. Because one man makes a ship where another manufactures a toy, or one woman writes a novel where another only bakes a loaf of bread, it does not follow that in the first instance greatness is present or in the latter case is absent. The motive and aim in the labor are as important as is the labor itself. What are we doing it for? is a question as pertinent as the inquiry, what are we doing?—*Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.*

1645. A Word To Workingmen.

The churches have a message for the workingman. That is why we come to you in these shop meetings. There is no other reason for our coming. In social life it is customary to return another's call. May we not expect you to call on us? We assure you of a welcome in our church homes.

But there is another reason as to why you should go to church. Some of you have children. Your children are watching you. They believe that you are the best men in all the world, and that what you do must be right. You know how true that was in your

childhood experience. When the awakening comes to your children as it one day came to you, would it not be more comfortable for you to realize that your example as fathers was such as to lead them toward that institution, which, way down in your hearts, you know to be the most uplifting force in human society?

Your wives need your help in training those children for God and for righteousness. It is hardly a square deal to thrust upon our wives all of the responsibility in this matter.

You need the church for your own sakes. Perhaps you are saying that you can lead the Christian life outside the Church. That may be true. As a matter of fact, however, you do need the Church to live the best kind of a Christian life. And you know it. Why not be honest about it?

We want not yours, but you. Our business in the world is to help people. We do not pretend that we are blameless, but we do believe that in our churches you will find that sympathy, that fellowship, that hope, that life which we ourselves found.

We want you to have it. More important still, Jesus Christ wants you to have it. Won't you come?

XXVI. RALLY DAY

(Usually Observed About Third or Fourth Sunday in September)

1645a. An Honest Rally Day.

Elijah, by a great rally at Mt. Carmel recovered Israel from apostasy. On a famous Rally Day Ezra read, from dawn until high noon, the Book of the Law in the ears of the people gathered as one man.

An honest Rally Day would start an era of fresh activity in all our churches and Sabbath schools.

1646. "Rally On the Colors!"

When an army company hears that bugle-call, it is the duty of every man to look for the flag, get to it as quickly as he can, and defend it to the last. Although our Sunday school company has not been disbanded during the summer, it has been much scattered, and we need to make a special effort to get together again, that we may devote ourselves to the honor of the colors which our great Captain has commanded us to defend and advance. We need every member of the school to help in holding up the cross of Christ before others by living daily a Christ-like life. To become Christ-like we need to study His words and deeds, in the Sunday school and out of it.

1647. The Control Lever.

Now and then an accident occurs on a railway which has only one explanation—the man in charge of the levers has failed at the proper moment to guide the wheels of the train onto a safe siding, or having set the switch in favor of a previous slow train, he fails to change it when the express approaches. There are certain "switch moments" in the lives of all of us, when the far future depends upon the instant decision.

Life is full of cross-overs and derailing devices, all of which require constant attention if moral safety is to be preserved or true achievement won. Life is not a straight track; it is as complicated as the system of rails at a junction. We need ever to watch and pray. And Rally Day is a good day to resolve to do both, and also to work.—*H.*

1647a. Not Merely "Speeding Up."

In his Sagamore Beach address on "Scientific Management and the Church," Professor Shailer Mathews, of Chicago mentioned the vehemence with which Frederick W. Taylor, the inventor of scientific management, maintains at all times that his great idea is the idea of doing work more efficiently and in no sense an idea of mere hurrying to get more work done. But Dr. Mathews remarked in contrast that the best notion of efficiency which appears in the plans of many churches and Sunday schools involves really nothing more than "speeding up." He described vividly the rush and noise and final futility of many rash efforts in the church to "boom things."

1648. Need of Rally.

Every organization of the Church recognizes the need of a Rally Day in the fall. Many churches plan to make one day a time for rallying all the forces: in the morning a rally in the interest of the church service; at the Sunday school hour an every-department rally of the Sunday school; and in the evening a rally for the Young People's Societies.

Rally Day has a great purpose, it has a great theme, and it may give great impetus to the work. Whether it does the last, or not, will depend largely upon the way it is planned, and the conscientious energy put into it.

1649. Awake, Put on Thy Strength.

A critical person might object to Rallying Day as a needless breaking in upon school routine, or as in some cases, encouraging the habit of summer listlessness in God's work. Possibly a closer study of the whole question would dispel such criticism. The day has grown out of an evident need. "Necessity is the mother of invention." The fact is that the summer vacation has of late years taken so strong a hold on our people, especially in our larger cities and towns, that a corrective or antidote is called for. It is not longer a question of a modest fortnight or even month of absence from home—no longer a question of a few families taking a brief holiday at different dates in the season, but it is a question of almost a general flight, as of the swallows in the fall, followed by a general laxity in all church work stretching far into the later months of the year.

Rallying Day is like the sounding of the gong or tocsin, like a trumpet or bugle-blast. It is a fixed day with a fixed purpose which every friendly heart must recognize and accept as its own. Vacation weeks and months come, the habits of our people are settling more and more in that direction and cannot be changed by even ecclesiastical authority. But the church can meet new demands by new methods and Rallying Day is the voice of the church to her sons and daughters: "Awake, put on strength!"

1650. Rally to Work.

Earnest purpose, unflagging zeal, bring success. Sightless Milton taught men to see what eye hath not seen. Deaf Beethoven bequeathed us harmonies and melodies which men of most acute hearing had never heard. Longfellow's sculptor, failing to reproduce his ideal of the Virgin in costly woods brought from far off islands, found his instrument of opportunity in the charred wood on the hearth. "What men want is not talent," said Bulwer; "it is purpose; in other words, not power to achieve, but will to labor." As Charles Dudley Warner reminds us, "A great artist can paint a great picture on a small canvass."

Let us make our Rally Day a day of enlistment. Let us begin the year's

work with earnest purpose and carry it out with unflagging zeal.—*H.*

1651. Rally Spirit Removes Obstacles.

The night before Jena an artillery column got stuck fast in a ravine. "Napoleon," we read, "assembled the weary gunners, provided them with tools fetched from the park in the rear. Himself holding the lantern, he urged on the work. Tired as they were, the men labored under the eye of the Emperor without a murmur, and at last the obstacle was removed, and the long column began to move slowly on." That is the way that conquerers, in all fields, win their battles.

The true rally spirit removes obstacles. Let us not fear obstacles, but overcome them. We can in the Lord's strength. Let us each say, as we go forward into the new year of work: "I will go in the strength of the Lord God."—*H.*

1652. God Requires of us Success.

When Admiral Farragut took command of the Western Gulf Squadron during the Civil War, his orders from the Navy Department said: "The Department and the country will require of you success." The requirement was met. On April 24, 1862, the fleet passed the forts at the mouth of the Mississippi and overcame, with very slight effort, a Confederate fleet of eighteen vessels. During the fight, when the men were leaving the guns, Farragut spoke the famous message: "Don't flinch from that fire, boys; there's a hotter fire than that for those that don't do their duty." Next day New Orleans was captured, and his orders had been executed. But it had been a hard contest. "It has pleased Almighty God to preserve my life through a fire such as the world has scarcely known," he wrote to his wife. "I shall return properly my thanks, as well as those of our fleet, for his goodness and mercy. He has permitted me to make a name for my dear boy's inheritance, as well as for my comfort and that of my family!"

Let us not forget that God requires of us success. He expect us to win the battle for Him, for righteousness, for all that is good and true. On this Rally Day let us be grateful that He counts us worthy of this enlistment. Let us consecrate ourselves anew to the work of conquering this world to Christ.—*H.*

1653. Nothing is Impossible.

When Daniel Webster, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill shaft, besought the vast concourse of people to "stand back," lest the crowd should break down the speaker's platform at peril of life and limb, the answer was, "It is impossible!" "Impossible!" thundered the mighty orator, "Nothing is impossible at Bunker Hill!"

Nothing is impossible for us. "If God be for us who can be against us?" Let us on this Rally Day renew our faith that we can do all things through the God who strengthens us. —*H.*

1654. Let No Handicap Hinder.

Henry Fawcett, who died some years ago in England, had a fearful handicap in life's race—he was born blind. Did he sit down under his limitation which nature put upon him and try to possess his soul in patience until God's mesenger should give him his final release? Not he. With sublime courage he resolved to make the most of himself in spite of that defect. He acquired an education, made a special study of economics, isued a text book which was widely used in English and American colleges, received honors from the great universities, entered Parliment, and became

a member of the Cabinet as Postmaster General of England. How such glorious courage rebukes us when we are despondent over our infinitely lesser difficulties.

Let no handicap hinder. Let no thought of inability hinder. Let this Rally Day see your entrance upon some phase of Christian work, which shall be pursued to glorious result. —*H.*

1655. Rally Roll Call: Are You Here?

We have all laughed at the reputed story of Pat Murphy, at the battle of Trafalgar, whose version of the battle was as follows: "Lord Nelson came on deck and said, 'Is Pat Murphy on board?' And I said, 'Here I am, me Lord.' Then said his lordship, 'Let the battle proceed.'" And yet, while this was written for a joke, there is more to it than we are apt to think. For if it had not been for the Pat Murphies, or John Joneses or Tom Smiths and others who were on hand, there would have been no victories for the Nelsons, Wellingtons, Napoleons or Grants who now live in history as great commanders.

This is the day of the Rally Roll Call. Are you here? Are you ready? Let the battle—the battle of the year, the battle for righeousness, the battle carried on in Christ's name and in His behalf—let the battle proceed. —*H.*

1656. A Calling Campaign.

It always pays when a teacher calls on the members of his class. The boys and girls—and even the adult members of the school—like the attention. A call on an irregular pupil frequently brings him to his place on the following Sunday. Our school determined to make a calling campaign a prominent part of preparation for Rally Day. We had excellent results.

1657. Rally Day Zeal.

Zinzendorf said to a Moravian brother at Herrnhut, "Can you go as a missionary to Greenland?" "Yes." "Can you go to-morrow?" "If the cobbler has finished my shoes I can go to-morrow." That was a quick, willing-hearted response. Wesley said: "If I had three hundred men who feared nothing but God, hated nothing but sin, and were determined to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ, and him crucified, I would set the world on fire." "Send us men," said a heathen convert, "with hot hearts."

1658. After Rally Day Results.

We are not to be content with a little fruit—a poor, shriveled bunch of grapes that are more like marbles than grapes, here and there, upon the half-nourished stem. The abiding in Him will produce a character rich in manifold graces. "A little fruit" is not contemplated by Christ at all. Why is it that the average Christian man of this generation bears only a berry or two, here and there, like such as are left upon the vines after the vintage, when the promise is that if we will abide in Christ we will bear much fruit? —*Alexander McLaren.*

1659. Rally and Act.

When the English fleet under Lord Nelson was bearing down upon the French ships anchored in Aboukir Bay, just before the ever-memorable battle of the Nile, the captain of one of the British vessels addressed his crew at considerable length, and, having exhorted them to remember their duty, and what their country required at their hands, he turned to the captain of the marines and said: "Now, sir, you have heard what I have said to the ship's company; it may be as well for you to

say something to the men particularly under you." Upon which the marine officer commanded "attention," and addressed them in the following pithy and laconic manner: "My lads, do you see that land?" pointing to the shore which they were rapidly nearing. "That," said he, "is the land of Egypt; and if you don't fight like the mischief, you'll soon be in the house of bondage." The effect was electrical.

1660. In the Field of Work.

A pastor once had occasion to visit one of his flock who was a farmer, on a spiritual errand. On arriving at the farmhouse the minister inquired whether his parishioner was at home. "You will find him in the harvest field," was the reply. And so it proved. The busy farmer, making hay while the sun shone, improving the opportune weather for the ingathering of the matured crops, was discovered by the minister with the message at the post of duty, losing no precious moments in gossip, idling or miscief-making. "Found in the harvest field!" That is the true description of a faithful Christian laborer.—*C. A. S. Dwight.*

1661. Not to Eat But Hoe.

I found in a small country church away up among the hills of Vermont a certain deacon of great wealth, who was one of the most zealous and self-denying members in that little church, and known throughout the whole community for his good works. I ventured to ask him one day why he was pursuing a course so unusual for rich men. His reply was, "When I became a Christian and began to read my Bible with appreciation of its meaning, I read that I was called into the vineyard of the Lord, and I made up my mind at once that I wasn't called there to eat grapes, but to hoe; and I've been trying to hoe ever since."—*Christian Endeavor World.*

1662. Lifting Dead Weights.

A square flag-stone of a pound's weight was recently shoved out of place in an English town by the united efforts of only three mushrooms growing under it. This shows the immense power of a thing that grows. And three live Christians in a community will often, by the inherent force of their life, lift up the dead weights of woldliness over them.

1663. Keep the Light Burning.

An old light-house keeper was passing away. For years it had been his duty to keep the lamps in the high tower burning. Now the fire of his own life was burning low, as he slipped out upon the sea of another world. Suddenly he raised himself upon one elbow, and asked: "Is the lamp burning in the tower? You know we must not let it go out to-night. Some one will be watching for it." "Yes, the lamp is all right." "Then I can rest." And the old man passed away. How is it with the light committed to our care? Is it burning brightly?

1664. Rally Day Verse.

Welcome, welcome, Rally Day,
Bringing back the dear old way.
See, our scattered people come,
Gladly singing "Harvest Home."
We will strive with purpose true
Faithful work for Christ to do.

1665. Rally Day a "Bracer."

Rally Day is a "bracer" for the new campaign. Now we get our forces together, raise our banner, shout our battle cry, and Forward, March! The day stands for consecration, a fresh giving of ourselves to the greatest of all tasks, the winning of souls. A large attendance is not the only desirable thing. That

alone may prove very deceptive. The services of the Rally Day should be profoundly earnest, a service in which we shall be "re-Pentecosted, recharged with "Power from on high."

1666. Old Home Day.

Rally Sunday is the "Old Home Day" of the Sunday school. An atmosphere of cordiality, in which is mingled welcome for those returning from the summer absences and good cheer for those who, not having been able to take a long rest away from home, have borne the burden and heat of the season in their usual places, even in the Sunday school, should be its most prominent feature. In making provision for such a Rally Day, much depends on the superintendent, but he must have the coöperation of both teachers and pupils if a successful anniversary is to be assured.—*James L. Rand.*

1667. Rally and Carry On.

"Carry on!" Ever since the great world war the term has stood for courage and fidelity, for cheerfulness and grit, whether in the man in khaki or the housewife waiting at home. For a certain group of fighting lads who met for prayer one Saturday evening "somewhere in France," it became very sacred. One of these men led in prayer, and amid much halting and stumbling his spiritual genius found vent in the cry, "Lord, help us to obey thy command, 'Carry on till I come.'" Rev. J. A. Patten, one of the finest chaplains that English Congregationalism produced, tells of this impromptu "translation" which made a spiritual reality to glow and live in the minds of soldier lads.—*E. Herman.*

1668. "Fall In." Rally Day Call.

One of the most stirring moments in a military camp is when the "long roll" sounds, and the first sergeant walks down the company street calling out, "Fall in, men, fall in." Then, indeed, is seen a hurrying "in hot haste." No matter upon what the soldier has been engaged. the work or play is instantly dropped, and every energy is bent upon reaching one's place in the now forming ranks before that summons ceases to be heard. Bible and cards alike are dropped, and the half-read letter is thrust into the pocket, while the half-written one is consigned to the knapsack.

The noncommissioned officers are first in place with reversed rifles to fix the alignment of the company, and the soldier, adjusting gaiter, belt or bandoleer as he runs, is intent upon being in line before the roll-call begins. As the drum ceases, the company guides bring their guns to the shoulder with a snap, step into their places, the names are called, and the sergeant turns over with a salute the company to its officer in command. Then, at the tap of the drum, from all over the encampment, keeping time to the music, the companies are seen marching down their streets to where they break from column into line to right and left of the regimental colors. All is so instant, cheerful and precise that many a pastor looking upon or remembering it, says to himself, "Would that I could so get the good soldiers of Jesus Christ into their places after the summer rest!"—*The Interior.*

1669. Rally the Prayer Meeting.

If the church rallies to the prayer meeting as it should, the working of the Spirit may be expected, and the winning of souls will be a natural outcome. The influence will be extended by neighborhood meetings in outlying districts and if those that cannot attend the regular gatherings will make a point of observing the

hour at home or wherever they may be.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

1670. Setting Up the Banner.

The flag makes the difference between an army and a mob. Throughout this Middle West for unknown hundreds of years the Chippeway and the Ojibway, the Pawnee and the Ogalalah, the Crow and the Blackfoot, the Gros Ventres and the Nez Perces were in perpetual conflict, but there never was between tribes an Indian "war." Without an ideal, without a principle, without a standard, the death of an opponent is not war but massacre, murder or revenge.

With the beginning of a new year of church work we here set up our standards once more and call to the muster all who love God and all who would serve their fellow-men.

1671. Model Letter to Cradle Roll.

Dear Little Cradle Roll Friend:

While you are one of the smallest members of our Sunday school army, we love you most of all, and Rally Day would seem very strange without you and your papa and mama, so we invite you all to come Rally Day, September 29th, at 2:30, to our kindergarten room, on Madison Street, to take part with your papa and mama in the march of the Cradle Roll members around the kindergarten room. We shall have a badge for you the same color as this invitation.

Now be sure to come, for we love you and have a warm place for you in our big Sunday school family.

Your friends,

Supt. Cradle Roll.

Supt. Sunday school.

P. S.—Perhaps your mama can bring on Rally Day the name and birthday of a new member of the Cradle Roll, the baby of some friend or neighbor. We know she will try.

1672. Following Up Rally Day.

And what has the school been rallied to? Is it to drop back into the same old rut the next Sunday and remain there for fifty more? Has it an unvaried program, unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, something like this: Song—Reading—Song—Prayer—Lesson Study—Song—Report—song? Some schools have, and sometimes the singing is very slow, and the prayer very long. If this is the intention, and the school know it from past experiences, no wonder they didn't rally, and no wonder that Rally Day doesn't amount to much anyway. Children love action. If we want them to love the school, its sessions must be bright, alive, varied, and never slow. Herein lies one cause of the after-failure of many a well-planned and executed Rally Day. It will take time and thought and hard work to keep the school up to the standard set on that day through the rest of the year, but the endeavor will pay, nevertheless.—*Ben Hains.*

1673. A Winning Position.

Some years ago the Bolton Wanderers were playing a match with another well known football team. The weather had been stormy, and the ground was very muddy. The game was exciting and fierce, and the spectators wondered which team was going to be the victor. Suttcliffe, the famous goalkeeper for Bolton, had to fall on his knees to save the ball from going into the net. It was a marvelous "save." All over the country the telegraphic message was despatched: "A marvelous 'save' by Suttcliffe on his knees!" It is a grand position to be in to beat off the forces of evil. It is a grand position to be in to win for the forces of good. Pray and Rally. Rally and Pray.—*H.*

1674. Rally Call to Men.

DEAR FELLOW WORKER:

The summer is passing. Vacations for this year will soon be over. May we do not expect a rally of our full membership on the first Sunday of September? and in connection with that rallying may we hope for and expect an increase of membership? Let each member select some man (or men) in the community, not now in our membership, and plan and labor to bring him (or them) to the class on the first Sunday in September. Let us do this, not because we desire a large class simply, or for any such reason, but because of the good that may come to these men, and to the community if they will come in. And they will come, if we are earnest and persistent in our efforts.

Yours Truly,

Leader.

1675. Plant a Flag.

An army which never orders a muster and a business which never takes account of stock, will be found poorly fitted to meet emergencies. Not a few churches with large enrollment have small congregations, and we have known a Sunday school with three hundred names upon the record whose usual attendance was between fifty and sixty.

Pastors and superintendents owe it to their charge to call them together promptly upon the resumption of regular services, and they ought to mark the day, as the psalmist says, by setting up their banners.

Old soldiers remember that the first thing done at the conclusion of a march was to plant a flag. Not the mess-table but the colors constituted the center of the encampment. Not the eagles upon the colonel's shoulders gave coherency to the troop, but the stars upon the blue-field. The man might disappear by death or promotion, but the banner remained the same. There might be tempting groves to the right or sweet flowing waters to the left, the center of the camp was never determined by shade or fountain but by the planting of the flag and the loosing of its folds. When Christ's people rally, they should rally about the cross.—*The Interior.*

1676. Get Them. Keep Them.

Having gathered the children on Rally Day, the next step is to keep them. Two things are essential: A personal interest shown in each scholar, and an interesting school. The teachers must be kept interested if the children are held in the school. The superintendent who brings his teachers into close personal contact with himself—inspiring, enthusing and loving them—has accomplished much in securing faithful coöperation. A superintendent's duties are not finished when he has announced the closing hymn!

If the superintendent and teachers are interested in their work, there will be no trouble in making the sessions interesting.

1677. Steam On and Off.

The more fully I realize the drift of summer habits, the more fully I see the need of something like Rally Sunday. For good or ill, we as a people are getting into the way of crowding our activities into the cool season. This is true of town life of any size. We let on the steam in October, and its pressure is on the wheels till the latter part of May. Then we shut off this energy. We ask for rest, or else a lessened measure of action. Not only social activities are hushed, but the spiritual pace is checked. There is a quiet atmosphere in church circles. There is also a Sunday school brake that is applied, and the train either comes to a halt or it is run at greatly

lessened speed. It would be hard to tell where the boys and girls are if the school be continued, if the train still be running. They are scattered everywhere in the great summer exodus. Hence, I appreciate the good of a vigorous trumpet-blast some time in September, to get the scattered flock together.—*Rev. Edward A. Rand.*

1678. A Rally Day Song.

'Tis a glad day when we rally!
Now have someone keep the tally,
And not let a name be lacking from the list;
Hurry! fill up all the classes
With the happy lads and lasses;
If you're not on hand right promptly, you'll be missed.

Our vacation time is over;
We'll no longer play the rover,
Every Sunday now shall surely find us here;
There's no place on earth much brighter,
Or can make a heart the lighter,
For we come to learn the Gospel of good cheer.

Then, let's each one bring another
Little sister, or big brother—
Not our own, maybe, but borrowed, we might say;
So when next we have our rally,
And somebody keeps the tally,
There'll be present twice as many as today!

—*Helen A. Hawley.*

1679. Rallying for Sunday School Work.

In the dark days of the Civil War, when blood and treasure were being poured out to preserve the Union, and the North was straining every nerve to put an end to secession and slavery, among the lyrics that greatly stirred the hearts of Northerners was the song, "Rally Round the Flag!" The "songs of the nation" are always a potent influence in shaping its developing life, and this song, though its particular occasion has passed by, may still appropriately be sung as the slogan of a great people's better life.

Every growing nation always has numerous noble causes on hand which call for the rallying in their defence. The zeal of many excellent people is apt to grow cold in the support of any great public or social interest, and the necessity of periodic rallying of forces for its sustentation accordingly appears. The old cry of the color-sergeant, in advance of his company, while carrying the battle-scarred flag into the midst of the carnage, "Bring up the men there!" needs to be repeated again and again in church and society, for there are always laggards and cowards who straggle in the rear when the sharpest conflict is going on, or who refuse altogether to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

In the cause of the Sunday school the need of this periodic rallying clearly appears.

XXVII. TEMPERANCE SUNDAY

(Last Sunday in October.)

1680. The Ermine's Fear.

The fur of the ermine is of perfect whiteness. The dainty little creature apears to make it the business of its life to keep clean. So strong in this instinct that the ermine will suffer capture rather than defilement. Trappers know this fact and use it to the destruction of the little creature. They will smear filth over the paths that the ermine would naturally choose to escape, and it falls into the trap because it keeps itself unspotted. Do we so detest the defilment of sin that we would suffer rather than become defiled? Intemperance is one of the most defiling of sins.—*H.*

1681. Digging his Grave.

General Scott was in command of a camp, at Rock Island, Ill. Cholera made its appearance in the camp, and

the general issued an order that any soldier who would be found drunk should be compelled, as soon as his strength would permit, to dig a grave in a suitable burying-place, large enough for his own reception, "as such a grave cannot fail soon to be wanted for the drunken man himself or some drunken companion." In a less literal sense, it may be said that every drunkard digs his own grave—the grave, at least, of his health, will-power, and ambition.—*The Youth's Companion.*

1682. Bottles and Rags.

An old junk dealer who used to call out from alley to alley, "Bottles and rags," was asked why he thus classified the things he wanted to buy. He replied: "Well, you know, where you find bottles you always find rags."

1683. Deceiving the Ducks.

It is said that when the Chinese fowler sees a number of ducks settled on a pool, and wants to catch them, he lets float out from him two or three large hollow gourds. When these approach the ducks they are at first afraid, but soon lose their timidity. When the fowler sees this, he wades out slowly among the ducks, having over his head and shoulders a large gourd with holes to see and breathe through. He stealthily approaches a duck, and seizing it by the legs draws it under the water, fastens it to his girdle, and proceeds to catch more until his girdle is full; then he wades out, chuckling at his skill in deceiving the silly ducks with his gourd shells. Yet many who think they are vastly wiser than the silly duck are decoyed by the selfish fascinations of evil company, questionable amusements, and the wine-cup, and fastened to the girdle of their cruel, mocking fowler, Satan.—*Louis Albert Banks, D.D.*

1684. What Whiskey Will Do.

A temperance orator was being constantly interrupted by a man in the audience. When the speaker condemned whiskey, the interrupter broke in with: "But it's a medicine. A strong glass of hot whiskey and water will break up a cold." "And eight glasses will break up a home." The orator retorted.—*William J. Hart, D.D.*

1685. Bad Business.

An English drinking fountain (water) was closed because it was suspected of containing fever germs. In the same town, a saloon, bearing the name "The Fountain" was permitted to run and pour forth a continual stream of misery, crime, poverty, suicide, insanity.

1686. Fighting Fire.

James Robertson, the home missionary pioneer of Western Canada, has found an enthusiastic biographer in Ralph Connor. He tells us that Robertson was "a man with the best of them" before he left his Ontario parish for his heroic struggle in Manitoba. One Sunday evening a hotel took fire, and, the alarm being sounded, Robertson dismissed the congregation, took command of the bucket brigade, and succeeded in saving the building. Exhausted by the tremendous strain under which he had been, a bottle of brandy was brought him by the grateful landlord. But Robertson seized the bottle by the neck, swung it round his head, and dashed it against the brick wall, exclaiming "That's a fire that never can be put out."—*William S. C. Webster.*

1687. The Key is There.

Just outside a cemetery stood a liquor saloon. A sign on the corner of the saloon read as follows: "The key to the cemetery within."—*Zor. B. West.*

1688. Alcohol in Arctic Regions.

The Arctic traveler, Nansen, was asked by a neighbor, "Did you take

any alcohol with you when you left the *Fram* to make your heroic expedition by sledges?" "No," said Nansen, "had I done so I should never have returned."

1689. Alcohol in the Tropics.

"I was with the relief column that moved on to Ladysmith," said Sir Frederick Treves. "It was an extremely trying time from the heat of the weather. In the column of some thirty thousand men, the first who dropped out were not the tall men, or the short men, or the big men—but the drinkers. They dropped out as clearly as if they had been labeled with a big letter on their backs."—*Christian Endeavor World.*

1690. Drinkers Bad Company.

The crows, one spring, began to pull up a farmer's young corn, so he loaded his gun and went out to frighten them away. Now the farmer had a parrot, who when he saw the crows pulling up the corn, flew over and joined them. Presently, bang! went the farmer's gun, and when he went to see what execution he had done, he found to his surprise, beside killing three crows, he had wounded his parrot. He took the bird home, and the children asked: "What did it, papa? What hurt our pretty Poll?" "Bad Company! Bad company!" answered the parrot in a solemn voice. "Ay, that was it," said the farmer. "Poll was with those wicked crows when I fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate, children. Beware of bad company!" Don't go and mix with those who indulge in strong drink." —*Sunday Circle.*

1691. Kicking the Traps to Pieces.

There is a story of a very good and kind-hearted little girl whose brother had been setting traps to catch birds. The little girl did not approve of this at all, and was greatly grieved that he should be so cruel. She expostulated with him and tried to get him to see that he should let the birds alone.

One day she approached her mother with a very beaming face and told her that she did not think that any more birds would be trapped about there. Upon being pressed for the reason for her confidence she said that she had talked to her brother a number of times and begged him to let the birds alone. As this did not seem to make it sure she said she had prayed to God very earnestly in the matter. To make it absolutely safe, however, she said that she had gone out and kicked the traps to pieces. And thus she rested in calm and happy assurance.

Thus in the work of temperance it is well to have all the temperance lecturers possible, with temperance sermons from the pulpits, and temperance articles in the papers, and temperance instruction in the schools and the homes, and to have the pledge administered to all who can be persuaded to take it. It is also never to be overlooked that prayer without ceasing is to be made to God for the removal of the evil. But along with this let there be most vigorous and ceaseless efforts, in the way of the making and enforcing of good laws, to kick to pieces the traps that are set for the destruction of the souls and bodies of the people.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

1692. Between the Boy and the Saloon.

Dr. E. S. Chapman, the anti-saloon war-horse of California, relates this incident, vouching for its literal truth: "I remember well a story which my father used to tell from his boyhood up in Maine. A certain settler in the north woods of Maine let his young son, who wanted to go hunting, take a gun and trudge off alone into the

woods through the deep Maine snow. The lad was bidden to return within a short time, but when he did not come the troubled father started out to search for his boy. He had not followed the trail very far before, to his anguish, he saw the tracks of a panther mingling with the tracks of the lad. A murderous beast was following on his sons steps. Suddenly he noticed another trail crossing at right angels the trail he had been following. He knelt and examined it carefully. The tracks were those of his boy, but here were no panther tracks. The keen sense of the woodsman read the story at once. The lad, confused and wandering, had circuited the adjacent hill, and recrossed his own path, but the panther, following behind, had not yet completed the circuit. The father's task was easy: he secreted himself near at hand, waited until the panther came, and shot it dead; then hurried to overtake his son." When he tells the story, Dr. Chapman makes this application: "We've got between the boy and the saloon now; let's shoot the saloon dead when it comes by on the trail."

1693. It Biteth and Stingeth.

At the Colonial Temperance Conference held a few years ago in England, the king of the Maoris made a touching reference to the wholesale destruction of his people resulting from the introduction of strong drink. "Before the white man came," he said, "the beautiful honey-birds flittered from flower to flower like feathered jewels, thrusting their long tongues into the flowers, and sharing the sweetness with the stingless native bee. But the white man came, and with him came the European honey-bee with its deadly sting, and the unsuspecting birds, thrusting their tongues into the flowers, were stung to death, until the species has become extinct. It is thus that you English have destroyed us. Our simple people have thrust their tongues into your strong drink, and it has stung them to death, and they are perishing off the face of the earth." —*Ram's Horn.*

1694. The Cause of Stripes.

Three hundred convicts in the penitentiary of Alabama were asked by its chaplain how many of them owed their convict stripes to the use of liquor, and 281 rose to their feet. —*Herald and Presbyter.*

1695. Realizing our Dreams.

A great artist, when asked how he could paint such marvelous pictures, replied, "I dream dreams, and I see visions and then I paint my dreams and my visions."

The temperance reformation, like every other reform, is the bringing into reality, through toil and struggle and sacrifice, the dreams of great souls. The dream is idle unless it inspires to self-denying toil.

1696. When the Boys Decided.

I was visiting in a home near the river when the boys of the household said: "Won't you come out and see our club-room?" So I went with them out into her twenty-by-thirty brick-paved court, which was used by six or eight families. (Some of the children preferred the street for a playground, but these lads tried to make the best of the premises.) Gleefully they took me to a rough shed made of waste timbers they had picked up on the railway track. How proudly they looked at the work of their hands. A few newspaper pictures were on the walls; a game of checkers rested on a chair; a baseball bat was in the corner. But the crowning feature was a placard which one of the boys had laboriously fashioned: *No smoking. No chewing. No canning beer here.*

"We don't want none of that, 'cause we have seen enough of it, and

what awful things come of smoking and swearing and canning beer,—especially the beer," the maker of the notice explained as he noted the direction of my gaze.—*Rev. John T. Farris.*

1697. Made the Squirrels Drunk.

A policeman at the Capital building in Washington saw some little girls watching the squirrels which were capering about in a very queer fashion. The policeman said "Stop that! Don't you know it is against the rules to feed peanuts to the squirrels?" "We aint a feeding them peanuts, we're giving them candy; and the squirrels always do funny things when we give them candy." The policeman said, "Give me some of that candy." It was found to be loaded with brandy. The "booze drops" sold by many confectioners were given by children to the squirrels, and the squirrels by their antics showed that they were intoxicated. Investigation showed that the law was not adequate to protect children, to say nothing of the squirrels, against the seduction of brandy drops.

1698. Trifling with a Serpent.

There is a fable that a serpent found himself surrounded with a ring of fire, and said to a man standing near, "Lift me out," and the answer was, "If I do, you will bite me." Over and over the serpent pledged himself that he would not do it, and finally, the fable goes, the young man reached over and lifted the serpent from his perilous position. But he was no sooner safe than his fangs protruded, and he made ready to strike with the sting of death. "But you promised you would not," said his rescuer. "I know I did," said the serpent, "but it is my nature to sting, and I can't help it." And this is true of strong drink. Men have trifled with it, and they imagine that when they choose to do so, they can break themselves free from its power; but it is its nature to sting and kill and destroy, and no one is so strong that he can overcome it in his own strength if it once gets a hold upon his life.—*Good Templer Watchword.*

1699. It Hurts Anyway.

A splendid surgeon was called to go ten miles into the country to amputate the leg of a farmer who had been injured in his machinery, but the surgeon drank so freely before and during the ride that he was not able properly to perform the operation. He failed to protect some of the severed nerves, and the patient now spends many sleepless nights and days of suffering from which the doctors say nothing but death will relieve him.

This unfortunate man has always been strictly temperate, his children and grandchildren are sober and industrious, and there is not a saloon within ten miles, but you couldn't convince any of that household that "whisky won't hurt you if you let it alone."—*Will S. Campbell.*

1700. "Hit Him in the Shoulder."

A farmer at Akron, Mo., was attacked by his savage bull in a high-fenced yard, and could not escape. A hired man came with a gun to shoot the beast. "Don't kill him," cried the farmer, thinking of the loss; "just hit him in the shoulder." The man fired as directed, only inflicting a wound that maddened the bull, and incited him to gore the farmer to death.

There is nothing gained by dealing tenderly with the devil. Saul spared Agag, and lost his kingdom. Many a man has spared his sins, and lost his soul. When Elisha tells the king to smite, he must strike with all his might and when a man enters into the work of God, it is his business to throw all his energies into the service, and wage an uncompromising war-

fare with every form of evil. Hitting in the shoulder does not answer; the blow must reach the heart. When men really put on the armor of God, and fight the good fight of faith, somebody is likely to get hurt.

This tender-heartedness which supports sin and winks at evil-doing, which hits the devil in the shoulder, and is tender of the feelings of hypocrites and evil-doers, only lays the foundation for trouble, and causes misery in the end. Christian soldier, be steadfast and faithful in your work.

Let there be no light shoulder taps in our fight against intemperance.

1701. Feel Loud.

"I will seek it yet again." Here lies the supreme mystery. They "seek it yet again," whether they want to, or not. They think they will not, but they do. They declare they need not, but they must! Shall the tack say to the magnet, "I refuse to go!" It is a question of chemical affinity. After a certain stage of brain deterioration, it becomes a mere matter of appetency. Men rush after alcohol as the substances in a laboratory rush together to combine. Yes, you will seek it yet again and again and again until finally no obstacle can prevent you. You will find it, if you have to trample over the dead bodies of your loved ones. It is hard to restrain oneself while speaking on this theme. "Why don't you sing louder, Bobbie?" asked the Sunday-school teacher of a little fellow who was inaudibly mumbling "I want to be an angel." "I'm singin' as loud as I feel," he replied. But I feel a thousand times as loud as I speak.—*Sunday School Times.*

1702. At Last.

"At last!" This is the supreme test. What becomes of anything—"at last"? It is not the beginning, but the end, that ought to figure in our calculations. If a habit or principle leads to trouble in the long run, it makes no difference how innocent or commendable it seems at the start. "In the long run!" There are trophies on the athletic grounds for the sprinters who excel in a "hundred yard dash," but the prizes of life are all offered for the "long run"! What are you, when you reach the goal—not what were you when you "toed the scratch," is what your Judge will want to know. It isn't how the vessel looks when she leaves the harbor, but how she carries her cargo when she reaches her destined haven! It makes very little difference how the first glass of wine affects you. The real problem is—what will the accursed stuff do to you after you have been drinking it for years! The great moralists have never threatened you with the dangers of the first few drops! What they tell you is—that "at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." It was this very day that a lady came to see me about a little child who has been heard to cry in her dreams again and again, "Go way, papa, you're drunk! you're drunk." To these horrors the drink habit comes "at last."—*Rev. C. F. Goss.*

1703. Hell and Brandy.

John B. Gough relates that a friend said to him: "You are surprised that I have sacrificed all that is dear to me to this fatal appetite: but when that terrible craving comes upon me, if you were to offer me with one hand, heaven with a cup of cold water, and with the other hell, with a glass of brandy, I would be compelled by that appetite, without a moment's hesitation to take hell and the brandy."

1704. Prison Fare.

A gentleman was once asked if he would take some bread and a glass of wine. His answer was: "No, I will take some bread and a glass of water." His friend smilingly answered, "Bread

and water! That is prison fare!" "No," said he, "not prison fare, but garrison fare. We cannot afford to be off our guard."

1705. Labor and Liquor.

One of the most encouraging signs of the times, to temperance men, is the very pronounced stand that is being taken by labor organizations, both in Great Britain and in this country. "A very interesting item in this connection, says the *Christian Guardian*, "comes recently from Montreal. At a recent meeting of the Trades and Labor Council, a letter was read from Mr. Mee, president of the Montreal Bartenders' Association, asking permission for the members of that association to take part in the Labor Day parade. The request was quietly refused. The excuse given was that the admission of the bartenders to the Labor Day parade would have damaged the cause of labor; and the fear was expressed that the liquor trade would probably have tried in the end to secure control of the whole labor organization, and use it to further its own interests. This the labor party realizes would be suicidal. Labor and liquor are enemies, and can never be friends."

1706. Thinking of Others.

"Let no man seek his own, but each his neighbor's good." One of the most distinguished military men now living in America was some time ago at a great public dinner. It was a splendid occasion, and the tables were surrounded with many famous men and brilliantly attired women. At every plate there were placed a number of wine-glasses. The distinguished general referred to was noticed to take the occasion to turn down all his glasses before the servant came with the wine. A lady, sitting at his side, said to him: "Excuse me, General, but I have noticed that on every occasion where I have been with you at dinner you have always turned down your glasses. Do you never drink wine?" "No," replied the general, "I never drink it." "I do not wish to be impertinent," replied the lady, "but I would very much like to know why a man of your age and character should feel it necessary to refuse the comfort and exhilaration of a glass of wine?" The general smiled, and said, "I am very willing to tell you all there is about it. It might be perfectly safe for me and no doubt would be, to drink a glass of wine with my dinner, but yonder is my son sitting at the other table. If I do not drink wine he will not. If I drink it, he will follow my example."—*Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D.*

1707. Now March!

A famous sculptor in Florence, working alone and allowing no one to see what he was doing, made a statue of St. George, and when he showed it to his master, it was so life-like that the master stood in front of it and looking at it from head to foot, said to it, "Now march!"

There are a great many Christian men in the situation of that statue. They need to be inspired by the call to service, and to hear and heed the Divine Command, that will send them marching forth to battle for righteousness.

1708. Profiting by Experience.

"I will seek it yet again." Hooligan was an ape who entertained visitors at the office of an insurance company in a Chinese treaty port. One day, "for the fun of it," the local agent determined to teach the ape to drink. Various liquors were tried, but Hooligan declined to indulge. At length a rich egg-nog was prepared; the animal took the proffered glass, and finding the beverage to his taste

drank it eagerly. In a little while poor Hooligan was performing in a way he never had before. Next morning the ape sat disconsolate in a corner of the yard; he held his aching head, food he would not touch, and human society he would have none of. A second day of fasting passed, but on the third Hooligan was on the railing of the back veranda as bright as ever. After a time the agent prepared another egg-nog, and gave it to the ape. Hooligan tasted the liquid cautiously, then with all his strength dashed the glass to the floor. As the agent told of the matter his listener could not help remarking, "Mr. Blank, Hooligan is wiser than you are," and wiser than countless others who, knowing full well the effects of alcoholics, "seek it yet again."—*A. M. Shumaker.*

1709. For Good Walking.

Edward Payson Weston, pedestrian: "On my long walks during over forty years in public life experience has taught me that nature should not be outraged by the use of artificial stimulants. On my walk from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, I drank cold tea. On the recent walk from Philadelphia to New York in less than twenty-four hours, I drank milk and cold tea. On any of these walks a single glass of wine would have made me fail. I sometimes use whiskey on the soles of my feet."—*The Sentinel.*

1710. How Drink Disfigures.

There is an old story of a painter who wanted to represent man at his best and man at his worst. For the fairest type of humanity he chose a little child fresh from God's hand, and, having painted its features, he looked about for one to represent the other type of human nature. Features there were about him besotted and brutal; but none quite suited him, and so he travelled far and wide searching every one, but in vain. The years went by and still the quest was unavailing, but after a long time he found a face so brutal that he was willing to take it at his model. The story asserts that the innocent little child and the debased, grown-up man were one and the same person.

1711. An Irish Politician's Advice.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the brilliant Irish politician and writer, gives good advice to young men when he says: "And let me whisper this word finally in your ear: It won't do you the least harm if you are a teetotaler. You may lose something, but you gain tenfold. I believe in half a century from now no man will rise to the height of any profession, in the field, in the forum, or at the desk, who is not a teetotaler."—*The American Issue.*

1712. It Cost Too Much.

The following incident caused Mr. F. N. Charrington to give up all interest in his father's brewery. "Just as I passed the pubic-house, the Rising Sun, a poor woman, with little children dragging at her skirts, pushed open the door and said. 'Oh, Jack, do give me some money. The children are crying for bread!' The man's only reply was to knock the woman down in the gutter. At that moment, glancing up, I saw my own name staring me in the face, 'Charringon, Head, and Co.'s Entire' being written in large letters on the sign-board. I thought, this is one case in one public-house; probably in this house alone there are many similiar cases of misery and wretchedness caused by drink. This house is only one out of hundreds that we possess; therefore, what a fearful amount of degradation and sorrow we are responsible for! In

knocking down his wife, the man knocked me out of the liquor trade." Mr. Charrington then and there resolved to have nothing further to do with the trade, and sacrificed a hundred thousand dollars a year in consequence.—*W. R. Clark, Manchester, Eng.*

1713. Discovered.

If a sailor discovered a mine-field laid by an enemy and ascertained its exact whereabout, how much good he might do by giving this information to all ships likely to be going that way! The temperance people have discovered exactly where the danger of drunkedness lurks; it is in the practice of drinking. Not everyone who drinks becomes a drunkard, of course not; just as not every ship that sails through a mine-field gets blown up. But there is the danger all the same, and when the warning is once given it is well to keep as far as possible from the place of danger. —*Sunday School Chronicle.*

1714. Harry Lauder's Testimony.

Harry Lauder, the comedian, gave this personal testimony: "No man can be successful and drink. It does not matter who he is, soldier or civilian. When I started on the stage somebody said, 'Well, it is a great life for dissipation and drinking.' 'Well,' I said, 'if there is any success to be had through being sober and steady, I will get it,' and I took a vow that I would not touch, taste or handle strong drink of any discription until I had made a name for myself. Now that I have made my name known all over the world, I see more necessity for doing the thing that is right than ever before in order to hold that reputation. There is more need now for me to be sober and steady, for I am looked upon as an example."

1715. Time For the Committal Service.

Bishop McDowell, introducing Secretary Daniels to the Baltimore M. E. Conference, said: "The Secretary wishes no other liquor about the navy than water." The Secretary in the midst of a scathing denunciation of the liquor traffic suddenly paused and after a moment of thought said: "But why speak disrespectfully of the dead?"

1716. Cut It Out.

There are diseases the only cure for which is the surgeon's knife. In the civic body drunkedness is such a disease. The only real cure is to cut off the saloons. This can be done only by Federal amendment, for liquor men get around every other method.

1717. The Heathen God.

God have mercy on the Christian nations with starvation staring them in the face, who surrender their honor and sacrifice their child-hood on the altars of drink.

1718. Nobody Wants Him.

That was a piece of fine oratory recently when a lecturer, speaking of the drinking young man, said: "The railroads don't want him, the ocean liners don't want him, the banks don't want him, the merchants don't want him." Then, referring to an advertisement of a saloon-keeper for a bartender who does not drink: "the saloon-keeper does not want him." Turning with his most winesome smile to the audience, he said: "Now, girls, do you want him?"—*Lutheran Messenger.*

1719. Target Practice and Rum Ration.

Admiral Sir John Jellicoe is well known to be a keen temperance ad-

vocate. "If I were taking a fleet into action," he said once, "I would see to it that no intoxicants were served out for at least twenty-four hours before." "As regards straight shooting," he said on another occasion, "it is every one's experience that abstinence is necessary for the highest efficiency." In support of this he quoted the statement of Captain Ogilvy, the famous gunnery instructor, who has declared that the efficiency of the men has been proved by careful tests to be 30 percent worse after the issue of the rum ration than before it.—*Sunday at Home.*

1720. Heroes Needed Yet.

A young man talking with Wendell Phillips once said: "Since the Civil War is over there are no battles to fight. I am sorry." The great orator led him to the window, and pointing across the street said: "See those saloons! Such battles are never over, my friend." It may seem that to battle against a saloon is to battle against a forlorn hope. This cannot be, for Christianity stands for a greater power than the saloon, and "Christian people," says a New York brewer, "can down the liquor men whenever they try, and they know it. But the liquor men's hope is in working after the church people get tired of keeping at work three hundred and sixty-five days in a year." If this is so, who then is guiltless? Since the Prohibition Amendment of the U. S. Constitution has been adopted the saloon men are on the run.

1721. Undesirable Warmth.

A doctor had forbidden one of his patients to take alcohol, and yet the man pleaded the need of a stimulant. "I get cold, doctor, and it warms me," said the patient. "Precisely," replied the doctor. "See here, this stick is cold," catching up a stick of wood from the box on the hearth and putting it in the fire. It was soon alight. "Now," said the doctor, "it is quite warm but is the stick benefited by the warmth?" The invalid watched the wood, as first of all there were little puffs of smoke and then consuming flame. "Of course not," he had to admit at last, "the stick is burning away."

"Well, that is just what you are doing when you take alcohol. You are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain. Do you wonder that I hate alcohol when I see it destroying men and women every day of my life?"—*Sunday at Home.*

1722. How To Overcome Temptation.

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red." The story is told that a man trained his dog not to touch meat put before him when the master said "No." When these trying times came, the dog's way of being obedient was not to trust himself to look at the meat, but always at his master. Isn't that a pointed object lesson for humans? Not looking at temptation, not letting the mind be filled with the power of its attraction, never letting it come to look more enticing than arything else, but turning away and looking toward the Masters' face—that is the sure way of making one's self strong and safe.—*Epworth Herald.*

1723. Not in a Hogshead.

Holding up a glass of beer, and looking through the amber-hued liquid. Theodore Roosevelt said: "There is not a thought in a hogshead of beer; there is not an idea in a whole brewery. It stupifies without invigorating, and its effect upon the brain is to stagnate thought."—*The Epworth Herald.*

1724. His Own Chain.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." It is told of a

famous smith of medieval times that, having been taken prisoner and immured in a dungeon, he began to examine the chain that bound him, with a view to discover some flaw that might make it easier to be broken. His hope was vain, for he found, from marks upon it, that it was of his own workmanship, and it had been his boast that none could break a chain that he had forged. Thus with the sinner: his own hands have forged the chain that binds him, a chain which no human hand can break.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

1725. Does the Home Influence Count?

"A young man entered my store one day," a merchant told a friend. "He told me that he was starving and almost naked. While I was talking with him, a man came in who employed a large number of men. He gave his address and promised work to the young man, who said he would go. I then gave him some clothing and money to get underclothing. Next day his employer came and told me that the poor creature had not come. After five months he came in again, in as bad a plight as before, and I asked him why he had not gone to the shop as he had promised. He said he could not pass a grog-shop without a glass, and he went in and drank till the money I gave him was gone. I tried to reason with him; told him he had a good example in his father's house. 'You are mistaken,' he said; 'we had whiskey at table in my father's house every day, and I learned to love it there.'"—*From the Life of Robert Carter.*

1726. Hold the Reins.

An old stagedriver used to boast that he had never hurt a passenger, nor a horse. He affirmed that he always held the reins, and that any horse could run away if he were only permitted to get a start. "But," said he, "I never let them get the start! that's the whole secret." One may feel he can control a habit; but it is safer not to risk a habit getting a possible start. It is better to hold the reins, and, like the stagedriver, never let the horses get out of hand.—*C. E. Fisk.*

1727. Not "Obliged" to Abstain.

That staunch old Scotchman, Dr. Arnot, gives a good ilustration of the total-abstinence question. You will find the world full of people who will tell youth that they are not obliged to sign away their liberty in order to keep on the safe side; that they know when they have had enough; that there is no danger of their becoming drunkards, and the like. Dr. Arnot says: "True, you are not obliged, but here is a river we have to cross. It is broad and deep and rapid. Whoever falls into it is sure to be drowned. Here is a narrow foot-bridge, a single timber extending across. He who is lithe of limb and steady of brain and nerve may step over it into safety. Yonder is a broad strong bridge. Its foundations are solid rock, its passages are wide, its balustrade is high and firm. All may cross it in perfect safety,—the aged and feeble, the young and gay: the tottering wee ones. There is no danger there. Now my friends, you say: 'I am not obliged to go yonder. Let them go who cannot walk this timber.' True, true, you are not obliged; but as for us, we know that if we cross that timber, though we may go in safety, many others who will attempt to follow us will surely perish, and we feel better to go by the bridge.—*Mrs. Mary N. Sturgis.*

1728. Never to Success.

Said a member of a church near Philadelphia, the other day: "I was

talking to a colored man whom I was examining for insurance. The colored people are in the habit of using words they do not fully understand the meaning of, and as a result they invariably misplace them. I asked him, 'Do you drink alcoholic liquors?' The darkey answered, 'No, I can't say I does; and I can't say I doesn't. But I never done drink to success.'"

1729. The Four Rats.

One morning a man was telling his wife and son at the breakfast table of a curious dream he had had the night before. He dreamed that he saw four rats coming to him. The first one was very fat, the next two were very lean, and the last rat was blind. What could the dream mean? He feared that it might forbode some evil. He asked his wife what it meant but she had no idea. His little son offered to be the interpreter. He said, "Father, the fat rat is the saloonkeeper, where you go and spend your money; the two lean rats are mother and myself, who do not have enough to eat because you spend your money in drink; and the blind rat is yourself, father, not knowing where you are going, while you follow the fat rat."

1730. God's Plan for Strength.

A medical man asserted that the mission of alcohol is a better physical development of man. A clergyman inquired, "Do you believe in the Bible?" "Certainly I do,, as sincerely as yourself," was the prompt reply. "If your position be correct," continued the clergyman, "what will you do with the fact that when God would make the strongest man that ever lived, Samson, he commanded not only that the son should be a total abstainer, but the mother also, even before Samson's birth, lest some taint of physical weakness should be imparted to his constitution? God discarded alcohol in giving to the world the best example of physical strength on record. What will you do with that fact?" The doctor was silent.—*H. H. Smith.*

1731. God's Power the Only Hope.

Dr. Mark Guy Pearse uses this illustration: "I stood on the east coast of England and looked out over a stretch of oozy slime and ill-smelling mud. There were the barges high and dry, lying on their sides,—no matter what cargo they carried or how skillful the captain, they were on the mud. It would have availed them nothing to heave the anchor or hoist the sail. And I thought what is the remedy? Were it any use for the corporation to pass a by-law that every citizen should bring kettles filled with water and pour it out upon the stretch of mud? But as I watched I saw the remedy. God turned the tide. In swept the waters of the sea and buried the mud, and then came the breath of sweetness and life. And it flowed in about the barges, and instantly all was activity. Then heave-ho with the anchor, then hoist the sails, then forth upon some errand of good. So it is that we stand looking out upon many a dreadful evil that fills us with dismay, — drunkenness, gambling, impurity. Is there any remedy? And the churches, so very respectable, but alas! high and dry on the mud,—for these, too, what is the remedy? We want the flood-tide—the gracious outpouring of the Spirit; then must come the roused and quickened churches; the Christians transformed into Christlike men and women who shall demand righteousness."—*Juniata Rohrback.*

1732. What the Saloon Unlocks.

Statistics declare that many thousands of premature deaths occur each year through strong drink. Just outside a cemetery stood a liquor saloon. It was close by the main entrance, and

a gate must be unlocked to admit each body. A sign on the corner of the saloon read as follows: "The key to the cemetery within."—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

1733. Taking the Consequences.

It is sometimes said, "If a man is a fool enough to drink, let him take the consequences," but that is wide of the mark. A man drinks and his wife and children take the consequences. A son drinks, and parents take the consequences. The drink-crazed brain leads to pauperism, incendiarism, crime, insanity, murder, and the State takes the consequences. A man carrouses Saturday night and Sunday and goes to the shop Monday morning with beclouded brain and unsteady hand and the employer takes the consequences. The real white slave is the wife of the drunkard. When will the American conscience be quickened to the point of understanding that it is not sound sense nor good judgment to say a man may do as he pleases about the use of strong drink?

1734. What Father Takes.

There is a story told of a father who took his little boy one morning into the city, where he transacted his business. When noon came he took his boy into a restaurant where he often had lunch. The waiter, on receiving the order, and knowing that it was the father's custom to have a bottle of wine, asked the boy what he would have to drink. The boy replied: "I'll take what father takes." The father, realizing the serious situation, quietly beckoned the waiter and countermanded the order. During the afternoon when he went to his office the words of his boy—"I'll take what father takes"—were constantly ringing in his ears. He went home in the evening rather troubled; and, after having dinner, retired to his study, but he could do no work, for he could not forget the words of his boy—"I'll take what father takes"—and, feeling that he could bear it no longer, he determined to settle the matter. He knelt down and prayed to God for guidance, and from that night he resolved that he would never touch the drink again, or anything else which might be a source of danger to others. —*Rev. J. A. Sharp.*

1735. Why Did They Write?

A young man some years ago was found drowned in the Mersey. On a paper found in his pocket was written, "A Wasted Life.—Do not ask anything about me; drink was the cause." Within a week of the publication of these particulars the coroner of Liverpool received two hundred letters from fathers and mothers all over England asking for a description of the young man.—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

1736. Dependence on One.

A young man in a London omnibus noticed the blue-ribbon total abstinence badge on a fellow-passenger's coat, and asked him in a bantering tone "how much he got" for wearing it. "That I cannot exactly say," replied the other, "but it costs me about 20,000 a year." The wearer of the badge was Frederick Charrington, son of a rich brewer, and the intended successor of his father's business. He preferred a life of Christian philanthropy to a career of money-making; and his activity soon made him known throughout the kingdom as a most successful temperance evangelist. His work, organized in the tent-meeting on Mile End Road, has grown steadily for twenty years, and now fills "the largest mission hall in the world."

1737. Fruit of the Spirit Love.

After a winter's campaign in the west, Mr. C. N. Howard tells the

following story. In a certain town the temperance people and the liquor people planned to have street parades upon the same day, the parades to start from opposite ends of the town. At the head of the liquor procession a man carried a banner marked "Men, Vote for Your Liberty." At the head of the temperance procession a little boy carried a banner,—"Fathers, Vote to Save Your Sons." As the processions met, the man threw down his banner, ran to the boy, and, raising him upon his shoulder, faced about and himself headed the temperance parade. The boy was his own son. The fruit of the Spirit is love.

1738. Self-control for Others' Sakes.

"Nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth." To observe this rule is a test of real manhood.

Two hundred feet above the East River two men were working on the Manhattan Tower of the Queensboro Bridge. Ten feet below, half a dozen workmen were engaged, and farther down others, perhaps a score in all, toiled each at his particular task. A steel beam of several ton's weight was lowered, on the day in question, to its proper position, the business of the two men being to guide it into place. Before the great weight of steel could be securely fastened it began to slip, and the efforts of the two men were powerless to keep it from sliding toward the open space below. They had only to stand out of the way to see many of their fellow-workmen crushed to death. An instant for decision and one brave fellow gasped, "I'll stick to it if you will." The other nodded, and the two held on grimly until their fellow-workmen could swarm up the ladders, and again attach the derricks to the mighty beam. In the meantime a hand of each of the heroes had been ground off at the wrist. Why won't men do the easier things of self-control for their brothers' sakes?—*Harper's Weekly.*

1739. Lunatics At Large.

Why an intoxicated man, or one under the influence of alcohol to any degree, should be allowed to drive an automobile, or why people should entrust their lives to the impaired judgment, dull hearing, dim eye and unsteady nerves of such a man is indeed strange. Unfortunately such a person is almost as dangerous to pedestrians and other people as to himself and those who ride with him.

A man who wickedly imperils life, limb and property should be treated as a criminal and punished accordingly. The officer of the law who lets such people off with a reprimand and a small fine is little less guilty than they are.

Lunatics at large are always dangerous, but especially so when armed with such a deadly weapon as the automobile.

1740. Christianity and Liquor, the Habit Opposed.

Professor R. H. Walker told the following incident on his return from a tour of our missions in the Far East. While passing down a river in Korea he had as fellow-passengers two Japenese merchants. At dinner time he placed his lunch upon a table, and they made as if they would join him. On his consent they made ready, but first withdrew to the ship's steward and returned with three bottles of beer and three glasses. When the glasses had ben filled one was passed to Profesor Walker, who declined it. For six or seven minutes this continued, they offering and he declining. Finally a thought seemed to strike one of them. He took a pencil and paper, and marked something upon it and held it up before Profesesor Walker and watched his face. A nod

from the latter settled it. No more beer was offered him. The Japanese had marked a cross upon the paper, having learned something of its meaning to the Christian. And the Japanese was right. The cross of Christ and the liquor habit are opposed to one another.—*M. E. Watson.*

1741. The Substitute.

Mr. Henry J. Allen, of Kansas, lately quoted from a brewer's circular, "beer may be substituted for bread," and proceeded to say: "Frequently it is also substituted for shoes, and school-books, and clothes, and meat, and house-rent and furniture. In fact, a liberal use of it will make it a substitute for everything except the grave."—*The National Advocate.*

1742. After Using.

On the shore of one of the narrowest parts of that dangerous waterway known as "The Inside Route" to Alaska there rests the hull of a wrecked ship. It is an object that immediately attracts the eyes of all who voyage that way. A whiskey manufacturer decided that here was an excellent opportunity to advertise his bottle goods. So he had painted in huge letters on the side of the wrecked ship, "Use Rednose Whiskey." And it was here that a teetotaler saw his opportunity for a short but vivid sermon. A few weeks later the side of the wrecked ship blossomed forth with these two additional words in equally big letters: "I did."—*The Northern Messenger.*

1743. Why a Ball Player Was Not Signed.

A daily paper says that a scout of one of the National League teams was in a small minor-league town looking over a player who had been recommended to him. The work of the player impressed the scout and he decided to have a talk with him that night. Shielding his identity, he started a conversation with the player at his hotel. During the talk the player had occasion to pull out his key ring. In addition to the keys the scout saw a corkscrew and beer opener attached. The scout ended the conversation and left town that night without buying the player. The fact that drink makes a man unreliable and inefficient is too well known to-day to risk signing a ball player who uses strong drink.

1744. What Wakened Him Up.

"Papa will you please give me half-a-crown for my new hat?" asked a school girl of her father one morning. "No, May; I can't spare the money." The refusal came from the parent in a curt, indifferent tone. The disappointed girl went to school. The father started for his place of business. On his way he met a friend, and invited him into a tavern for a drink. And the man who could not spare his daughter half-a-crown for a hat laid down that sum on the counter, which just paid for the drinks. Just then the saloon-keeper's daughter entered, and said, "Papa, I want half-a-crown for my new hat." "All right," said the dealer, and taking up the coin from the counter handed it to the girl, who departed smiling. May's father was dazed, walked out alone, and said to himself, "To think I should have brought my money here for the rum-seller's daughter to buy a hat with, after refusing it to my own daughter. I'll never drink another drop." He kept his pledge.—*The Christian Herald.*

1745. That Blessed Word "Which."

"I've been thanking the good Lord all day for that blessed word 'which,'" said John to his friend. "That blessed word 'which,'" replied his astonished companion; "what on earth do you

mean?" "Well," explained John, "it's like this. For many years I gave way to drink. Our home was a poor sort of place. My Mary hadn't a very nice life of it. But she bore it all like a saint, and never murmured. And in those days I had no clothes except those I stood up in. But last year I started going to church with my Mary. And one night I was converted. And my, the difference it made! Why, last night my Mary was upstairs, and I called out to her to bring my clothes down when she came. And what do you think she called back? She shouted 'which?' And oh, it made me feel good to hear my Mary ask me that! And I've been thanking the good Lord all day for that blessed word 'which'"

1746. How Drink Depraves.

"Beware, I pray thee, and drink no wine or strong drink." Judges 13:4.

There is no counterbalance in all the world like the woman who does not weigh the merits of her lover's heart by the gravity of his faults. It takes a great love to endure under a great strain. But when the night of storm has passed—as pass it must—that woman is the one woman in all the world to him. Sometime, after a debauch, the man would be repentant. He would promise his wife to do better. But alas! the years had taught her the barrenness of all such promises.

And one night when he was getting old—a prematurely old man, thin-limbed, stoop-shouldered, red-rimmed eyes—he said to his wife, sadly: "You're a clever woman, Jenny; a courageous, active, good woman. You should have married a better man than I am, dear."

She looked at him and—in the far-off vision of those happy years—thinking of what he had been, she answered in her quiet, sweet voice: "I did, James."

There is a whole temperance address here. How a real woman's heart can ache! What a difference drink can make in a man!—*H.*

1747. A Revival of Common Sense.

Moses was a man of sense. Read this old law. If an ox gore a woman and she die, the ox shall be killed; but the owner shall not suffer. If, however an ox is known to be in the habit of goring people, he shall die and the owner shall be held responsible. Common sense! The menace must be killed. The saloon is the modern ox that gores its millions. Shall we continue to protect it? Pray for a revival of Mosaic common sense. —*Rev. R. P. Anderson.*

1748. Zeppelin Rules.

"Be not deceived; God is mocked; whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

"A Zeppelin is the strictest Sunday school institution, no drinks and no smokes," said Lieutenant-Commander Marthy of the first air-ship that dropped bombs on London. He added, "We ate before we started, and then occasionally took a pull at the thermos bottle of hot coffee or tea." "Nothing stronger?" broke in the *World* reporter. "No, absolutely nothing stronger. Zeppelins have neither bar, kitchen, pantry, nor dinning-room. Zeppelins are teetotalers. We have got to have clear heads up there, and cool, steady nerves—nerves which spirits don't necessarily furnish."

1749. Travel That Way.

Norman Hapgood, the editor, quoted in an address on Lincoln a Lincoln saying of value to parents. "Lincoln," said Mr. Hapgood, "was once talking to a dissipated man of middle age who was lamenting the fact that his seventeen-year-old son had just begun to indulge in liquor. 'Well, there is just one way," said Lincoln, "to bring up a

child in the way it should go, and that is to travel that way yourself."

1750. "Booze Did It."

The ex-pugilist, John L. Sullivan, who, years ago, carried everything before him as the heavyweight prize-fighter, fell before the destroying power of poison drink, and cried, loudly, but unavailingly, when it was too late: "It was booze that did it." After years of sorrowful and brooding retirement from his former activities he has taken the temperance platform and is urging and predicting the overthrow of this enemy of human welfare. At one time in his life he would not believe that temperance advocates were right, but now he sees it. So there are many who will not agree with the temperance leaders to-day, but if they go wrong there is destruction before them. There is only one side to this matter. It is folly to be on the wrong side.

1751. Can They Answer?

The following electric signs have been installed over each of the three entrances of the Illinois Steel Company: "Did booze ever do you any good?" "Did booze ever get you a better job?" "Did booze ever contribute anything to the happiness of your family?" Let every booze artist and every friend of the sale of liquor answer. They dare not meet this issue, but so construct their arguments as to dodge.

1752. Had Tried It.

Everybody's Magazine tells of a police-court magistrate who was approached by a distiller who asked him if he had ever tried his special brand of whiskey. "No," said the judge, "but I tried three men in court this morning who had tried it."

1753. A Step Toward Cure.

A judge in Chicago has had a large mirror placed in his courtroom, so that every man brought before him for intoxication may take a good look at himself. He believes that seeing themselves as they are when drunk will cure half of them.

1754. A Telling Fact.

Drinkers spend, on the average, twice as much for their intoxicants as for their food. So says the *American Grocer,* the organ of the grocer trade, after careful investigation.

1755. Helped His Business.

"If any man here," shouted the temperance speaker, "can name an honest business that has been helped by the saloon I will spend the rest of my life working for the liquor people." A man in the audience arose. "I consider my business honest," he said, "and it has been helped by the saloon." "What is your business?" yelled the orator. "I, sir," responded the man, "am an undertaker."

1756. A Drink Tragedy.

Father came home one evening intoxocated for the first time in his life, and his boy met him on the doorstep, clapping his hands and exclaiming, "Papa has come home!" The father seized him by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered, and fell in the hall. The boy's head struck a marble step, and he was instantly killed. The wife, who was ill, was thrown into convulsions by the tragic scene. And that night this father and husband, a strong man of thirty-five years, slept a drunken sleep while his boy lay a corpse, and his wife was upon the brink of the grave.

One year after that he was laid in the cemetery by the side of his wife and child. The minister who related this incident was a guest in that home on that fatal night, and witnessed the tragedy.—*The Instructor.*

1757. Straight Talk by Harry Lauder.

On March 4th the Rotary Club, of Manchester, England, gave a dinner at midday to Harry Lauder, the comedian. A Scottish menu was served in his honor, and the haggis was duly played by a piper.

On the table was arrayed beer, wine and spirits galore.

And Harry proceeded to lecture his hosts on the exhibit. Said he:

"We, as Rotarians, meet as a business proposition in the middle of the day, when drink is not necessary. You may take one, two or three and go back to business 'muzzy! You can't do your busines if you are in a state of 'muzziness.' When you have finished you can drink as much as you like but do it alone. If you are going to hell, go by yourself: don't drag anyone with you. I have gone into clubs—not often, thank God—and seen a fellow come in when every other place was closed. He was regarded as a jolly good fellow, and everybody clapped him on the back and laughed. Did his people at home laugh?"

That was rather stiff talk to put up to one's hosts, right to their faces. It takes a Scotchman to do that.

What a great nubbin of philosophy there was in Lauder's utterance: "If you are going to hell, go alone!"

Why should one drag his wife and children down with him?

Why should one insist on the establishment of a saloon to help drag his neighbors along?

Why should the business of dragging others down to the pit be commercialized for the benefit of the school fund?

Why should the government provide the facilities for helping people along down to the pit?

"If you are going to hell," why not take Lauder's advice and go alone?—*New Republic.*

1758. A Maine Man's Memories.

An editor of a paper in Portland, Maine, who was inclined to oppose prohibition for political reasons, had grown up in a little village about sixty miles from Bangor and was asked, "Do you remember the condition of things in your village prior to prohibition?" and "What has been the effect of prohibition?" He answered, "It shut up all the rum-shops, and practically banished liquor from the village, which became one of the most quiet and prosperous places in the world." "How long did you live in the village after prohibition?" "Eleven years, or until I was twenty-one years of age." "Do you drink now?" "I've never tasted a drop of liquor in my life." "Why?" "Up to the age of twenty-one I never saw it, and I do not care to take up the habit."—*Home Herald.*

1759. Liquor and Racial Degeneration.

Professor Stockard, of the Cornell University Medical College, has made extensive experiments with the guinea-pigs subjected to alcohol fumes. When mated, these animals either had no offspring or the offspring were small, unhealthy, and died young. The effect was the same whether the males or the females were alcoholized. Alcohol always leads to racial degeneration.

1760. Two Temperance Pointers.

An emigrant going West carried a jug fastened to his wagon. He explained to inquirers that it was "the Taylor Jug." General Taylor had once advised his son to carry his whiskey-jug with a hole in the bottom. He did it, and found it the best of inventions to keep a man sober.

Sir Thomas Lipton warns young men who would succeed to beware of

strong drink. "Remember," says this famous merchant and yachtman, "that corkscrews have sunk more people than cork jackets will ever save."

1761. A Message From General Grant.

Tell the young men that General Grant does not drink a drop of liquor —has not for eighteen years—because he is afraid to drink it. I tried to drink with extreme moderation, because I knew that alcohol is the worst poison a man could take into his system, but I found it was an absolute impossibility to drink moderately. Because moderate drinking is a practical impossibility, I became an absolute teetotaler—a crank, if you please. I do not use it even in my house. Drink is the greatest curse, because practically all crime and all disaster are the result of it. Ninety-five per cent of desertions and acts of lawlessness in the army are due to drink. If I could, by offering my body a sacrifice, free the country from the fell cancer, the demon drink, I'd thank the Almighty for the privilege of doing it. If I had the greatest appointive powers in the country, no man would get even the smallest appointment from me unless he showed proof of his absolute teetotalism. As it is, of my own appointees, the members of my staff, not one of them touches a drop.—*Frederick D. Grant.*

1762. Was It Well to Be a Teetotaler?

A group of clergymen were discussing the subject as to whether it was ever right for ministers to drink wine. One said, "I am never asked to take a glass of wine without recalling an incident in my early ministry when I came very near yielding with, as I found out later, fatal results. When I left the seminary, I determined to be, not a temperance man, but a total abstainer. I had been at my first charge for only a few months when I was invited to celebrate the eightieth birthday of one of my most honored parishoners. As the champagne was passed around the table, the thought came to me, 'Surely, this is one place that I should break my resolution. Will it not look very churlish to refuse to drink the health of this noble woman?' But before the butler reached my plate, I determined to adhere to my usual custom, and simply turned down my glass. Imagine my joy, a few hours later, when one of the ladies present told me that her son, just about entering college, had told her that day: 'I haven't quite made up my mind about signing the pledge before I leave for Yale. I am just going to let it depend on what Mr. Brown does to-night. If such a good man as he takes it, there can be no harm in it.'" After a pause, the clergyman added: "Friends, do you wonder that I never touch it?"—*J. M. B.*

XXVIII ELECTION DAY

(Usually Early in November)

General recognition is being made of Good-Citizenship Day, or, in short form, Citizenship Day, wisely set before Election Day, on the third Sunday of October. It is recognized among the hundreds of thousands of Christian Endeavor and other young people's societies, by a number of governors of states and other civil officers. The end in view is the making of better citizens by the stimulating of patriotism, of better voting, and the

arousing of interest in the great national problems of the day through special sermons from the pulpit, special services in the Sunday schools, union mass meetings and in other suitable ways.

1763. Sacredness of the Ballot.

The ballot is the instrument of democracy. People had no ballots in days when autocrats ruled. The will of the king was law and the advice of the people was not asked. Yes, the ballot is the instrument of democracy; through it the people express their opinion. The voting community is divided into three classes; bad men who vote for bad measures, usually because they are going to benefit in some way by these measures; good men who vote as they pray; and the many indifferent voters who vote with the crowd, or who do not vote at all. To which class should the Christian belong?

1764. A Vote Is a Voice.

It has been well said that a vote is a voice. Sometimes we can use our "voice" in protest apart from an election. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, tells of a mayor of St. Paul who permitted law-breakers to erect a pavilion in which to hold a prizefight. A few good citizens called a public meeting, and although two newspapers, owned by people interested in the fight, opposed the objectors, a great crowd gathered to protest. The meeting declared that the mayor, in giving permission for lawbreaking, had violated his oath, and the citizens called upon the governor to enforce the law through the sheriff. The governor listened to this "vote" or "voice" of the people and commanded the sheriff to prevent the fight. A company of militia camped in the pavilion, and there was no fight. That is one way, then, in which people can use the vote.

1765. Character In Votes.

The power of example in faithfully discharging a civic or religious duty is shown in the story by Henry Van Dyke, of the old doctor, a saint, a sage, a joy to every heart in the place; everybody knew and loved him. Every election day he drove to the polls in his carryall, driven by an illiterate Irishman. He went in and voted the Republican ticket, and then came out and held the reins while Pat went in and voted the Democratic ticket, saying with a grin as he came out: 'Begorra, I nulligated th' ould dochter's vote." But did he? Besides the actual ballot itself, there was what may have been a mightier if a more subtle factor in the politics of the town—the power of a wise and venerable man, steadfastly performing a simple duty of citizenship, that counted far beyond the ballot he had dropped into the box. That is where character registers its vote, in the town, in the nation, in the kingdom.

1766. The Eve of Election.

Along the street the shadows meet
  Of Destiny, whose hands conceal
The moulds of fate that shape the State,
  And make or mar the commonweal.

Around I see the powers that be;
  I stand by Empire's primal springs;
And princes meet in every street,
  And hear the tread of uncrowned kings!

No jest is this; one cast amiss
  May blast the hope of Freedom's year.
O, take me where are hearts of prayer,
  And foreheads bowed in reverent fear!

Not lightly fall beyond recall
  The written scrolls a breath can float;
The crowning fact, the kingliest act
  Of freedom is the freeman's vote.

—*Whittier.*

1767. Power of One Vote.

Even good men are liable to say: "O" my one vote will not affect the election one way or another; it doesn't matter whether I go to the polls or not." But suppose, 1,000 or 10,000 men say the same thing, will not the result be affected? But,

history is filled with instances where even one single vote has decided elections of tremendous importance. One vote gave Texas to the United States, and thus caused the war with Mexico. One vote made California a part of the Union, and thus turned the tide of immigration westward. One vote elected Oliver Cromwell to the famous "Long Parliment," and sent Charles I to the scaffold, revolutionized England, and made Great Britain free. One vote elected Governor Morton of Massachusetts in 1839, thus defeating Edward Everett, the famous orator, statesman and scholar. One vote in the electoral college in 1876 decided who should be President of the United States.

Your one vote, then, may some time decide who shall be President or who shall be governor, or who shall represent you in the United States Congress, and in many towns it may decide whether for two years to come the towns shall be drunk or sober. Therefore, let no man underestimate the importance of his one vote!

1768. Autumn Rain.

(With apologies to Robert Loveman.)
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining Candidates.
Wherever I may look I see
Their bright and bulgent pates.

A cloud of words obscures the sky,
And paragraphs pour down,
And drench with dank verbosity
The countryside and town.

It is not raining rain to me,
But issues void of ish;
And isms stuffed with lunacy
Like bones inside a fish.

The thunders crash on land and sea,
The air seems full of bricks—
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining Politics.

—*Author Unknown.*

1769. So Everybody's Happy.

And this is the time of year when men ask each other, "How did your wife vote?" And the men answer, "She voted the same way I did." And the women ask each other, "Did you vote the way your husband did?" And they answer, "He thinks I did."

1770. Few Voters.

Voting is a plant of slow growth. It has taken a century and a half to get to the polls half of the total number of voters who can cast their ballot if they choose. New York having been close for a century, its voting vote runs up to four-fifths or even more. The possibility of success brings out the vote of both parties. Pennsylvania, being one-sided, with a heavy Republican majority, does not often vote half its possible voters. This is the proportion of most European countries. Only half the voters go to the polls in France, Spain, and Italy. Germany does better. The voting English vote was once not over half of those who could vote. This has improved. The vote there actually cast now approaches our proportion in closely contested states.—*Talcott Williams.*

1771. Failing To Vote.

Dr. Robert S. McArthur once said that he would, if it were within his power, refuse the sacraments of the church to the man who refuses to go to the ballot box on election day.

Barrie has drawn a pathetic character, in the "Sentimental Tommy" books, Aaron Latta, the man who denied his manhood. Thenceforth the humiliated creature refused to take his place among men; he had been false to the first duty of his sex, and so should be an outcast. Somehow, poor Aaron Latta comes to mind as I contemplate the spectacle of the "good" men who fail to vote on election day. They are emasculated patriots. Even as Aaron Latta went about his cooking and housewifery in an apron, so these non-voting Americans should be denied a voice in all the counsels of men and patriots.

Any person who does not vote, if he can vote, is a bad citizen.

1772. Importance of a Vote.

In order that we may not be led to underestimate the value of one vote, let us recall a case in point, and one that actually occurred in the state of Indiana between 1840 and 1850. In DeKalb County, when the election day arrived there was a man who was in doubt whether to go to the mill or to the polls. Finally, after a certain amount of coaxing, he decided that he would exercise his right of franchise and vote. He voted the democratic ticket, and a Democratic member of the Legislature was elected from his district by a majority of only one vote. That Legislature elected a United States Senator, and by the vote of the one member from that district, Mr. Hannegan was chosen. Mr. Hannegan took his seat in the Senate, and was president of the Senate pro tem when the vote was taken for the annexation of Texas. On the floor the vote was a tie, and Mr. Hannegan's casting vote decided the question in favor of ennexation; and this action brought on the Mexican War, which has so shaped the subsequent history of our country.

1773. A Need.

"What the Church needs is not more culture or more philosophy or more theology or higher criticism, but more heroic marshaling of her forces, as a militant host against the organized powers of evil."

1774. Seriousness of the Ballot.

"To the Constables of the Town of ----Greeting. In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts you are required to warn and notify the inhabitants of the Town of ---qualified to vote in elections to meet at the polling precincts within said town at seven o'clock in the forenoon, then and there to bring in to the Wardens their ballots for the following officers . . . Hereof fail not, and make due return of this warrant to the Town Clerk with your doing thereon."

Thus runs the warrant for election day which the selectmen of Massachusetts towns must send to the constables to be posted in public places, and published in the town newspapers.

The solemn and somewhat archaic wording of the warrant is appropriate to the seriousness of the occasion to which it demands attention.

1775. Just Like a Political Platform.

There's always something about the afterward of political campaign that reminds me of a story "Private" John Allen, used to tell, says the *"Washing Post."* He was travelling through Mississippi once upon a time when the train was stopped by a washout. He went to the door of the car and stepped out. The whole country seemed to be under water.

The rain was coming down in bucketfuls, and Mr. Allen's rashness in exposing himself to the inclement weather distressed the negro porter.

"Better go inside, Colonel," he said, "'Tain't safe out here, sah."

"Why not?" demanded the famous private. "Isn't this platform made to stand on?"

"No, sah," said the negro; "no, sah, it's made to get in on, sah."

1776. The Church's Blunder.

The colossal blunder of the Church has been her refusal or her failure to make herself adequately felt in behalf of political righteousness.

The wise and reasonable declaration against a union of church and state has been seized upon by the wily politician, has been perverted and carried to most illogical conclusions, until we are openly taught that religion

and politics can have nothing in common.

There has been a flood of high resolving, but a dearth of high doing.

What we need is Christianity in action, even at the expense of mere "resolving." Why may not the preacher rally his voting members to stand by the utterances of his own church? Who would have just ground for complaint? Let us concede, though I know of no sound principle upon which such a claim can be based, that the preacher should not become the advocate of a party, yet surely he may and surely he should point out and warn against the danger and wickedness of complicity with wrong by sustaining parties committed to the continuance of an iniquitous policy.

The preacher may safely rebuke sin wherever found.—*Samuel Dickie.*

1777. The Decalogue Will Have Place.

The following story is given here as having relevancy for the present condition of affairs in many of our cities. A man who wanted to learn what profession he would have his son enter put him in a room with a Bible, an apple, and a dollar bill. If he found him when he returned reading the Bible he would make a clergyman of him; if eating the apple, a farmer; and if interested in the dollar bill, a banker. When he returned he found the boy sitting on the Bible with the dollar bill in his pocket, and the apple almost devoured. He made a politician of him. Politicians, we may add, are rather apt to "sit" on the Bible, holding with a former United States Senator that there is no place in political life for the Decalogue. The subsequent fate and present position of that Senator cannot be construed as favorable to such utterances.

1778. Your Ballot.

Your ballot is a grave responsibility. This is God's world, and as surely as God lives you will be called to account for every ballot. Ignorance will not excuse you, it is your business to know.

1779. Scratched Her Ballot.

There was a maid in our town,
  And she was wondrous wise.
She jumped into a ballot-box
  She scratched, as I surmise.
And when she saw she changed her mind
  And ran with might and main,
And jumped into the ballot-booth
  And scratched her vote again.

1780. Vote.

There are few good Christians who refuse to vote because they are opposed to voting on principle. We are citizens of a heavenly kingdom, they say, and have no citizenship on the earth. The first part of this statement is true but the second is not. As long as we are on the earth we are citizens somewhere with duties which we ought to discharge. To refuse to discharge them is to leave to others work in which we ought to share and if all Christians did this the determination of our affairs by the state, which every year enters more deeply into all that we do and have, would be left to those who had no Christian principles.

1781. Your Ballot.

We are responsible not only for our own ballots, but for all the others that we can influence for good.

The casting of a ballot is only the culmination of a long investigation and discussion that should precede it.

The man for whom I vote is to represent me, and no one but a Christian should be allowed to represent a Christian.

This is God's nation as well as ours, and the first thought of a Christian patriot should be to ask how God wants it conducted.

The ballot is our Magna Charta, freeing us, if we will use it aright, from all tyranny and slavery.

The ballot is the symbol of citizenship as the flag is the symbol of the country; and, like the flag, it is worth no more than we make it worth.—*Dr. A. R. Wells.*

1782. The Sin of Not Voting.

Next to the sin of voting wrongly is the sin of not voting at all. What right have the thousands of reputable citizens who stay away from "primary meetings" and from the polls to complain of mischievous legislation, or the election of corrupt officers and lawmakers? The neglect of the suffrage by those best calculated to exercise it is one of the gravest of our national perils. The more that the ignorant and worthless push into politics, the more have cultured and intelligent citizens pushed out; and dearly has the commonwealth paid for this criminal neglect of the first duty of citizenship. Next to Christ comes country.—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D.D.*

1783. Religion and Politics Separated.

One of the most prevalent and serious dangers is the tendency of so many people to divorce their religion from their politics. Their moral make-up seems to be divided into two separate compartments; in one they put their religion, in the other they put their citizenship. On Sunday they worship God in their church; during the week they worship a party-creed, however bad, and for personal or party aggrandizement are not ashamed to buy votes, or cheat in a caucus. Politics is not to them a matter of sacred duty; it is a game to be played at, and conscience goes under the table. To-day a man is wearing a striped jacket in Sing Sing Prison who at the time of his conviction for outrageous political frauds was a prominent member of an evangelical church and the superintendent of a Sabbath school! In what he considered his religion he served God; in his politics he served the Devil, and is paying the bitter penalty.

1784. Conscience in Politics.

During the summer of 1848 a great convention assembled in Buffalo in behalf of free soil, free speech and free labor. A portion of that convention were bolting Democrats, who were opposed to the extension of Negro slavery, and who for certain reasons were styled "Barnburners." Another portion was composed of "Conscience Whigs," who had bolted from their party also on account of their anti-slavery convictions. Above the presiding officer's chair was a huge picture of a barn, in flames, and the witty motto underneath it was: "For conscience' sake let it burn!" That convention was one of the pioneers of the moral revolution which, within a dozen years, placed Abraham Lincoln in the White House, and which reduced to ashes the hideous old barn of chattel slavery, which was packed with combustible cotton up to the rafters. There is always room for conscience in politics. It is the solemn duty of every citizen to carry his conscience into his politics.

1785. Cast Your Vote.

There are good Christians who do not vote because they feel hopeless. Some of them think that wrong and selfish interests are sure to prevail, and others that human improvement is to be effected, so far as it can be effected at all, in other ways than by legislation and government. As to the first of these grounds of despondency, is there not a great deal more to give us hope than men had ten years ago? The American people are resolved to do in their government the things that are right and that will serve the whole

people and they are carrying out their resolution. That they can't do everything by legislation is perfectly true. The greatest work to be done cannot be done at the ballot box. But whatever can be done there to stop evil and to promote righteousness should be done.

1786. The Christian and the Ballot.

When Pandora opened the forbidden box, a swarm of injuries rushed out. Thus often is the opening of the ballot-box; but a bevy of blessings may come from it.

When we enter a business partnership we become responsible for all the acts of our partner, and may be ruined by his misdeeds. Thus also, whether you will or not, you are in partnership with public officials.—*Rev. R. P. Anderson.*

1787. The Duty of Voting.

When can a man do a big job so easily as by making a few pencil crosses on a ballot? If he neglects this glorious privilege, he classes himself with those who do not exercise it because they are forbidden to, the criminals, the idiots, the insane. The ignorant, the vicious, and the mere partisans will vote; the thoughtful intelligent, upright citizens do not vote, throw the reins into the hands of their opposites. A man who can vote and won't cannot be made to vote, but his vote should be taken from him.—*Rev. Amos R. Wells, D.D.*

1788. He Serves His Country Best.

He serves his country best
  Who lives pure life, and doeth righteous deeds,
And walks straight paths, however others stray;
And leaves his sons, as uttermost bequest,
  A stainless record which all men may read;
    This is the better way.

No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide;
  No dew but has an errand to some flower;
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray,
  And man by man, each helping all the rest,
Make the firm bulwark of the country's power;
  There is no better way.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

1789. Good Citizenship.

Good citizenship demands the acceptance of the rule of the majority of free citizens. If the majority is wrong, good citizens will try to show this by argument and bring about change by lawful means. To do this there must be free speech, the right to express one's ideas; but not subversive speech, urging to rebellion. Bolshevism's claim of free speech is false. It fails to recognize the freedom of others.

We must make citizenship a hobby, We must interest ourselves in everything that concerns the community; we must vote intelligently. We get the right idea if we study the lives of great citizens, such as Washington, Lincoln, and Roosevelt. Roosevelt was perhaps the ideal citizen, strong, upright, faithful to his ideals, energetic in smiting wrong wherever he saw it, and eager to correct abuses.

1790. The New Citizen.

It is rather amusing to hear men who deny that women are competent to vote urge women to teach children the principles of citizenship. How can women do that if they are not competent to exercise the rights of citizenship?

Behold her, the New Citizen.
She comes, with calm assurance of her place,
To sit at this, the nations council table.

Who is she?
This is she who, the long ages through,
Unfailing, weariless, and unafraid,
Has shared with man the heat and burden of the day.

Can she be trusted?
When to earth God sent his only Son,
In whose arms was he laid?
Whose was the breast that nourished him?

—*Edith B. Allen.*

1791. The Campaign.

Same old issues, same old game;
Same old charges, same old blame;
Same appeal to shop and farm,
Same old viewing with alarm.

Same old roarbacks roaring back;
Same spellbinding, too, alack;
Same old racket, far and wide;
Same old pointing out with pride

Same old tariff, same old roar;
Same old foemen to the fore;
Same old fussing, same old broil,
Same old horny handed toil.

Same old bluffing, same old fears;
Same old hisses, same old cheers;
Same old boasting for effect,
Same old little to expect.

—*Author Unknown.*

1792. Democracy.

Democracy is in itself no sure cure for the ills of a bad government. If the liquor interests of America really want "the largest personal liberty" they can get it any time by emigrating to—Africa. It was not the ballot but "the man behind" the ballot that made Massachusetts to differ from Haiti.

It is easier for Americans to brave foreign powers than to free themselves from their own prejudices. "I was born to my politics," said an intelligent and educated and wealthy citizen to the writer in explaining his recent vote. He could not defend it even to himself upon any other ground. He voted against his own interests and conviction, secretly hoping he would be beaten.

Slowly but surely the American people are getting free from their party trammels and schooling themselves to cast their ballots according to their intelligent and conscientious judgments. They are tired of being duped and tricked, bought and sold by party leaders "whose god is their belly." All anarchy "looks alike" to them, whether it be the nullification of a federal law by a state in the interests of slavery or the nullification of a state law by a city in the interests of rum.

To bear a part in the sovereignty of a great republic, more than 100,000,000 strong, is a dreadful as well as glorious privilege.

1793. Ballot Box Test.

The test of one's Christianity is at the ballot box. We should know that prayer makes politics. We should always vote as we pray. The same law of God holds good to-day as it did in the old dispensation, that prayer is one of the forces by means of which God sways the world. The time will come when wrong of every kind, in politics as well as in business and in social life, will be put down, because God's people of every age have been praying for it and God always answers prayer. It is more certain that these prayers will be answered than that the sun will rise to-morrow.

The geatest patriot is not the one who goes forth to fight his country's battles, but the one who in times of peace fights against moral corruption. The Christian patriot is the highest type of patriot. He will do better service for his country either in times of war or peace. A nation's strength is not in its army or navy, not in its wealth, but in its Christian patriots. Voting is one of the highest acts of the Christian citizen; we should give it then as much thought as we give to our business. We must pray as if all depended upon God, then vote as if all depended upon our vote. Let manhood go into the ballot box with every ballot. You are not only responsible for your vote, but you are responsible for every good vote that you can influence. Political parties are as necessary in the government as are the armies. It is for us to see that we are in the right party. The right party is the one that advocates the rights of the masses. The government rests upon the ballot box. The security of its foundation is shaken when evil men

tamper with the ballot box.—*Rev. William Barnes Lower.*

1794. Election Day.

The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
To-day, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
To-day, alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot-box my throne!

1795. City Business.

A city should be conducted just as economically and safely as one would carry on his home or his own private business. It is even more important that it should be so carried on, because the welfare of so many more persons is concerned. It is a strange thing that a city, in which the life and comfort and health and welfare of so many men and women and children are concerned, should be carried on in a way that is for their injury and robbery.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

1796. Preaching, Praying, Voting.

"We have preached against the saloon, and we have preached well. We have prayed against the saloon, and have prayed with fervor. We have written against the saloon, and there has been logic in our sentiments. We have wept in the presence of the desolation of the saloon, and our tears have been sincere. But the day is coming when we will do more—a day when our sermons and prayers and arguments and agitations, and heartaches and tears will crystalize into ballots, and when, by the iron hand of prohibitive law, this red-lipped monster shall be throttled and choked and hurled back into the hell from which he came!"—*Bishop Joseph F. Berry.*

This is a glad day, for Bishop Berry's prophecy has come true.

1797. Public Office a Public Trust.

President Cleveland uttered a great truth when he said: "A public office is a public trust, and a public officer is a public servant." And Jesus said "Let him that leads be like him that serves."

1798. Good Reasons for Voting for Temperance.

During a temperance campaign, a lawyer was discussing, with no little show of learning, the clauses of the proposed temperance law. An old farmer, who had been listening attentively, shut his knife with a snap, and said: "I don't know nuthin' about the law, but I've got seven good reasons for votin' for it." "What are they?" asked the lawyer. And the grim old farmer responded, "Four sons and three daughters."—*Presbyterian Review.*

1799. Being a Christian at the Ballot-box.

"Draw me not away with the wicked, and with the workers of iniquity," etc. Ps. 28: 3-9.

Voting is one of the most important acts and yet how many do it without giving serious thought to the object or person for which they cast their vote. They do not realize the responsibility that rests upon them. They vote for this or that because they belong to a certain party or because some friend goes that way. The measures to be voted for or the individuals should have most careful consideration, and you should gain all the information in your power before making a decision, for voting is never a useless or meaningless act. It carries with it responsibility. It is necessary that there shall alway be parties, but be sure that you take the side that shall tend toward the betterment of the nation and humanity. "Liberty's throne is on the ballot-box, and every evil vote shakes its foundations."

Daniel Webster said: "Neither individuals or nations can perform their

part well, until they understand and feel its importance, and comprehend and fully appreciate all the duties belonging to it. If we cherish the virtues and principles of our fathers, heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Let us walk the course of life, and at its close, devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity." Our nation's strength is not in her vast dominions or wealth, not in her army and navy, but in the God of our fathers. And therefore:

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and Truth's."

1800. Be Good Citizens.

Let us be good citizens. Let us be determined that our country and our city life shall be well guarded and honestly carried on. Now that women are voters, it should be their determination to help all good men carry on public life as purely and as well as a good home is carried on. We suffer when political matters are neglected. We are advantaged when political matters are carried on in a pure and proper way. We owe it to God, and to our families, and to all the people, as well as to ourselves, to be good and upright and Christian citizens. —*Herald and Presbyter.*

1801. Private John Allen's Office.

"When I first decided to allow the people of Tupelo to use my name as a candidate for Congress, I went out to a neighboring parish to speak," said Private John Allen to some friends at the old Metropolitan Hotel in Washington recently.

"An old darky came up to greet me after the meeting. 'Marse Allen,' he said, 'I's powerful glad to see you. I's known ob you sense you wuz a babby. Knew yoh pappy long befo' you-all wuz bohn too. He used to hold de same office you got now. I 'members how he held dat same office fo' years an' years.'

" 'What office do you mean, uncle?' I asked, as I never knew pop held any office.

" 'Why de office of candidate, Marse John; yoh pappy was candidate fo' many years.' "

1802. Precepts of Patriotism.

Your work begins in the road in front of your home. Seek to help the poor on your street before you turn to those in India. Help, like charity, begins at home, but it does not stay there.

No one can be consecrated to our country who is not consecrated to God.

If you sing "Rally 'Round the Flag" don't forget to rally 'round the ballot-box.

Follow the casting of your ballot with push, prayer and principle.

Remember that consecration is the balast of the ship of state.

Constitutions are but institutions on paper.—*Rev. W. B. Lower, D.D.*

1803. The Christian At the Ballot-box.

The Christian at the ballot-box is a soldier of the Cross, on the firing line in the army of the Common Good. The issue is seemingly simple and partisian; the conflict titanic is heaven-high and hell-deep; the result generally is Sedan, Sebastopol, Waterloo, and Yorktown all thrown together.

The Christian's ballot should be a concret prayer for righteousness—the evidence and essence of all his praying. If to pray aright requires "spirit and understanding," so to vote aright requires keen interest and searching investigation, for back of the ballot-box is the primary, and back of that is the patriot. The Christian's ballot has increased potential power by par-

ticipating in primaries. To neglect these duties is doubly to arm the adversary; is high treason against God, and traitorous to the country.

Scan the issue, know the candidate, and then in the hour of voting heed not the voice of partisan prejudice,—the old tempter in modern form,—but listen to the "still, small voice" that speaks from the Shekinah of reason and judgment, and vote for God and Home and Country.—*Rev. Z. H. Copp.*

1804. Nellie and the Red Bird.

"Oh, mamma, don't you know that beautiful red bird that used to come with his mate last winter to eat the wheat you put outside the kitchen window for them, and that whistles in the big pear tree so sweetly? Well, I saw two boys setting a trap to catch him, and they said they could sell him for a lot of money. I told them that was cruel and begged them not to do it, but they just laughed and went on all the same. Then I prayed that God would keep them from setting the trap or else that he would keep the bird from going into it; and then, mamma, to make sure, I went back this evening and just kicked the trap to pieces. Uncle John saw me doing it, and he laughed and said he guessed that was what Christian voters would have to do on election day to the saloon trap. I wonder what he meant."

1805. Politics Not Debasing.

Politics is not something base or debasing. It is simply taking care of our country and its public institutions. It is base and debasing only because a great many base and evil men see in the administration of public affairs the opportunity to serve themselves and their own interests, and to do what is dishonset and dishonorable, and want to keep good people from finding them out and interfering with their plans and operations. It is the duty of all good people to take an earnest interest in public matters, and to see that everything in the city life and national life is carried on as purely as in the home and church. If they would do this there would be no more talk about politics being impure, or about the duty of clean people to keep out of unclean political life.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

1806. Gloomy Suspicion.

"The train pulled out before you had finished your speech."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "As I heard the shouts of the crowd fading in the distance I couldn't be sure whether they were applauding me or the engineer."—*Washington Star.*

1807. Party Regularity.

Party "regularity" is responsible for most of the present political irregularities which do hurt to the city and the state.

The reformer-for-revenue-only belongs, not in the rank of patriots, but in the file of branded corruptionists. The fundamental treason is to put self above the common welfare.—*William T. Ellis.*

1808. The Corn-fed Candidate.

Election Candidate. "Now, my friends, when you vote you don't want to vote for a pig in a poke; you want to vote for me, and get the genuine article!"

1809. The Christian in Politics.

It is the duty of every Christian to be interested in politics. It is a gross neglect of duty for anyone to fail to do his full share in caring for the Government under which he lives. He should be sure to vote and to vote for good men, and then to make known to those who are in office his desires in regard to law and its enforcement.

Our lives are affected, very much

more intimately than we sometimes think by the kind of government under which we live. We have a good Government, with a strong constitution, and good laws, and we have the opportunity of voting, year after year, on who shall be our officers and what shall be our laws. It is our duty to see that all this is maintained and preserved. If we do not we may lose it. It is utterly preposterous and un-Christian for any one not to take advantage of his opportunities, and vote and work for the preservation of our own excellent Government, and see that it is properly administered by good officials.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

1810. Pride and Patriotism.

Mr. T. C. Platt, in his address at New York on Lincoln's birthday related the following.

"There was a simple minded fellow in my town—Charles Lewis—who earned his living by blacking boots. He had saved his earnings until he had $100. I asked him one day what he was going to do with it and he said he would buy a coffin and a tombstone. Then I asked him what epitaph he was going to have. He said: 'Charles Lewis. He died a Christian.' He paused for a moment and then said: 'I guess I'll change that. Make it Charles Lewis; he voted for Abraham Lincoln.'"

XXIX. THANKSGIVING DAY

(Fourth Thursday in November.)

1811. Shallow Water Gratitude.

Too many of us are low-voiced and shallow-streamed in our gratitude. We are like the boy who had been swimming in a tiny pond, and who was taken for the first time to the ocean. His little bathing-suit was put on him, and he was bidden wade in.

But he looked aghast at the vast blue expanse, and shrank back.

"Why don't you take a dip?" urged his mother.

"Because," he said with a great deal of dignity, "I don't think this was made for little boys; it was made for big ships."

We have either got to get into deeper water with our expressions of gratitude or else admit that we don't know how to swim.—*H.*

1812. An Improvement.

That saintly woman, the late Francis Ridley Havergal, used to say, "Once the will of God was a sigh; now it has become a song." When you get to that point, you are in the way of blessing.

1813. To Whom is Praise Due?

Did you ever know a potter to thank a vessel of his own making for its beauty and usefulness? Surely the praise is due, not to the clay, but to the potter. So praise is due to God for all the deliverances he has wrought for us.

1814. A Great Giver.

A king who wished to express his affection for a private soldier of his army gave him a richly jeweled cup, his own cup. The soldier stepping forth to receive the gift exclaimed shamefacedly, "This is too great a gift for me to receive." "It is not too great for me to give," the king replied.

God is a great giver. Let us be great in giving thanks.—*H.*

1815. Stop Whining.

"He is a clever man and a good one, but he minimizes the value of his work by his fretful, whining ways."

I knew the young man of whom my fellow passengers were speaking—a man as good as gold, but one whose rule of faith, while embracing much that was good and wise, held not that inward peace that "rejoices in the joy of the Lord."

A gloomy, depressed Christian is a positive hurt to the young folk who come under his influence. The mind that dwells agreeably on the idea that "we are prone to trouble as the sparks fly upward" is out of date in this age of the gospel of cheerfulness.

Make an effort to stop the fretting habit, grapple with it, go to work with a will, and in doing so you will brighten your own life and the lives of those around you.—*C. R. Frame.*

1816. Complaint or Gratitude?

"Well, I have nothing to complain of." Such was the answer we received the other day on inquiry of a very prosperous friend as to his health and how he was getting along. "I have nothing to complain of!" And he passed on, thinking the better of himself because he was not complaining. How much better it would have been had he said: "I have everything to be grateful for. God has been very good to me."

The habit of thanksgiving is a brave and cheerful habit. It has no patience with the weak bitterness that complains that life is not worth living. It sees God everywhere in this world and praises him. It gives thanks in all things, knowing that all things work together for good to them that love God. It does not dwell on personal disappointments, but enters into the larger life of God's kingdom. It is a habit that builds up the character. It is a habit that no good Christian can afford to be without.—*H.*

1817. Remember Your Blessings.

In a small city of Arizona (Yuma) one of the hotels carries a strange sign over its veranda: "Free board every day the sun doesn't shine." The new arrival with a light purse naturally makes for this stopping-place and looks skyward. Sometimes it is pouring in torrents and the traveler will then naturally register with quite a triumphant air, for he feels pretty sure that he is going to get something for nothing. But the proprietor does not worry. He has lived in this town for many years and he does not get excited in the least, for always during some part of the day the old sun appears, perhaps only for a few minutes. No one yet has ever been able to get a day's free board at this holstery, at least on account of the sun's not shining. It has become too much the custom of our American people to think it is raining all the time. We forget the blessings we have.—*H.*

1818. Thanksgiving Note Missing.

According to an old Jewish legend, Lucifer, son of the morning, after he had fallen from heaven, was asked what he most missed. His reply was, "I miss most of all the trumpets that are sounded in heaven each morning." Is not this the one great lack in many lives to-day? There is neded more and more the clear trumpet note of joy and thanksgiving. Many persons are more ready to sing a dreary "Miserere" than a joyous song of praise to God. We need less of the spirit of sadness and melancholy, and more of the abandonment of joy that thrilled in the heart of the Psalmist when he summoned God's people to "praise him with the sound of the trumpet," to "praise him upon the loud cymbals," to "praise him upon the high sounding cymbals."

We miss from many lives the sound of the morning trumpet. God must

miss the hearing from many who ought to be glad the sound of the joy-trumpet of thanksgiving. At this Thanksgiving season let us blow the trumpet of thanksgiving—and then let us keep on blowing it as an every-morning expression of our gratitude. —*H.*

1819. Cure for Depression.

A novelist has recalled a medieval legend of an angel being sent to Satan with the message that God meant to take from the devil all the temptations which he had seduced mankind. To this Satan resigned himself, because he was compelled to. But he begged of the angel that he should be left with just one—and that the least important. "Which?" asked the angel. "Depression," said Satan. The angel considered the request, found that depression cut but a slight figure as a sin, and went back to heaven leaving it behind him. "Good!" laughed Satan, as the celestial vision faded out. "In this one gift I've secured all." Depression is as paralyzing, deadly, and infectious as any epidemic. Blessed are the calm spirits that go on trusting in God. But even those who reason with their own misgivings, and sometimes scatter them, are on occasion tempted to yield, and a flood of melancholy is like a rush of water that has burst its bound. Over against depression we ought steadily to remember the marvelous goodness of our God. At this Thanksgiving season let us take a new start in remembering God's mercies—in remembering His faithfulness, His grace, His goodness. That will prove a royal cure for depression, a sure method of defeating the Evil One. —*H.*

1820. God Sensitive to Thanksgiving.

"God has a good ear for heart music." Jesus was very sensitive to this. "Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine?" Where are the multitudes who should be praising God for his goodness to-day? Maybe like the thoughtless lepers, lacking reverence for gift and Giver alike, they are bringing the plague of poverty upon themselves again. There is duty and beauty in gratitude. "Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." He hears it—has a good ear for heart music.

"If Christians praised God more the world would doubt him less." But we forget. And that forgetfulness is a sin. The Israelites entering Canaan were warned: "Beware that thou forget not." They were to remember gratefully the God of Might who had brought them in, and remembering they were to give Him both gratitude and obedience. Later the Psalmist urged: "Forget not all his benefits." —*H.*

1821. Thanksgiving Day Harpstrings.

In one of the legends of the Talmud we are told of a stringed instrument that hung over David's bed in such position that when the midnight came the north wind blew through it; and then it sounded sweetly of itself. "And he arose at once and occupied himself with the law until the pillars of the dawn arose." Thus may God's goodness move upon our hearts. His merices are like the sands of the seashore for multitude. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name! At this thanksgiving season let us think and then thank.—*H.*

1822. The Atmosphere of Gratitude.

Why do we not trust God more fully? He is loving. He is wise. He is good. His ways are well for us. Why do we not thank him more? Stop grumbling, and begin to praise.

It is said that Beethoven had his piano placed in the midle of a field and then, "under the smiling sky, with the birds singing around him, flowers shining and grain glistening in the sun, the master musician composed some of his great oratorios." So we shall do better work and accomplish sublimer ends if we are ever surrounded with the atmosphere of gratitude. The hands will have a more skilful touch, the eyes a keener sense of vision, the tongue a more compelling eloquence; and the soul will feel the stirrings of newly unfolding power.

1823. Her Pleasure Book.

A woman who was noted for her sweet and cheerful presence said that she kept a "Pleasure Book." When asked about what was in the book she showed it, and these were some of the entries that were read: "Saw a beautiful lily in a window." "Talked to a bright, happy girl." "Received a kind letter from a dear friend." "Enjoyed a beautiful sunset." "Husband brought some roses home to me." "My boy out to-day for the first time after the croup." If we could bring such a spirit as that to bear upon our everyday life, how much we should find for which to be grateful to God.

1824. The Thanksgiving Cure.

Thanksgiving season ought to be a great time for curing people of a certain disease of which I have read. The disease is called "amnesia."

This disease is a comparatively rare affliction—fortunately so. Its main feature is forgetfulness. There are cases on record in which men have forgotten their own names, the date of their birth, their family relations; in a word, cases in which memory had become a complete blank and the past was utterly blotted out.

Facts were published recently concerning a minister's son who disappeared from an army training camp, was hunted for as a deserter, and later turned up as an unnamed man on one of the transports sent back from a military hospital. He had found the longing to be at the front too strong to resist, had appearently re-enlisted under another name, was sent to the firing line, was wounded in the head and when consciousness was restored had lost all memory of the past. His name was found to be an assumed one and he was unable to tell who he was or where he came from. His former life had become a complete blank and, when his parents recognized him as their long lost son he did not give the first sign of recognition and knew none of his former friends or acquaintances.

Such is amnesia. Physically it is, fortunately, a rare disease, but spiritually it is not rare. Not in vain does the Psalmist call upon his soul, "And forget not all His benefits." Kipling has, as the refrain of his immortal "Recessional," the words, "Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Ingratitude is nothing but a form of spiritual amnesia. It stands for a voluntary or involuntary blotting out of the memory of the past. The mind is no longer sensitive to past benefits bestowed. It is as if these things had never been. And thus ingratitude becomes a spiritual menace. God's own people are very apt to suffer from this disease and we forget past mercies in the face of present emergencies, as if they had never been.

1825. Thanksgiving Cures Covetousness.

Thanksgiving cures covetousness. It magnifies our little things till we fail to wish for the great things of others. It is the quintessence of contentment; and contentment joined to pure practical goodness is the acme of all life. And just such an acme of

life is within the reach of every lowly heart that will trust God fully.

The late Dr. John Hall, of blessed memory, used to say that he liked to look into the windows of the stores at Christmas time, to see how many things he could do without! A man has gotten a long way toward real wealth when he can do that. He has godliness with contentment which is great gain—the truest riches.

To continually think of one's sorrows and to mourn over disappointments is to adopt a weakening policy. To call a roll of blessings is to look unto God and thereby gain strength.

At this Thanksgiving season let us take a new start in the practice of continual thanksgiving. Let us make our Thanksgiving song the new song of our life, the habit of our days.—*H.*

1826. Thanksgiving and Good Work.

It is said that Leonardo da Vinci held a lyre in his hands while he painted. This was one of the secrets of his superb work as an artist—his heart was joyful. No one can do his best work with a sad heart. It would be well if all of us should learn to hold a lyre in one hand as we work with the other, whatever our duty or our task may be. "The joy of the Lord is your strength," said Nehemiah to his people when he exhorted them to a better and more noble life. Get the thanksgiving habit. You will be happier and you will do better work too.—*H.*

1827. The Music of Thanksgiving.

It was our privilege lately to see a fine reproduction of the painting entitled "Hope" by the late G. F. Watts, R. A. The original is one of the treasures of the Tate Gallery, in London. This exquisite subject is one of the conceptions that helped to rank Mr. Watts with the greatest artists of all time. A slender, gentle, tender personification of Hope, seated on a globe typifying the earth, is shown consoling herself by the faint sounds she is still able to draw from the one remaining string of her broken harp, once full of harmonies she enjoyed, but still yielding consolation and hope for the future. Suppose that things have not gone as well with you as you might desire, you will do well, and magnify God's grace too, in drawing the sweetest possible music from the strings that remain on your harp. Thanksgiving Day harpstrings let them be; but see that you draw music from them to cheer every day of your life.—*H.*

1828. Count Your Blessings.

We have read of a father who one winter's night was walking along, hurrying toward home, with his little daughter at his side. Suddenly she said to him, "Father, I am going to count the stars." "Very well," said he, "go on." By and by he heard her counting—"Two hundred and twenty-three, two hundred and twenty-four, two hundred and twenty-five. O, dear," she said, "I had no idea there were so many."

Ah, fellow Christian, have you never said in your soul, "Now, Master, I am going to count Thy benefits," and soon found your heart sighing, not with sorrow, but burdened with goodness, and you saying to yourself, "I had no idea that there were so many?"

"Count the mercies! Count the mercies!
Number all the gifts of love;
Keep the daily, faithful record
Of the comforts from above.
Look at all the lovely green spots
In life's weary desert way;
Think how many cooling fountains
Cheer our fainting hearts each day,
Count the mercies! Count the mercies!
See them strewn along our way!"

—*H.*

1829. Fishermen's Thanksgiving.

A service of thanks for the harvest of the sea is the custom each year of

a church on the English coast. A choir of fishermen conduct the singing, while the church is decorated with various articles connected with the fishing industry. Fishing-nets are hung around the gallery, while near the pulpit there are placed starboard and port lights, life-buoys, compass, chart, and other things. Why not render thanks for the harvest of the sea as well as for the harvest of the soil, especially if one lives on the coast?—*H.*

1830. Echoing Praise.

A beautiful custom of the herdsmen in the Alps has been related. These men use a horn to call their cattle; but the horn is also used for another purpose, solemn and religious. The instant the sun disappears, and while its last rays are still glimmering on the summits of the mountains, the herdsman who dwells highest up the mountains takes his horn and trumpets forth, "Praise God the Lord." Immediately all the herdsmen in the neighborhood take their horns and repeat the words, "Praise God the Lord!" "This continues for some minutes while on all sides the mountains echo the praises of God. A solemn stillness follows, and every one offers his silent prayer on bended knee. By this time it is dark, and then the herdsman on the loftiest height peals forth in his own musical French, 'Good night' and 'good night' is repeated on all the mountains, from the horns of the herdsmen and the clefts of the rocks."—*H.*

1831. Yet I Will Rejoice.

The story is told of a good Presbyterian minister in Scotland, but of a rather conservative type, who had in his congregation a poor old woman who was in the habit of saying "Praise the Lord," "Amen," when anything particularly helpful was said. This practise greatly disturbed the minister, and on New Year's Day he went to see her. "Betty," he said, "I'll make a bargain with you. You call out 'Praise the Lord' just when I get to the best part of my sermon, and it upsets my thoughts. Now if you will stop doing it all this year, I'll give you a pair of wool bankets." Betty was poor, and the offer of the bankets looked very good. So she did her best to earn them. Sunday after Sunday she kept quiet. But one day a minister of another type came to preach—a man bubbling over with joy. As he preached on the forgiveness of sin and all the blessings that follow, the vision of the blankets began to fade and fade and the joys of salvation grew brighter and brighter. At last Betty could stand it no longer, and jumping up she cried, "Blankets or no blankets, Hallelujah!"

1832. God My Conductor.

The other day when I got into a tramcar I noticed a little girl in the car, all alone, but radiantly happy, humming a little tune to herself, a picture of joy. I leaned forward and said, "Why, my little girl, aren't you afraid of riding all alone in this car?" Her eyes went wide at my folly, her lips bubbled with laughter. "Oh," she said, "they can't hurt me on this tram; my father's the conductor." We are thundering through the universe at inconceivable speed, swept through joy and grief, sickness and health, death and life, while all the time our heavenly Father is the conductor—only we don't trust and sing in that way. If we trusted God more there would be more songs of praise upon our lips.—*Golden Hours.*

1833. Singing or Grumbling Thanksgiving.

We sometimes sing a hymn with this refrain:

"Singing I go along life's road;
Praising the Lord, praising the Lord."

When the truth is—

Grumbling I go along life's road
Scolding the folks, blaming the cook, etc.

It is astonishing how many the grumblers are. Yet grumbling is bad business. It is one of the greatest perils of our time that the prevailing type of Christian life shall get to be like that mood in which John Foster said most evangelical divines a hundred years ago ended their days, "a mood of gently complaining melancholy."—*H.*

1834. Habit of Thanksgiving.

There is a beautiful legend of a golden organ in an ancient monastery. Once the monastery was beseiged by robbers, who desired to carry off its treasures. The monks took the organ to a river which flowed close by and sank it in the deep water in order to keep it from the hands of the robbers. And the legend is that, though buried thus in the river, the organ still continued to give forth sweet and enchanting music, which was heard by those who came near.

Every Christian life should be like this golden organ. Nothing should ever silence its music. Even when the floods of sorrow flow over it, it should still continue to rejoice and sing.

One of the secrets of such a life is found in the cultivation of the habit of thankfulness.

The true spirit of thanksgiving cannot be saved up for Thanksgiving Day. A grateful heart must be born and bred in us—born out of love to and confidence in God, bred in sunshine and shadows, prosperity and adversity. Like a certain kind of primrose it must bloom all the year round. There is really nothing that God does for us every day of our life but is wonderful, and the more we know him the more wonderful does it seem to us that he should do anything for us. We take so many things as matters of course without looking up from whence they come, when if we did but look up, gratitude would fill our hearts to overflowing.—*H.*

1835. Can I Force Thanksgiving?

"Can I force thanksgiving?" you ask. "Can I shut my eyes to my sorrows? Can I forget the injustice in the world, the heavy burdens placed upon the weak, the tears, the heartaches, the bitter cries of the poor and oppressed?"

No, you cannot force thanksgiving. You can pretend it, but that will not fool God or yourself.

But you can create thanksgiving. Do your best to make the world better and happier and your heart will sing for joy; you cannot help it. In that hour you will begin to see God for the first time, and you will realize that he also is doing just what you have been doing—his best for the world.—*Amos R. Wells, Ph.D.*

1836. Gifts the Sign of the Giver.

If we are thankful for harvests and undiminished material resources, and prospect of peace and plenty for long time to come, let us not forget that these things are the proofs of the providential care of our gracious God, and let us be thankful that this God is our God. Abundant harvest does not mean rich soil and fertile seed alone. It means that unseen God.

"Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour the mill,
And back of the mill are the wheat and the shower,
And the sun, and the Father's will."

The visible is the suggestion of the invisible, the gift the sign of the Giver.—*The Presbyterian.*

1837. National Righteousness.

Two friends, driving along a country road on Sunday in the far

South, met a negro carrying a fat 'possum. They remonstrated with him that it was the Sabbath. He replied that "a religion that could not bend enough to permit a negro to kill a fat 'possum on a Sabbath day couldn't be 'stablished roun' here noway." But the type of religion that wins respect does not bend. Those who do their best work will bend their knees oft; their religion never. "Righteousness exalteth a nation." There is nothing wobbly about righteousness. Let us promote firm, straight, unbending religion—unbending righteousness—in the nation, consecrating ourselves afresh at this Thanksgiving season.—*H.*

1838. Thank First.

"When thou hast truly thanked thy God
For every blessing sent;
But little time will then remain
For murmur or lament."

1839. A Course of Treatment in Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving, like other great powers in us, is not an occasional exuberance, but is a power to be gained by thoughtful attention and practice. If a hundred more good things were added to us, they, of themselves, could not make us thankful unless we worked directly for that spirit. Nothing that can happen from the outside can ever change this for us. Something must happen from within. And, knowing in himself the growth of a thankless spirit, the Psalmist took himself in hand and said, "I will be glad and rejoice in thee," just as he would have said, "I will" do anything else. Let any one try this for six months, and make it his discipline, and he will see a difference in his whole life.—*Sunday School Times.*

1840. Singing a Bit.

A writer tells of a boy who was sunny and brave. He met the ills of life, which too many people regard as almost tragedies, with courage. But one day something serious happened. He and a playmate climbed a tree. Just when our little philosopher reached the top, his foot slipped and he fell to the ground. He lay there, but uttered no cry. It was his playmate that screamed. The doctor found the leg badly broken. The boy bore the setting patiently, without a whimper. The mother slipped out of the room to hide her own tears,—she couldn't stand it as well as her boy did. Outside she heard a faint sound and hurried back, almost hoping to find him crying.

"My boy!" she said, "do you want something? I thought I heard you call."

"Oh, no, mother," he said, "I didn't call. I just though I'd try singing a bit." And he went on with the song.

When you have pain, or struggle, or a heavy load, or a great anguish, don't complain, don't cry out, don't sink down in despair, don't be afraid, —try singing a bit. Trust God and praise. At this Thanksgiving Season encourage people to try singing a bit.—*H.*

1841. Gratitude as an Asset.

Men reckon up their goods—so much in bonds, so much in stocks, so much in notes, so much in personal property, so much in real estate. Do they ever in taking account of their possessions, reckon in a thankful heart? Probably not. And yet there is no greater wealth in itself, and no greater producing agent of wealth than the faculty of gratitude.

Contentment is a perpetual feast. The richest man in the world can have no more than enough for his wants. If you have the same, you are as rich as he.

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(A very large part of every man's reading falls overboard; and, unless he has good indexes, he will never find it again.—*Horace Binney.*)

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